Jesus? Yes, My Child... (page 92)

Esquire

OCTOBER 1997

MAN AT HIS BEST

KEVIN SPACEY HAS A SECRET

BY TOM JUNOD



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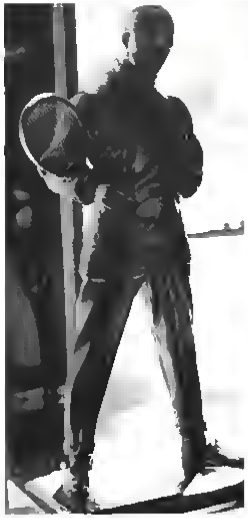
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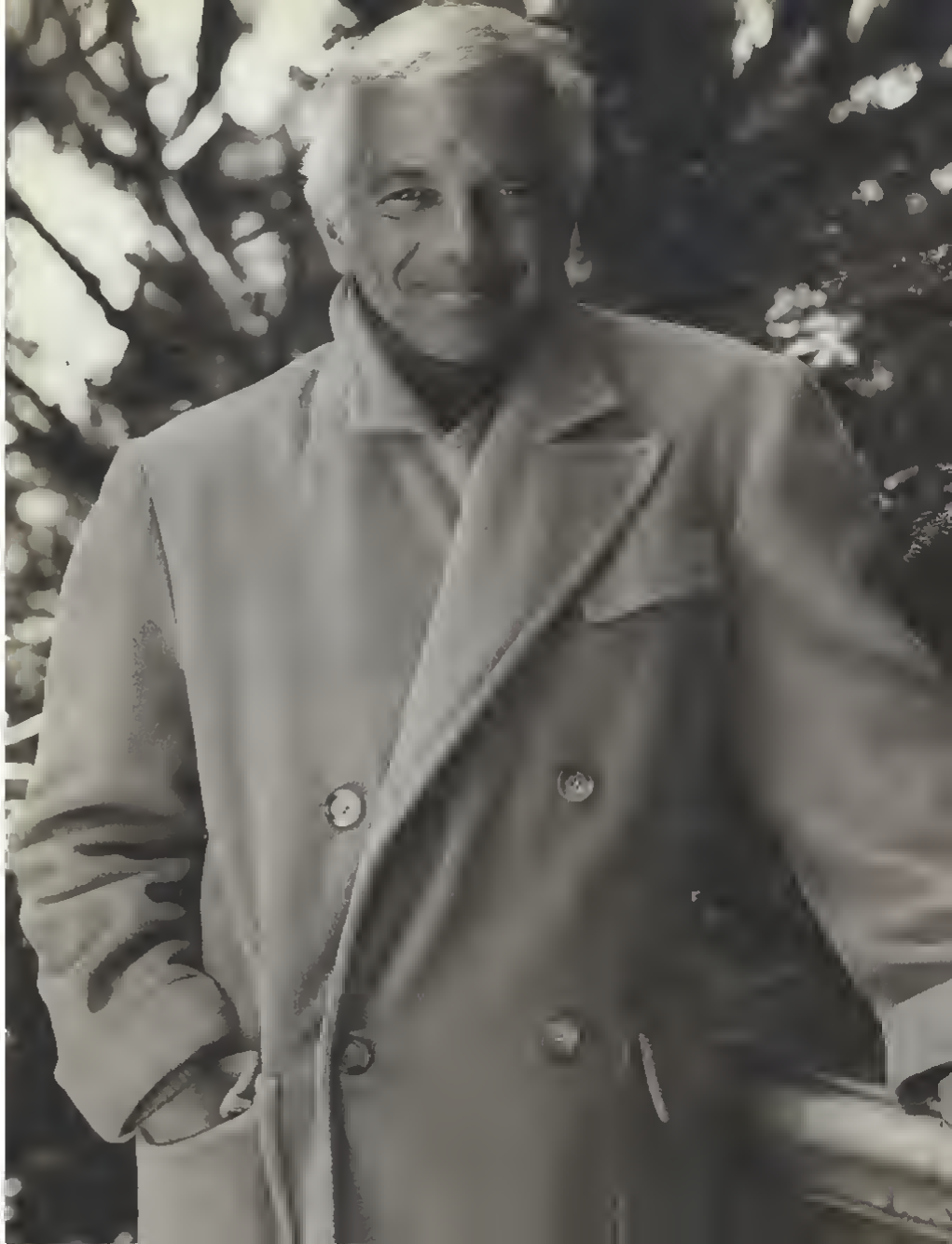


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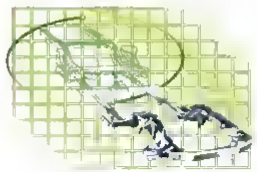


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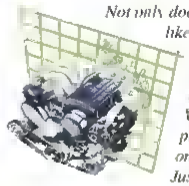
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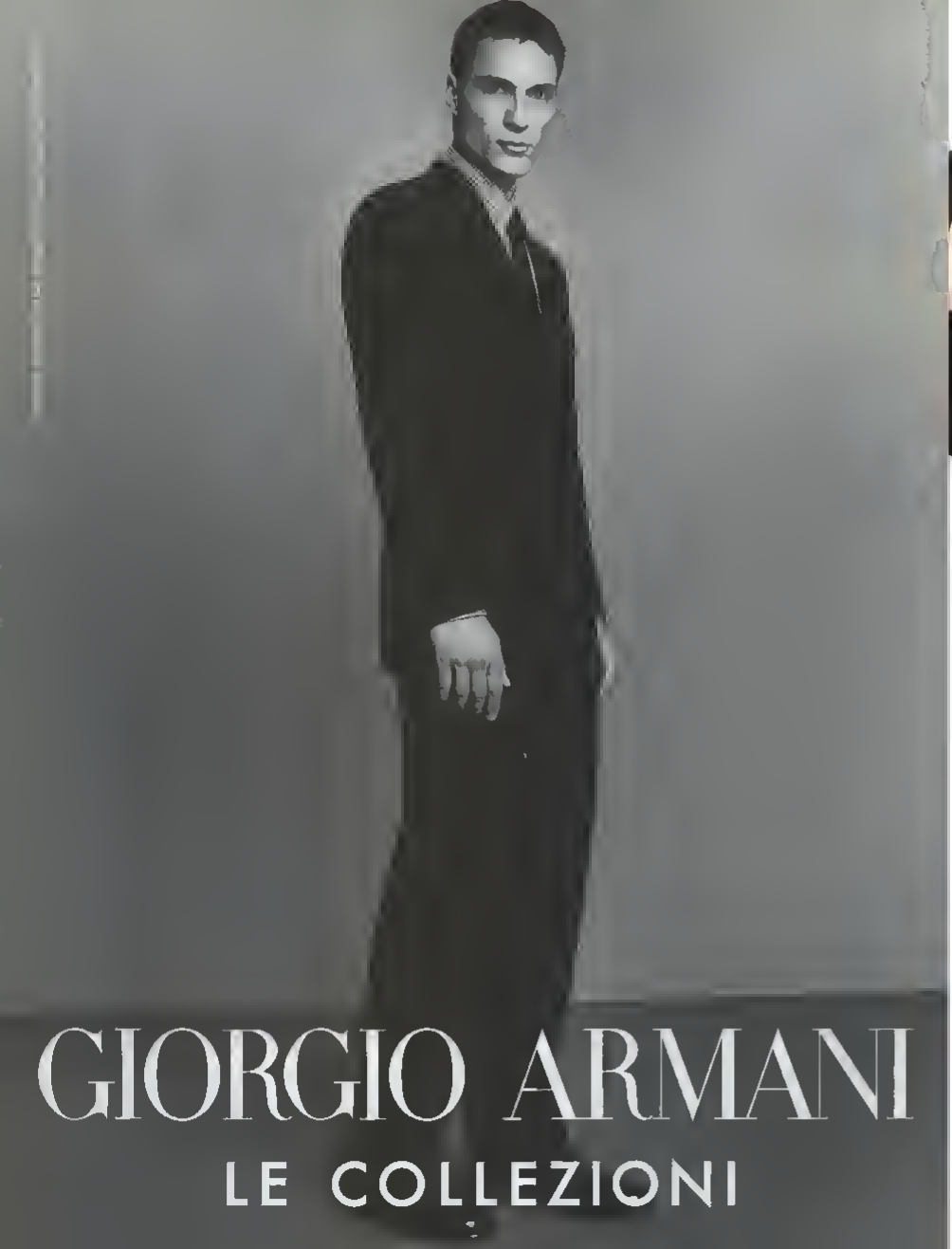
Stratus The New Dodge

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TOMMY HILFIGER



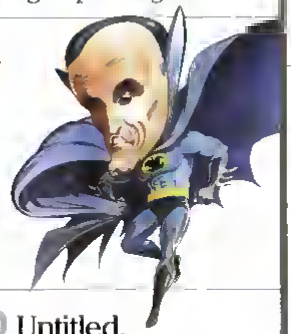
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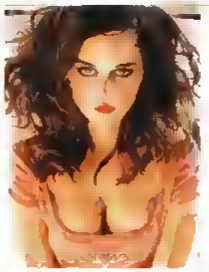
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If you carry a badge and drug lords try to kill you, our government will not protect you. Just ask Jesus Carrillo — if you can find him.



ON THE COVER: Photograph by Gregory Heisler. Styling by Carol Stell; grooming by Kevin Ford; both for Public. Wool suit, shirt, and silk tie by Calvin Klein.

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The Louis Licari Color Group Get In On the Secret



Louis Licari, known internationally as "The King of Color," understands that hair color is one of mans last big secrets. At the Louis Licari Color Group, eliminating some or all of a mans gray is not done purely for the sake of fashion. According to Licari, the goal is to make a mans hair look completely natural. Licari Salons are located at 767 Madison Avenue in New York, (212) 517-8084, and 450 North Canon Drive in Beverly Hills, (310) 204-0855.

The Minardi Salon. A Unique Sensibility on Hair Design

Carmine Minardi, hair designer to a high profile list of image leaders, says that many style-conscious men today are wearing their hair in what he calls a "clearly unstudied look," even those with shorter, more closely cropped cuts. Men are seeking greater texture and ease of movement for their hair, but not an overly styled statement, he adds. To experience this highly personalized approach to hair design, visit the Minardi Salon at 29 East 61st Street in New York. Call 212-308-1711 or fax to 212-753-6831.



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On-line Adventures

Sorry to disappoint those of you who've been trying desperately to send Lynn Darling e-mail after reading the account of her virtual-cum-actual domination-and-submission relationship. Dear Ravager Fit: Never Done This Before (July). Prior to the article, Darling kept her address unlisted. Now she keeps it under lock and key.



I WAS IMPRESSED WITH the way Darling got her story. While on AOL, I realized that most people on-line are mature, articulate, and most of all in need of some type of release from the daily grind. In the on-line world we can be anyone we want.

—JAMES DREW
Landover, Md.

THIS ARTICLE LEAVES A GREAT deal of important information unmentioned. Domination/submission at its heart is not about pain or humiliation or any specific physical activity. It is about intimacy between the playing partners and intensity in sexual responses.

—NAME WITHHELD
Bethlehem, Pa.

Worm and Fuzzy

After reading the July Sporting Life column, many of you felt Mike Lupica deserved a Rodman Award for journalism.

I WAS AMAZED THAT LUPICA GAVE Fuzzy Zoeller a Rodman to "take back to the trailer park" and then another to Michael Johnson for wearing shoes borrowed from Siegfried & Roy. Let me get this straight. It's bad for Zoeller and Tiger Woods to use racial and sexual stereotypes, but it's funny when a pip-squeak columnist does it?

—JOE WANNINGER
Indianapolis, Ind.

UP UNTIL THE LAST OLYMPICS, the title of fastest man in the world was bestowed on the winner of the one-hundred-meter race. Now Lupica, and most of the rest of the United States media, have decided that the title belongs to the winner of the two-hundred-meter race, all evidence to the contrary and despite a showdown race between Donovan Bailey and Michael Johnson. It does not surprise me that Americans change the rules in midstream in order to confirm what they wish were true. What surprises me is that Lupica does not put a Rodman on his own mantel.

—BOB WILSON
Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada

EVERY YEAR, I LOOK FORWARD to Lupica's annual piece on achievements in sports obnoxiousness. It is the one time of the year when the author's tongue is not permanently attached to his subject's nutbag.

—DANIEL C. SILVA
Lakewood, Colo.

Conservative Confessions

Who gets more sympathy from our readers than Mickey Rourke? Just about everybody except David Brock, whose "Confessions of a Right-Wing Hit Man" (July) won him many critics, including John Fund, an editor at The Wall Street Journal. *Brock accused Fund of blind conservatism when the paper published excerpts from Gary Aldrich's White House exposé,* Unlimited Access.

DAVID BROCK AND I HAVE DIFferent perceptions of events. We might have agreed on what happened if he had given me *and others* he criticizes the Journalism 101 courtesy of a phone call to discuss matters.

I didn't make the decision to publish four short paragraphs from Gary Aldrich's book in June 1996. All of them documented security and ethical concerns about the White House. The *Journal* never mentioned the controversial Marriott Hotel allegation. Nonetheless, George Stephanopoulos dismissed *all* of Aldrich's charges at the time by saying, "We fixed the problem." Now we know that throughout 1996 the White House continued to invite in the most shady of characters for no apparent reason other than their political generosity.

Brock says I called to "coordinate" our stories before a CNN broadcast. Our conversation didn't involve that at all.

We stand behind what we published about Gary Aldrich. Can Brock say that recent revelations haven't confirmed Aldrich's security concerns?

—JOHN H. FUND
Editorial Board, The Wall Street Journal
New York, N.Y.

DAVID BROCK REPLIES: *Four hours before we went on air, John Fund called me and said he wanted to be sure we're not at cross purposes." He asked me to limit my criticism of* Unlimited Access *to the Marriott Hotel gaffe, but to give the rest of the book my blessing. I could not do that. As for the parts of Aldrich's book that did make it into the* Journal, *the five passages—sixteen paragraphs, not four—involved security lapses that were by then old news.*

Letter of the Month

I READ "THE POLITICS OF GREETING" BY Michael Segell (The Male Animal, July) with interest. In 1975 I spent a month in Liberia, in west Africa. During this time I noticed that when Mandingo men greeted each other they reached into each other's robes and grabbed each other's gonads. Sometimes, the conversation would go on for a minute or so, and the two would continue to grasp each other. It was all very good-natured.

—RODNEY CARLISLE
Cherry Hill, N.J.

We've heard that certain sportswriters do the same. —ED.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 250 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, or sent by e-mail to esquire@hearst.com. Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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TOM JUNOD is one of the true forces in American magazines these days. He's the only writer ever to win back-to-back National Magazine Awards for feature writing, in 1995 and 1996. Not bad for a guy who began his professional life as an Electrolux salesman, a job at which he lasted exactly one day. He followed up by selling handbags in Dallas for two years before beginning his writing career at *Atlanta* magazine. He joins Esquire as a writer at large and this month offers both our cover story (page 66) and an ode to his razor (page 30).





LARRY DOYLE lives in Hollywood, where he never sees anything interesting, because he parks his own car. He is not famous, but he does write for *The Simpsons*. Larry's previous forays into the print world include stints as a science writer for UPI and as an editor at *National Lampoon*, *Spy*, and *New York* magazines. His most impressive credit is that for a spell he wrote the comic strip *Fogo*. His speculation about the live ER broadcast begins on page 98.



"The Quentin Tarantino of cult fiction" *Newsweek* has dubbed **MARK LEYNER**, the author of *I Smell Esther Williams* and numerous other works of nanofiction. His wife, Mercedes, and his daughter Gabrielle, about whom he writes frequently, really exist, as does his Esquire column, Wild Kingdom, which this month begins on page 64. Mark's newest novel, *The Tetherballs of Bougainville*, will be published this month by Crown.

RICK MOODY is "a chronicler of the muddle class for the millennium" and *Purple America*, his third and newest novel, is a "breathtaking book," says *The New York Times*. A resident of Brooklyn, Moody is the recipient of the Pushcart Press Editors' Book Award for his 1992 debut, *Garden State*, and of *The Paris Review*'s Aga Khan Prize for his 1994 novella, *The Ring of Brightest Angels Around Heaven*. His latest literary venture, a collection of essays about the New Testament entitled *Joyful Noise* and coedited with Darcey Steinke, will be published in November. His essay "Why I Pray" starts on page 92.

CHARLES BOWDEN has established himself as one of America's most distinctive voices, a writer who takes us places we wouldn't otherwise go. The author of more than ten books, including, most recently, *Blood Orchid: An Unnatural History of America*, Bowden, from Tucson, is a winner of the Lannan Literary Award for Nonfiction. He has just joined Esquire as a contributing editor. His story about Border Patrol agent Jesus Carrillo's run from death begins on page 120.

Esquire contributing editor **MARTHA SHERRILL** has concentrated on cracking tough nuts—men like Don Imus and Steve Martin. But she considers New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani, whose profile begins on page 74, a far cry from the vindictive "Emperor Rudy" whom cabbies revile. "I found him engaging," says Sherrill, a staff writer for *The Washington Post*, "and—I hate to say this—almost sweet. Just don't try to interrupt him."





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Esky

Kevin Spacey Has a Secret.

Well, *had* (see page 66). And it was about time, if you ask us, that somebody tried to invade his privacy and finally treat him like the celebrity he is.

A celebrity has no secrets, he belongs to all of us, completely, not only his artistic output but his every secretory, excretory, and ejaculatory effort as well. There was a time, sure, when celebrities had private lives, when an actress could quietly beat her daughter with a wire hanger or when the president could pork with impunity without anyone making a federal case out of it. But that time couldn't have been much fun.

And nothing is more fun, admit it, than reading about a celebrity's deepest, darkest, most shameful secrets. Or maybe just seeing his pecker. "I don't buy it usually," said one recent *Playgirl* purchaser, "but it's fascinating to see someone as popular as Brad Pitt naked." And if we can't actually *see* our celebrities' privates—thank you, Mr. Keitel, *please* sit down—we want to know where they've been, particularly if it involved other celebrities' privates. *Vanity Fair* spent nine pages last month on the trail of Rudy Giuliani's penis (we profile the rest of his body beginning on page 74), and the New York tabloids did pages upon pages of mayoral-phallus follow-up, because he is a celebrity, after all. His wife *did* appear in a movie.

Sometimes we keep our celebrities around well past their artistic usefulness, just as long as their privates stay in play. DEBBIE SPILLS SEXY SECRETS OF MARRIAGE TO JACKO made a recent *Star* magazine, referring to the hired womb of a onetime recording artist. Though no one has willingly listened to a Michael Jackson song in the past five years, millions devoured such "innermost secrets" as "Michael and I do have sex" and the almost evidentiary "Sometimes he'll come up to me in the middle of the night when I'm asleep and stick things in my nose or my ear and wake me up."

And when the secret involves real celebrities, it doesn't have to be that creepy, as long as it's secret. "*Today*-show host Matt Lauer has finally fessed up to what he calls his 'deep, dark secret,'" the *National Enquirer* recently revealed. "He's color-blind!" It doesn't even have to be a secret, really. In the *Enquirer*'s BREAST SURGERY SECRETS, we are shocked to learn that Demi Moore "has the telltale signs of breast implants." It doesn't even have to involve a celebrity, really. In *Atlanta* magazine's MY DATE WITH RICHARD JEWELL, we learn that a woman could actually get money for her account of going out with the security-guard-turned-hero-turned-bombing-suspect-turned-exonerated-unemployed-guy. Jewell was apparently miffed at the invasion of his alleged privacy. "It was a two-hundred-word total French kiss to the guy," writer/date Hollis Gillespie responded, "so I don't know what he's complaining about."



It's just not worth complaining. Eddie Murphy very publicly sued the *Enquirer* for EDDIE MURPHY'S SECRET SEX LIFE HIS TRANSVESTITE HOOKER TELLS ALL, then had to just as publicly drop the $5 million suit and pay the tabloid's legal fees, because it turns out the damn media can print pretty much anything they want about a celebrity, so long as the junkie who told them doesn't admit he was lying.

And so you, the home voyeur, can continue to enjoy celebrity privacy from the privacy of your own bathroom. The only snag is that you never know when you might become a celebrity yourself.

Ruth Shulman, in the hospital recovering from a near-fatal auto accident, turned on the TV one day to catch *On Scene: Emergency Response* and saw videotape of a very familiar fifty-three-year-old California mother of three trapped under a car and begging a paramedic to let her die. "They took one of the most tragic moments of my life and made it entertainment for the nation," said Shulman, sounding very much like a TV executive. An appeals court, however, saw it differently, saying, "Involuntary public figures, such as accident victims, lose their right to privacy not only in regard to the accident itself but, to some extent, to other information as well."

So, we're all in the same boat—you, us, Mrs. Shulman, and, most of all, Kevin Spacey Best, then, to listen to what Mom said. Always wear clean underwear, because you never know when you're going to get into a car accident or become a movie star.



Man at his Best

EDITED BY SCOTT OMELIANUK



Hot Coffee-Table Books

OH, IF ONLY you knew what girls talk about when they talk about you. We wonder when we wonder—these are innocuous examples, believe me—why you eat standing over the kitchen sink, why you hunch greedily over the mail, like a starving refugee, why you cry in your sleep. We wonder, also, what your deal is with porn. You buy the tapes and you buy the magazines and you *know* how particular we are about unclassy items in our fancy home. If only pornography weren't so embarrassing. If only pornography weren't so *cheap*. Publishing houses have been coming out with lots of high-priced, high-luster coffee-table porn books lately. They're sweetly soft-core mostly, like photographer Peter Lindbergh's *Images of Women* (Te Neues, $100) or Marco Glaviano's *Sirens* (Warner Treasures, $29.95), which smells like a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, what with all its shining, buoyed-up examples of the female form. In *The Pirelli Calendar 1964–1997* (Rizzoli, $70) above, three decades of tire models display their talents to the caressing camera for your enjoyment. But the seedier the sexier, right? Thus Eric Kroll's repellent *Beauty Parade* (Taschen, $29.99). They're evil, these pictures—a rubber corseted woman with an *amputated leg*, a *prosthetic-armed* girl in Catholic school plaids. Women *do* have heads attached to their bods, you know. Although you couldn't tell from looking at the juicy pictures in these books. We wonder, sometimes, why we girls seem to scare you so very much. —ADRIENNE MILLER

MONICA BUCK



RAZOR DAVID BASHAW

The Endorsement

THINK t KNOW why he did it Hitler, I mean—t think t know why he did what he did No, not *that*—the other thing The mustache. The *evil* mustache—the carbony square that became his destiny and then the world's. He did it—he grew it—because he couldn't be bothered to sheve close under his nose, to get *up* there with his razor into the tricky architecture He was afraid, maybe, to nick himself, and so it sprouted, a bristle of unchecked growth in an unattainable corner, a morning culture of four or five follicles that became by night, a spore, an accumulation of allergens, a bacteria colony magnified a thousand times until at last he said, The *hell with it* and allowed his mustache to fall, like a coal-black curtain, over history

t say this because tknow how tused to feel before tstarted shaving with the Schick Slim Twin. t used to feel incipiently Hitlerian—that it could happen again, that it could happen to me. The big, bumping 5ics, the ungainly Gillettes, the deluxe French tickterish Atras and Ultras whose profiles swell with the promise of rubberized comfort: Thay could never relieve me, entirely, of the clingy shadow underneath my nose, and hence of the apprehension of what that shadow might become, should it be allowed to blossom They never *got* enough. those razors, they always left something, and so t was faced, every morning, with the obligation to push the doubled blades back toward my nostrils—to go in reverse, to get *closer,* and thereby risk bloodshed, in the interest of complete excision—or else to go through the day burdened, bedevilled, by the knowledge that t was on my way toward aping a bad guy, the *worst* guy, by the simple matter of haphazard grooming

The Schick Slim Twin absolved me of my historical guilt. A spare, sprightly little ax, it is what it says it is. a twin-bladed razor with a narrow head that presents no impediment to getting up there and coming away clean, without blood and without incipience Moreover, the ST's blades are wear resistant to an almost embarrassing degree, Indeed, after about ten close shaves you begin to wonder if you have beard enough to grind this razor down, and the only reasen you pick up a naw one is your understanding of the extraordinary vigilance required to resist the incursion of unwanted stubble—your understanding that evil begins in appeasement and that in order to resist it you must always keep your weapens sharp and new —Tom Junod

"I ESCHEW FASHION OF THE YOUNG MEN SO THAT I CAN FOLLOW FASHION OF THE YOUNG WOMEN, WHICH IS MUCH MORE INTERESTING."
—JACK NICHOLSON, TO AN INQUIRING REPORTER UPON SEEING A GUCCI RUNWAY PRESENTATION



DARRIN HADDAD

Auteur Couture

We're not going to tell you to buy Gus Van Sant s first novel, *Pink* (Doubleday, out this month), which is about an Infomerciat producer and two "dimensionat travelers" disguised as film students Woutin t de that to a friend Wouldn't want you to waste the $21.95. See, it's clear that when the northwestern auteur wrote it, he was doing other things Things like directing *Good Will Hunting* (about a brilliant MIT janitor), penning a script about quadriplegic cartoonist John Callahan (*Don't Worry, He Won't Get Far on Foot*), crooning "Moon River" with Pink Martini, a sizzling Portland, Oregon, cocktail band, painting (expressionist style), and keeping up his golf game He was also designing this coat—a corduroy deal in the style of an old favorite he once lost in L. A. and that we *can* tell you to buy It's $200 and the first piece in his Barncrash line and warm and stylishly simple It's also black, and that makes it much better than *Pink*

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Man on the Edge

Chronicler of the Whacked



USUALLY, it's Errol Morris, documentarian of the oddball, asking the questions. So it's a funny sight, seeing him as the interviewee. Just like that, as if a camera were on him, he turns into one of those indelible, idiosyncratic characters in one of his films, slightly cross-eyed, talking up a storm, answering a question in the most roundabout of ways, prolix, then suddenly pensive.

One of the great starving filmmakers of the past twenty or so years, Morris has, on this day, made it to Madison Avenue, to the big, bad, awfully ostentatious Sony headquarters (a source of sponsorship—this time) in the middle of Midtown Manhattan, to push *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control*, the latest in his small, bordering on brilliant canon.

And it's something else: this new one, intertwining the tangentially related monologues of four obsessive-compulsives, a wild-animal trainer, a topiary gardener, a developer of robots not unlike the Sojourner on Mars, and an expert in a Khmer Rouge–esque society of hairless rats. Seamlessly included in the admixture are clips of campy B movies, cartoons, black and white super-8—every trick in the visual book. *Fast, Cheap* is very much an Errol Morris "nonfiction film," more like what will one day be known as "early Morris." *Vernon, Florida*, about the everything and nothing of a *Deliverance*-like panhandle town, and *Gates of Heaven*, a minor masterpiece about, of all things, pet cemeteries. Early Morris, as opposed to later Morris the epochal *Thin Blue Line*, which singlehandedly freed a man from death row.

His secret. He knows that people—average and not-so-average Joes—love to hear themselves talk. So what if he looks like Northeastern Intellectual Establishment? He wins his subjects' trust, gets inside their heads, and hears them out. When you listen closely and don't get lulled by the singsongy cadences of the disproportionately southern interviewees, profundities—metaphysical and otherwise—emerge. John Does, essentially, turn into John Donnes.

Being the conscientious observer that he is, Morris could, if he weren't a filmmaker, be a novelist (a Peter Handke meets Geoff Nicholson) or a shrink. Or, for that matter, a journalist—indeed, he's already a kind of correspondent of the out there. But he'll remain behind his camera, observant, patient, filming the humane and unusual. With or without Madison Avenue in his sight.

—MICHAEL J. AGOVINO

PROJECTS THAT ERROL MORRIS WANTS TO START AND/OR FINISH, "IF," HE SAYS, "I'M EVER ALLOWED TO WORK AGAIN," BY WHICH HE MEANS IF HE CAN SCARE UP THE FINANCING

The Trial of King Boots The story of a dog, the winningest show dog in American history, that was put on trial for murder in Michigan.

Dr. Death A Massachusetts electric-chair expert who's a Holocaust denier.

Nub City Back to Vernon, Florida, where simple folk cut off their own limbs for insurance money.

Weirdo Based on the true story of a boy who raised a twenty-seven-pound chicken and thought it would bring him fame and fortune.

An alien abduction movie with Harvard psychiatrist John Mack.

A script with Paul Shrader about someone who in an attempt to become a good person involves himself in unspeakable evil.

A TV series that's the equivalent of a nonfiction *Twilight Zone*, one episode of which involves a parrot that's an eyewitness to murder.

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Yo? Yo!

THIS IS WHAT THEY DO: They go up. They go down. Also, they spin and whirl and go around. Like this cuckoo world, like a Sergio Mendes record, like your head when someone kisses on you real good. There is no need to apologize for shiny, spinning objects. Archaeologists have found that tots since the time of the ancient Greeks have pursued this simple pleasure we know as the yo-yo—and not just tots. The proud hunters of the Philippines once wielded rocks tied to strips of hide, the better to retrieve the fearsome weapons. Napoleon relaxed (maybe overrelaxed) at Waterloo by walking the dog with hand carved beauts of ivory and brass.

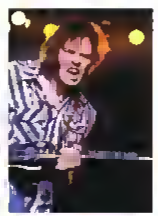
Of course, today, when we speak of the yo-yo, we speak of the Duncan, the brainchild of Donald Duncan Sr., who seventy years ago launched a company that spun its way into the hearts of a fad-crazy America. There was the Imperial. Then the Butterfly. And soon, scores of imitators who won the right to call their knockoffs yo-yos, too.

Today, there's a veritable yo yo renaissance happening in America, and Duncan's artisans labor twenty-four/seven to give the world tens of thousands of bouncing baubles a day. There are competitions. Professionals. Groupies, even. And this year comes the Duncan 1955 Super Tournament, the first wooden model since the drive in days, complete with hot-stamped insignia and a reproduction of a 1950 "trick book." It ain't just kid stuff.

Know this: the precise flick of the wrist, the obedient upward snap, the satisfying smack against the palm, the pleasing gyroscopicity of it all—certainly as useful as, say, fly-fishing or wastebasket hoops.

—Ted Allen

Shooting Horses



To the unenlightened, digging Neil Young—and his "whiny voice, cryptic lyrics, and ear stinging guitar" (that's them talking)—is inexplicable. To the faithful, it's inevitable. like being in a cult you never asked to join but can't help belonging to. For us members, Young is an irascible prophet worth following anywhere, even when musical wanderlust required that we endure finger snapping fifties doo-wop. We followed knowing the fifty-one year-old poet rocker would return to the promised land and bring forth rock 'n roll as only he could—raw and transcendent, with nary a thought of hopping the *Billboard* chart's latest trend. In this month's *Year of the Horse* filmmaker and fellow Young cultist Jim Jarmusch, also no stranger to traveling his own road, captures the prophet and his long-time collaborators Crazy Horse live in all their ragged glory. *Horse* offers quality ear stinging moments aplenty. Some cryptic lyrics and whiny voices, too, making it time to follow again—into a theater. —Larry Montali

Dangerous Knowledge

Who: You and a slim, very pretty, usually Asian woman who might once have worked as a model. **What:** An expert massage, preceded by a shower and followed by the former model/massage therapist's murmuring to you in an inquisitive tone, "Jerky jerky?" If you answer in the affirmative, you receive (usually for an extra $40 or so) an expert massage on that part of your body that historically has received expert massages only—or at least mainly—from you. **When:** Anytime, but evenings and weekends are most popular. **Where:** In a clean, well lit apartment in New York City or in the only open storefront in a strip mall in southern California. **Why:** According to a twenty-seven year-old entrepreneur who regularly gets the treatment and often takes his out-of-town clients (the ones from Texas insist upon it), it's about cost-effectiveness. "Guys—traders, lawyers, producers—go to bars, chat up some babe, then at ten leave for a massage and jerky jerky. They're in bed by 11:15, sleeping like the kings they deserve to be without having spent $70 on some girl who might or might not even give 'em the time of day. This is the way it's done in the nineties." **How:** Strictly word of mouth. Ask around. You know who—the guy with the custom-made shirt, the taste for Cristal, and a no-questions-asked expense account.

TOP: THOMAS CARD

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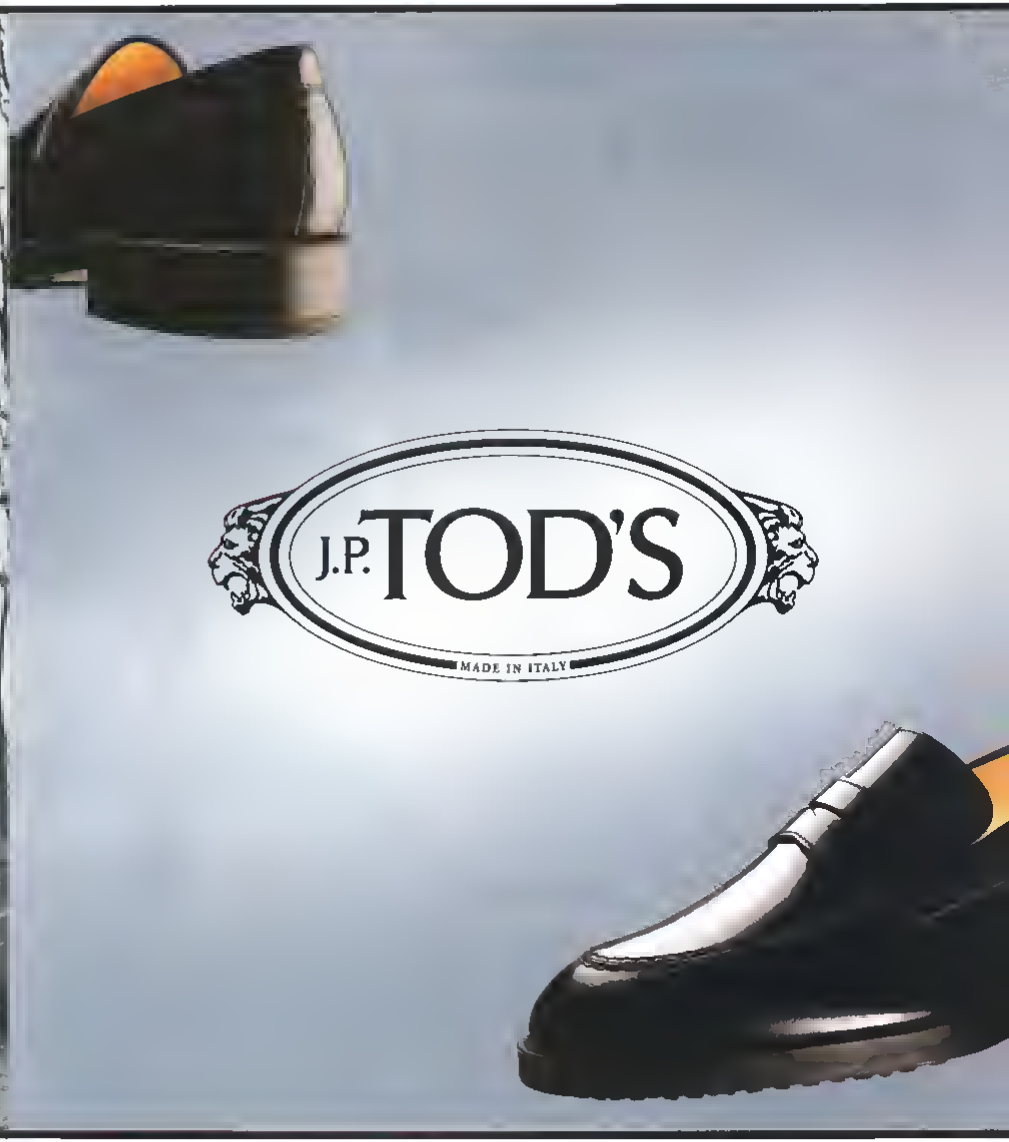
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The World of J.P.TOD'S



Ferrari 250 GT, 1963



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Esquire's Last O. J. Story. Ever.

IT WAS ABOUT CELEBRITY, race and the manipulation of the American legal system, the O J trial was right? Maybe, though for the players in that Los Angeles County courtroom, it was all about avoiding the hunched backs and torqued vertebrae that marathon sitters (Ito and Co logged fourteen hundred hours) often develop.

And that's why so many of them opted for the Executive Signature Series Chair, a $2,000 ergonomic masterpiece sold by a trendy yuppie franchise called Relax the Back. Dubbed the "O J chair," the seat features ten different adjustments, including an inflatable bladder that supports the lumbar region and 180 degree swiveling armrests, that thwart repetitive-stress injuries.

Clark, Darden, Shapiro, Cochran, Bailey, Lewis, Carl Douglas, the court reporter, the court stenographer and Judge Ito's assistant all planted fannies in them, and thanks to Court TV coverage there was a nationwide run on O J chairs. Sales surpassed even those of Bruno Magli Lorenzo model shoes.

In typical movie of the-week fashion, Hollywood players seized on the true life story and today the O J chair can be found in the offices of Michael Crichton, Dustin Hoffman, Arsenio Hall, and David Letterman. And though the chair is not of the Eames-esque style you'd expect such folk to have (the saddle of this biomorphic throne looks as if it were lifted from a John Deere, the headrest from the bridge of the starship *Enterprise*), it wasn't intended to make the pages of *Architectural Digest* either. This chair was designed purely for comfort, and ergonomists call it the best in its class. Even the Moor of Brentwood was impressed enough to request an Executive Chair for the courtroom. Unfortunately, he never had the pleasure of sitting in it. Noticing the new chair being carted over to O J's table, a bailiff objected, claiming the defendant wasn't entitled to special treatment. Judge Ito sustained the objection. And—if only in one small way—justice was served.

—Rene Chun

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THOMAS CARD

Mixology

He's an honest guy, so the counterman at the local liquor store tries to worry me off the elegant glass bottle. "It's got a nice fragrance, but it's rough. Burns all the way down," he says, grabbing his throat in the universal choking gesture. He pushes a bottle of poire across the counter at me. "You'll do much better with this. It's French, cheaper, and smoother." Thanks, but I want the grappa, I tell him. He shrugs and collects $80 for a 375-milliliter dribble of the clear liquid.

What he doesn't understand is that tonight only the paisan of our forefathers will do for my brother, John, and me. Forget the cost and the burn and the peasant origin of this brandy made from the skins and stems of Italy's wine grapes. Never mind any of that now, because in the morning, John will marry a sophisticated girl of French extraction. They'll be successful and happy and probably drink a lot of poire together. But that's still hours away, and there's time and grappa enough to make wordy toasts to a wilder past.

John and I will drink to our Italian travels and to our first sampling of the fiery liquid, not from a delicate bottle with a dried rose blown inside it but from the wineskin bag of a roguish fisherman in sleepy Senigallia. We'll recall slugging the stuff on the back of a hay wagon, and we'll make a hearty toast to the two brazen Umbrian beauties who swore that the fiery liquid could put hair under one's arms—and later proved it to us. Tonight, our grappa session will take us back to them, and the taste of it will make us wince now as it did then. Because whether you're in Italy or in the States, drinking it from a bota or an elaborate collector's bottle, grappa bites. But it bites like an Umbrian girl, and that's good.

—Larry Montali

1976 American youth "do the Paco"



what is remembered is up to you

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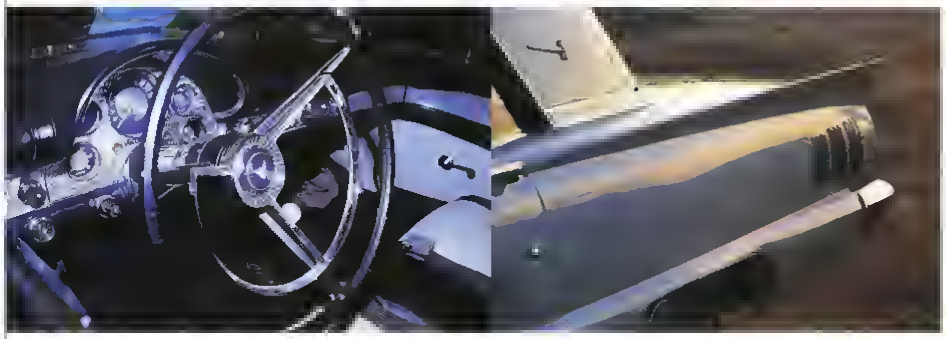
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Clipped Wings

Details from when the Thunderbird flew



JUST DAYS AGO the last Thunderbird rolled off the assembly line at the Ford plant in Lorain, Ohio, and that should have been a sad event, but I don't hear anyone crying. "It was just a damn car," bellowed an oaf at the office who heard me fretting but obviously didn't feel my pain. In truth, I did get to wondering about my angst at the passing of the T-bird. After all, I'd never owned one, and even hardcore fans admit that America has been down a lot of bad road since Ford produced a Bird worth getting choked up about.

But I finally figured it out, and my dim-witted coworker had gotten it, as so often is the case, exactly wrong. See, when the T-bird was good, it was so very good that it *was* more than a mere automobile. In many of its incarnations—beginning with the original '55 hardtop-convertible answer to the Corvette—the T-bird, with its snarling grille and long, muscular front end, wasn't only a rare marriage of the finest in engineering and design but a vessel for the zeitgeist of the America we were born into. And because of that, the best T-birds really belonged to all of us.

Remember, for example, when we were obsessed with space travel? Well, when you climbed behind the wheel of a '61 convertible—with its bucket seats, tilt wheel, and towering console replete with gauges and gizmos—you weren't just heading to the drugstore or the drive-in, you were blasting off for the bloody moon.

"The T-bird was emblematic of the country's boisterous, can-do spirit," says Alan Tast, president-elect of the Vintage Thunderbird Club International. "At its best it was understated yet still flamboyant enough to excite people." JFK knew that and wanted in, ordering fifty for the inaugural parade that would usher him into his short reign in Camelot. And Elvis, who tooled around Memphis in his '62 Rangoon-red bullet Bird, considered it a car worthy of a king.

Classic Thunderbirds also provided the perfect carriages for the damsels of our dreams, whether we went for the elusive blond with no name in *American Graffiti*, forever racing away in her white '56 roadster, or preferred things down and dirty with Thelma and Louise in their hell-on-wheels '66 convertible.

Modern women though they were, Thelma and Louise wouldn't have seen fit to jam it in anything later than a '66. That, some T-bird lovers believe, was the car's quintessential year. Electrical bugs worked out, four body styles to choose from—shoot, you even had an eight-track tape player in the dash.

By many counts, the T-bird died two years after. In '68, the Ford people made it share a chassis with the Lincoln. Worse still, they decided that more was better and added another two doors and took away the convertible top. Sales dipped, and suddenly a cocky American original was just another suburban sedan.

The T-bird, if not dead, had certainly lost its way. The occasional bright spots since—the '83 aero Bird, for example, which was all about mass appeal and personal luxury—also captured the spirit of their age, but, at least for now, they're times we're less interested in remembering. We prefer the classics, which, though they belong to a certain period, are also somehow timeless. If Marilyn Monroe were alive today, she'd still be hip for the 90s in her '56 T-bird. And Jack Palance—well, he is still alive and still cruising in his '61 convertible.

Meantime, rumor has it that all is not lost, and there's reason to believe that when I'm Jack's age, I'll ride in the same style he does now. Some say Ford is working on a new car for the year 2000. The idea: limited edition, evocative of what the Thunderbird was and could be again—something to bring back the fun, fun, fun. —LARRY MONTALI

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Man at his Best

The Frame-Up

She is so lovely it aches. Auburn hair, long and flowing dress, breathtaking when she smiles. And why shouldn't she smile, considering the backdrop against which you've arranged her—tha Jardin du Luxembourg in Paris, say, or the split-rail fence that rings the pick-it-yourself pumpkin farm near that upstate B&B. So you point the Leica and you shoot, and you receive a kiss.

The five-by seven proceeds of such a Kodak moment must of necessity be placed somewhere other than in that drawer where her predecessors languish, and so she goes into a fine frame. A faux-tortoiseshell frame. Because it is classic yet sleek. Because it's the perfect grace note for the Chelsea loft or the arts-and-crafts cottage. Because no actual tortoise shall give his life for your interior gestalt.

And because Marco Pasanella approves. "It's of the moment, but it lasts," the interior designer—most recently of the Sunset Beach hotel on New York's Shelter Island—pronounces. "I could imagine it in a Gordon Sunshaft house, I could imagine it in my mother's house or my own office. As natural as a family heirloom."

And if time passes and it becomes clear that there shall be no heirlooms amassed with this ephemeral creature, her likeness slips from your hand and flutters into the drawer. The mock-turtle frame remains, a vessel of potential, awaiting another who is also so lovely it aches. Perhaps raven tresses this time and a miniskirt, breathtaking when she smiles. And why shouldn't she smile?

—Ted Allen

TOP: DAVID BASHAW; BOTTOM: WYATT McSPADDEN



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Austin's Local Flavor

Kenneth Threadgill pumped gas at his place on the highway just outside Austin and sold shine out back. The backdoor business up and went legit in 1933, getting Travis County beer license number one, and things eventually got busy enough that Threadgill quit pump jockeying and just sold beer. Hootenannies frequently broke out and the proprietor would entertain the crowd with Jimmie Rodgers songs.

In the early sixties, the folkies at the University of Texas—including Janis Joplin, who'd just won UT's ugliest-man competition—found a new home at the roadhouse. Eventually Joplin went off and got famous and died, and Threadgill closed the joint, put a band together and went on tour himself. Hippie entrepreneur Eddie Wilson took over Threadgill's not too long after and turned the seedy beer joint into a dispenser of southern cookin' and chicken-fried nostalgia, where the walls accumulated vintage memorabilia and the menu came to include catfish, meat loaf, and grits. The recipes came from Wilson's mama, Beulah, and they were so good that musicians regularly sang for their supper.

Locals don't consider themselves locals unless they eat there at least once a week. And Wilson has opened a second Threadgill's in downtown Austin to grab more tourists and office workers. The new one is bigger, brighter, and better located. You're supposed to go to whichever one's closer when you're jonesing for chicken-fried steak with white gravy, but some Texans are stubborn. The food might be identical, they say, but Kenneth haunts only one place.

—Patrick Beach



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Classics



Shirt and cufflinks by Robert Talbott; pocket squares by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; tie by Tommy Hilfiger

Purple Reign

THE OLD ADAGE has been proven time and again: When the stock market goes up, skirts go up.

But let's not forget what a bull market does for men's fashion. It unleashes the color purple. Look around and see for yourself. Once the market pushed through seven thousand, we started to notice lavender shirts, mauve pocket squares, and lilac ties. And as long as Alan Greenspan stays on the job, there's no telling where the color will surface.

The color purple has been associated with exclusivity ever since the tenth century B.C., when the natural dye that creates it was discovered by the Tyrians in the secretions of a rare shellfish and was later reserved for royalty. "To wear the purple" came to mean to be of noble blood. "Promotion to the purple" signifies a promotion to the rank of cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church. And to this day, the coronation robes of the British royal family are of deep-purple velvet. Surely, this must have been in the mind of designer Ralph Lauren two years ago when he put out his premier line of suits under the Ralph Lauren Purple Label.

The invention of aniline dyes last century made the color more widely available, and everyone went wild over magenta, plum, and orchid. Soon, though, there was a backlash, and purple came to be associated with pretentiousness and vulgarity.

And it's just that lingering feeling that has kept men at a wary distance ever since, despite how good purple looks under a gray suit. "Let's not forget, there are shades of purple that verge on pink," says the writer and television commentator Frank Deford. "A man has to be very secure to wear purple."

Deford, who owns a purple cummerbund, is just such a man. For years, he's worn a dash of purple almost every day. His wardrobe boasts purple shoes, purple socks, purple ties, purple suspenders, and even a purple overcoat that he bought for a remarkably low price in 90 degree heat at a warehouse in Naples from the sort of salesman who doesn't accept credit cards or offer receipts.

"Even if I wanted to, I couldn't stop now," Deford says. "People are kind of disappointed when I'm not wearing purple. But don't get the wrong impression. I won't buy a $1,500 jacket *just because* it's purple. You have to draw the line somewhere."

Deford is not alone in his passion. Turnbull & Asser has been making splendid shirts in that color for decades. Northwestern's "Purple Pride" sweatshirt sales may have quadrupled ever since the '96 trip to the Rose Bowl. But fans there wore their purple proudly even during the longest losing streak in college football history, when the Wildcats were known as the Mildcats.

No matter how the economy booms, no matter how high the stock market shoots, there's one type of man who'll never be seen in purple: the politician. He'll wear an inoffensive gray, surely. A power blue, of course. But a brash purple? Never! "The day you see a politician wearing purple," Deford says, "is the day we have a truthful person in politics."

—CAL FUSSMAN

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David Thomson

A Good Cop Is Hard to Find

Or was, until now, as *L. A. Confidential* takes film noir to entirely new precincts

It's been too long since we've had a great cop character on the big screen. The best crime movies of recent years have been in love with the lyrical, hardmouthed talk of lowlifes and the guilty panache with which they carried themselves. In *The Usual Suspects* the cops were boastful and stupid, while the guys were as cool as sinners in a doomed world. In *Pulp Fiction* there wasn't a cop in sight (although the cleanup expert, Harvey Keitel, acted like one). These were worlds in which the law offered no hope of redemption or protection. We were all plunged into that romantic night, where every thug had talk and style coming out his ears.

L.A. Confidential is wall-to-wall cops, so much so that there's no room for villains until... well, let me not tell you the whole story, for it's your pleasure. I'd be spoiling. Taken from James Ellroy's novel, *Confidential* confronts us with the Los Angeles of 1953, a boom time when the police department has learned enough public relations to have a hand in the new television shows glorifying cops, without compromising its own daily grind of corruption, off-camera violence, and private deals. Law-abiding folks want to feel safe with the world brought into their homes on their new TV sets. Those engaged in illicit business require stability, a clear code of payoffs, and a hierarchy. Criminality is okay so long as nice kids and their mothers never have to see blood on the streets.

L.A. Confidential reminds us that we are, all of us, stubbornly ironic about what we want from our "protectors." Connoisseurs of noir who smile proudly at the notion that the police are no more than the mirror image of the underworld still want good, fast responses from *their* cops when the need arises. We are all hypocrites with cops. We "understand" the pathology of Kirk Douglas in *Detective Story*, Richard Gere in *Internal Affairs*, and Nick Nolte in *Q&A*, we "know" there are an awful lot, like McCluskey (Sterling Hayden) in *The Godfather*, who deserve a slug over dinner. We're cool with the extensive corruption in *L.A. Confidential* and we all know that plaintive innocence can do nothing against the assurance "Forget it, Jake, it's Chinatown." Still, when it's our turn to be a statistic, we demand promptness, patience, politeness, and Sherlockian insight. We expect the cops to be Joe Fridays still, hired to protect our precious Sundays.



ROBERTO PARADA

You can see how easily real cops might despair of us and how some turn ugly or crazed *because* of our confusion. In *L.A. Confidential* we get four ways of living in that tangle. Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey) is all image, a natty dresser, the department's television adviser, and the contact man for Sid Hudgeons (Danny DeVito), publisher of a pioneering scandal sheet, *Hush-Hush*. Vincennes makes the photo op arrests that hit the tabloid's front page. He is a survivor, a wit, a cynic, and the epitome of cool. He nurses the secret hunch that he could be an agent or an actor.

Ed Exley (Guy Pearce) is a straight arrow, the son of a star cop, handsome in a spoiled baby way,

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CERRUTI 1881

very ambitious but repressed, he reveals his own immaturity as he insists on doing things by the book. He's a version of Robespierre, incorruptible but dangerous because of his own emotional disorder. Bud White (Russell Crowe) is a hard-nosed realist, a dogged, average detective, nowhere near as smart as Exley, and accustomed to being a necessary blunt instrument when called upon by Dudley Smith (James Cromwell), the captain. A gaunt, laconic, funny kind of boss, someone who knows where the bodies are buried, Dudley is tranquil, wise, practical, and a sort of father figure. It's clear why he's Cap. He's ready to turn a blind eye here and there to keep the system running.

I stress this quartet. There are other cops around, but you can't really think of any of the four without considering each of the others. They have their own ways of abiding by the imperfect system, but nearly all of them have moments of dread and horror when they see how far they have let down the idea or the cause—of being there for us and society—that got them into the job.

The uneasy balance of the group is threatened when six people are murdered at a coffee shop. One is a young woman, part of a team of Beverly Hills call girls, all of whom are look-alikes for Hollywood actresses. This case draws us through the scummy upper reaches of the city, and it allows Exley and White to meet and be disturbed by Lynn Bracken (Kim Basinger), the Veronica Lake of the outfit.

You'd have to read James Ellroy's novel to appreciate the adapting skill of director Curtis Hanson and writer Brian Helgeland. For several years now, Ellroy has been writing period crime novels, set in L.A., that are a fascinating cross between literature and slangy pulp. He's attracted movie interest, yet the books seemed too jagged and dense to adapt. Too much happens in them, too much of it hard to follow. Plus, Ellroy's writing style defies movie translation, to make a picture the way he writes would be to court mannerism, for his unique terseness is filled with his own near psychotic passion. Hanson and Helgeland have clarified the book's lines while scheming a tricky, challenging plot that we have to work with, but one that means all the more because of the effort.

L.A. Confidential could yet prove too demanding for big audiences—we are out of training—but there are huge narrative pleasures and swoony surprises that lift the picture off in new, darker directions. This may be the best noir storytelling since *Chinatown*. Not that this is quite as good as that modern classic. There isn't the same feeling for a city's betrayal as there was in the Roman Polanski–Robert Towne film. Nor does *Confidential* match the earlier movie's tragedy—essentially because the women characters here never become as compelling as the men.

No matter. Curtis Hanson (once a protege of Towne, who was executive producer on Hanson's *The Bedroom Window*) has promoted himself from the second rank of directors to the top tier. He has always enjoyed suspense and plot (as in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* and *The River Wild*), but this is his first chance with profound material. The result is terrific entertainment, as funny as it is nasty, that plays off thriller expectations and the sleazy period charm of L.A. and leaves us as troubled as we should be about the vexed occupation of cop. The detail is so rich. Every gun sounds different, there's a *p-chung* ing music in the fall of shell cases, and the guys who have been shot ache and whimper with hurt.

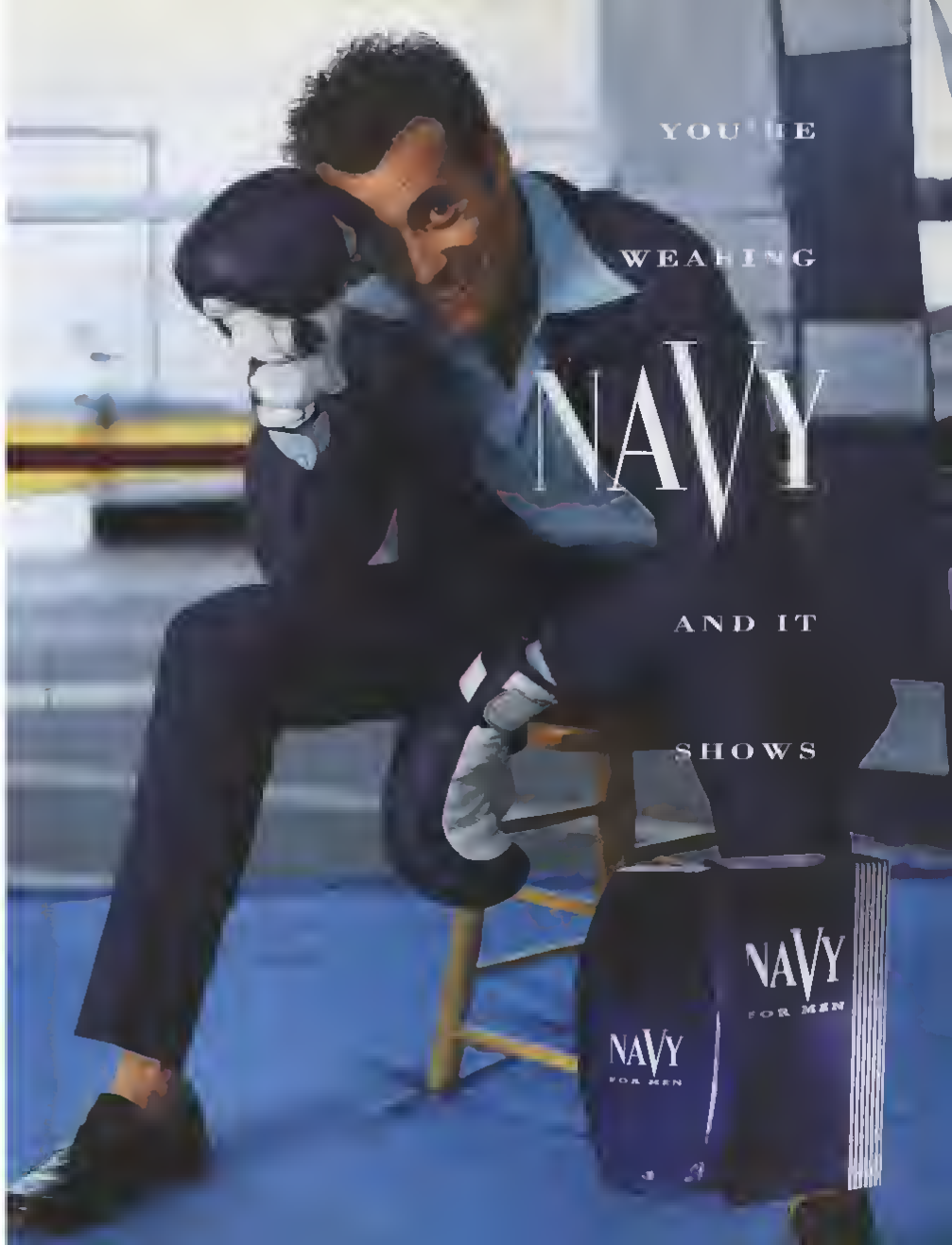
The guys who are shot ache and whimper with hurt. This may be the best noir storytelling since *Chinatown*.

Still, acting is the engine of the film, and it's so strong in the central quartet that the shallowness of Basinger's Bracken is as evident as the miscasting of Danny DeVito as Sid Hudgeons. DeVito is too exuberantly cartoonish, he doesn't prepare us for the shabby fate of his character or for the crucial blurring of fact and fiction in his work. The movie might have benefited from the sly calm of David Strathairn (who is very good as a Beverly Hills socialite) in the more important role of Hudgeons.

That aside, there is only praise. Kevin Spacey has gained confidence with his Oscar for *The Usual Suspects* (see page 66). He's prepared to let his swishy mischief show more, and yet he's capable of a moment in front of a mirror when Vincennes's easygoing narcissism cracks and self-loathing shows. Spacey may never be a lead actor in movies, but he is so smart and so technically deft he could alter our sense of what makes a lead. As for James Cromwell, I will say only that, yes, this is the same man who played the farmer in *Babe*. After that, you're on your own. If he doesn't get an Oscar nomination, there's no justice (which, I suppose, is how the lugubrious Dudley would have it).

The daring of the movie rests in putting relatively unknown Australian actors—Russell Crowe and Guy Pearce—in lead roles that could easily have gone to familiar players—Nick Nolte and Alec Baldwin, say (you can vary those names at will). But these are fresh faces, which means we have to watch them harder. Pearce has a very tough job, and while his work is a little compromised by the sentimental ending, we have seldom seen the panic and ferocity of a naive moralist done so well. Crowe's Bud White is fearsome and pathetic, the plainest of the four yet the deepest, a man whose brutalized childhood has left him properly scared of his own violence. It's in Crowe's pain and in the inarticulate dismay of a raw but decent man who so believes in the law that he may take it into his own rough hands that *L.A. Confidential* gets close to real tragedy.

Of course, these days TV gives us cops all the time, and the medium's format is better suited to the boredom and erosion of one damn case after another. We have *NYPD Blue* and *Homicide* class acts in the vaunted realist tradition of *Hill Street Blues*. This is a code that sees no reason to glamorize cops or forget the human impossibility of their duty. Still, the highest praise I can give *L.A. Confidential* is that it kept me thinking of the best modern movie on cops—that yearlong grilling of Vanatter, Lange, and Fuhrman, those sad, used faces that couldn't understand how the world that hired and abused them could fall for the shitty gab of lawyers who didn't really care. ■



Thomas Kelly

A Man a Mile

The largest public-works project in the nation's history has a deadly calculus all its own

We stand outside the House of Hills funeral home in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. Two hundred people, mostly men, mill about. A few wear suits, some have sport jackets, many are in polo shirts and jeans. Thick-shouldered white and black men greet one another as brothers. The last time so many blacks and whites got together in this neighborhood, they pummeled one another for three days and nights. Now there are handshakes and hugs, condolences offered up.

Johnny Roche, a wiry Irishman with quick blue eyes, surveys the gathering and says, "This is some weird fraternity we have here." It's a fraternity of urban miners called sandhogs, and they work on the most dangerous job in America. There's an old saying: If it's deeper than a grave, the sandhogs dug it—all of New York's subway and sewer tunnels, water tunnels, train tunnels, the Lincoln, Holland, Queens-Midtown and Brooklyn Battery tunnels, as well as the foundations for most of the bridges and many of the skyscrapers in the city. We are here to wake another dead colleague. It is the twenty-fourth such gathering in the brutal history of the Third Water Tunnel, which is the newest and largest sandhog job. When complete, the tunnel will run beneath four boroughs of the city at depths of four hundred to eight hundred feet and will deliver one billion gallons of mountain water a day to a metropolitan area surrounded by nonpotable salt water. It is the largest public-works project in the history of a nation renowned for its epic undertakings.

At the turn of the century, there were a number of rather maniacal tunnel contractors working in New York who were notorious for driving their men beyond any margin of safety for the sake of production. For them, it seemed reasonable to expect to lose a man for every mile of tunnel construction. The formulation stuck. So far, about twenty miles of the Third Water Tunnel have been excavated since 1970, and the deaths are running ahead of schedule.



The Third Water Tunnel: Curtis Maughs stands near the stretch of tunnel where sandhog Thomas Noel was killed in July, about seven hundred feet below the city

DAVID S. ALLEE

The dead miner is Thomas Noel. He was forty-eight years old and leaves behind a wife, a six-year-old son, and a two-year-old daughter. He was known as Smitty, and when I first heard that a Thomas Noel had been killed, I had no idea who he was. Sandhogs are often known by their nicknames, fellows

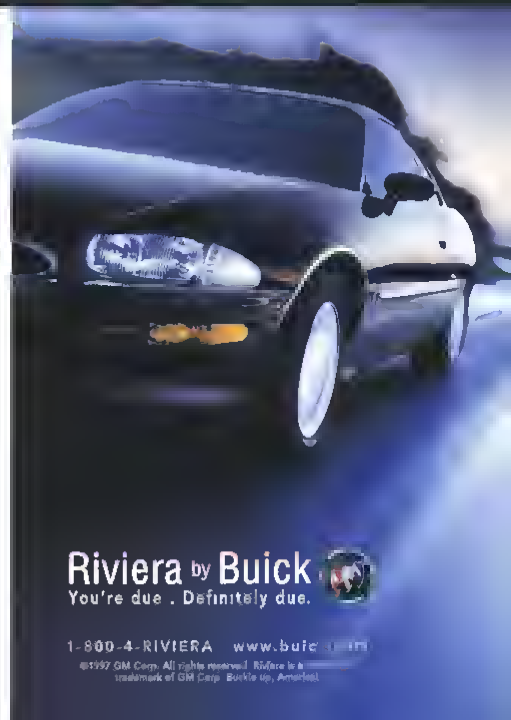


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like Cracked Head, Buster Brown from Downtown, Barracuda, Tombstone, Fishhead, Suitcase, the Horse, Crazy, and Nutsy, to name a few. Some are modified by generation. Buster begat Chipper, Hard Rock begat Soft Rock, Ace begat Deuce, et cetera. Men might work together for years and not know one another's legal names.

Smitty and I worked together in the mid-eighties. He was from Grenada, one of two island nations that supply many of the sandhogs, the other is Ireland. He had the easy manner and light humor of many West Indians, although Smitty took it to another level. I can say I never once saw him without a smile. The Third Water Tunnel is not a pleasant working environment. The work is hard and dirty and dangerous. The air is poisonous, heavy with fumes and silica dust. The noise level is often high enough to rupture eardrums, the damp is insidious. At times, chaos prevails—bosses screaming, blood pressure boiling, concrete hardening ahead of or behind schedule. But all the turmoil never got to Smitty.

What got to Smitty was a head-on collision of two trains sixty stories beneath Brooklyn. The investigation is ongoing, but what is certain is that the train on which Smitty was the brakeman left a siding early and, while rounding a bend, smashed into another train. The day he died, July 15, 1997, it was 95 degrees on the surface. The tunnel air is much cooler, usually in the 50s. We used to joke about working in air-conditioning. On hot days, the tropical surface air mixes with cold in the tunnel and creates condensation. The air becomes soupy, and visibility drops. When the trains collided, Smitty's leg was ripped almost all the way off above the knee. He was gushing blood and quickly went into cardiac arrest. By the time rescuers had hauled him back four thousand horizontal feet to the shaft and then up to the waiting ambulance, it was too late.

Sandhogs die in many ways. The city keeps a cold register of those ways and lists the ghosts of the Third Water Tunnel by type: fell, eight; struck, five; crushed, four; collapsed, two; killed by explosion, two; electrocuted, one. These are neat categories for messy deaths. Smitty, I presume, will be put down as a "struck," or maybe a "crushed." He joins a sad list of men who went to work to feed themselves and their families and never made it home. Each died while a son or a wife or a daughter waited, and instead of a father or a son or a husband coming to the door, it was a priest and a cop to say that the man they were waiting for had been yanked out of existence forever. A vacuum opened. Smitty bled to death not two surface miles from where his wife and kids waited for his return.



Tommy Flanagan, left, and Mike Manfredonio ride a flatbed train from the head of the tunnel back toward a shaft that will carry them to the surface. The distance from the shaft is a little more than a mile. It increases every day.

DAVID S. ALLEE

Mayhem comes with the job. You get in a metal cage and ride it down eighty stories beneath the city. You're dressed in layers of flannel and wool and denim, covered by a yellow rain slicker, with steel-tipped rubber boots and a hard hat. As the cage drops, the air gets heavier, cools, becomes something tangible. When you reach bottom, the cage opens and before you is a hole blasted through the center of the earth, stretching into the murky distance. It's dreary, all gray and brown with artificial light. The decibel level rattles your teeth and strikes you dumb. You step off and slog through muck and water that is knee-deep. Thick metal pipes conveying water and air are rigged along walls roughly cut by explosives. The tunnel ceiling is studded with roof bolts designed to prevent cave-ins. You try not to think about the millions of tons of rock that separate you from the sky. A half dozen metal stretchers, complete with body bags, are propped against the wall. Many tough men with lots of construction experience make the trip down, take in the scene, and refuse to get out of the cage.

A battered yellow train spews diesel fumes and waits to take you to work at the heading. You get on the train and it pulls away, rocking along deeper into the earth, farther from the surface and farther from help if anything should go wrong.

The danger comes from the simple fact that the work involves mining and construction all in one place. Sometimes, the earth objects to the intrusion. The rock through which sandhogs are building the tunnel is 450 million years old, we're not really supposed to be there. It's being disturbed only because of man's audacity. Sometimes, the problem is human error. Poor judgment, a momentary lapse, is often compounded by the noise, the bad air, the sloppy footing. A look at the ages of the men shows it is almost always experienced hands who get killed. Except for Stuart Burdsell, who was killed (a "struck") at twenty, in 1973, the dead men ranged from thirty-one to fifty-eight.

The men started running away from the train. It was all adrenaline rush and instinct to get out of the way, but it was a mistake. In the end, men and steel and rock were fused by the impact.

Besides the deaths, there have been thousands of injuries and dozens of maimings. One of the mourners today is a redhead named Kevin Brady, whom I have not seen in years. Two years ago, he was working in a shaft and fell five stories, landing on the bottom of a steel work deck. He crushed both arms, had internal bleeding, and suffered a serious head injury. He remembers slipping away calmly toward death. He spent twenty-three days in the hospital and underwent reconstructive surgery for his right hand. He can barely use his left arm. He realizes he's lucky. At least four other sandhogs have been killed falling shorter distances. Brady goes to physical therapy three times a week and will never be a sandhog again. He is thirty-three and hoped to open a deli or a restaurant one day, but the accident has left him uncertain about his future. He misses the job.

Johnny Wademan is also among the grieving. He was caught in the worst nonfatal accident in the tunnel's history. On Flag Day in June 1982, a week before I started work, two concrete cars broke away from a motor car. The tunnel is gravity-fed and runs downhill, dropping twelve inches every hundred feet. The cars were full, weighed forty tons, and were amok for a mile and a half, picking up momentum as they hurtled through the dim, wet tunnel toward the unsuspecting workers. The physics were all wrong.

Buddy Krausa, who retired in 1993 after forty years as a miner, was the walking boss for the shift. A decade and a half later, he speaks about the accident with the hesitancy of a combat veteran. He remembers a frantic phone call coming over the ground line from up-tunnel. But with the drilling and the hammering of the concrete pump and the rumble of the agitator cars, he could not hear what the man was saying. Then the line went dead. He had less than a minute to ponder what the call was about. He looked up to see the train racing toward them out of the mist.

The men on the ground started running away from the train, which was a mistake. It was all adrenaline rush and instinct to get out of the way. They would have been safer running toward the train and letting it pass by before it derailed. The men working on top of high cars, which are a type of mobile scaffolding, were operating drills and had no idea what hit them. The runaway train exploded into another train, a huge concrete pump, and a transformer, throwing them like toys into the air. Men and steel and rock were fused by the impact.

Krausa was lying in a puddle of muck, thinking this was his time. After a quarter century of tunnel building, he had run out of luck. The tangled mess came to rest a few feet from him. He thanked God for another day and sprang to the grim task of rescuing the wounded.

There was total darkness and screams, men moaning. There was no way to reach the shaft to call for help. Flashlights illuminated the wounded. Twenty feet in the air, Wademan was crushed between two high cars, a ghast-



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ly Christ figure, unconscious, presumed dead. They needed a blowtorch to free him. When they pulled the steel apart, Wademan let out a gasp and fell into a fellow worker's arms. He was alive but his injuries were massive. He had two broken legs, two crushed hips, a crushed pelvis, six broken ribs, various internal injuries and a severe concussion. In essence, he was broken in two.

Another sandhog, Mike Butler, would have escaped injury, but he ran toward the high cars, waving his flashlight in an attempt to warn the men on top. He was trapped beneath the wreckage. His foot was wrapped around the steel, and he was bleeding badly from a number of wounds. Medical help was a long way away. The decision was made to cut off his foot. George Gluszak took out a pocketknife and sawed through the tendons and flesh holding it on. Mike lived, but he never walked again. His health was ruined, and his death in 1996 was viewed by many as a delayed reaction to the violence of the accident.

Six other men were carried out on stretchers that day. More than three hundred sandhogs showed up to donate blood for their battered colleagues. Johnny Wademan spent six months in the hospital and was out of the business for five years. Today, he works the graveyard shift on the Third Water Tunnel.

THE MOST FAMOUS near miss in sandhog history involved Marshall Mabey. There are two basic types of tunnel construction dictated by the earth. There is hard rock mining, the kind used for the Third Water Tunnel. And there are soft ground projects, like the Holland Tunnel, in which compressed air is used to hold up the riverbed and hold out the river water above that. The crews then use concrete and steel to build the tunnel, and the air is shut off. During construction, blowouts are a real hazard. They are announced by a horrific whine as the air is forced through a hole in the shield as it seeks to equalize the pressure—not unlike what might happen if a jet door were opened at thirty thousand feet.

Marshall Mabey was working under the East River in 1916 when he and two others were blown through twelve feet of riverbed, up through the river itself, and onto a geyser that witnesses say soared forty feet into the air. Stunned rescuers found that, although his colleagues had perished, Mabey was still alive. He survived the drastic change in pressure and the force of being blasted through the muck and junk of the river floor. He went back to work as a sandhog for twenty-five more years.

In the tunnel, it's often a matter of inches and seconds that separates the quick from the dead. I was working the graveyard shift one night when a young operating engineer began hotdogging with a Bobcat bucket loader he was driving. He spun the machine around and lost control, dropping the steel bucket with a bang so close to me that if I had had my tongue out I could have licked it. I barely escaped the fate of Ford Ferris, fifty-four, who was crushed by a front-end loader in 1971. I threw my muckstick at the rock wall so hard that sparks flew. Then I got in the cage and went directly to a local bar, where I drank enough cold beer to dilute the rage and fear inside me. The next night, I was back at work.

The engineer spun the bucket loader around and lost control, dropping the steel bucket so close to me that if I'd had my tongue out, I could have licked it.

People ask sandhogs why they do it, the same way they might ask a cop or a firefighter or a commercial fisherman. Many sandhogs leave to become cops and firefighters, jobs that, even in New York City, are statistically much safer ways to earn a buck. It's a simple question with complex answers. There's the money. My brother, who is a high school dropout, just started as a sandhog. With pay and benefits, he will make almost $100,000 a year. But there's more. With many of the men, it is a family business. Their fathers and grandfathers and even some great-grandfathers did it. There is a definite, though unspoken, element of machismo. There is the uniqueness of it. You are literally where no man has ever been before, and once the job is finished and one billion gallons of water a day scream through the tunnel, no one will ever be there again. It is one of the grandest human endeavors in history. Many of the men take pride in that.

RICHARD FITZSIMMONS, a third-generation sandhog and business manager of the local, arrives at the wake wearing a suit and does his best to console Smitty's family. In the union hall on Katonah Avenue in the Bronx, there is a plaque memorializing the sandhog dead. It lists their names and dates of death. Fitzsimmons recently added the name of John Cunningham, an Irish immigrant who fell to his death last September. In one of the greater ironies of the tunnel's tragic history, Cunningham had left the union long ago and become an inspector for the federal Mine Safety and Health Administration. He had just retired and was back in the tunnel to earn some pension credits. Here was a man whose business for two decades had been mine safety. It did not save him.

The mayor arrives at the wake. He steps swiftly from his white Suburban, the grim official bearing municipal condolence. He makes his way into the viewing room and pays his respects to the dead sandhog and his family. The room is filled with women, and, whether Irish or West Indian, they grieve more openly than their men. The atmosphere is charged with lament. It's an election year, and the mayor has just offered up $10,000 of taxpayers' money for the capture of Gianni Versace's killer. As it happened, Versace and Smitty died within hours of each other. Versace met his killer a long way from New York City and was not a resident. There was not a single mention of Smitty's demise on any television news. Most sandhogs take this in stride. They work and die far from public view. But others are angry.

The sandhogs want a few cubic feet of city-park space to erect a monument to their fallen comrades. The hat has been passed at union meetings, and some contractors have kicked in money. I doubt many sandhogs know much about Versace, but they wonder exactly what sacrifices he made for New York City that warrant the bounty posted by the mayor. The sandhogs don't mention the fact that if you took away the sum of their endeavors, the City of New York would not exist. Stoicism runs too deep in them. The mayor agrees to help. Like his presence, it's an appreciated gesture. It will not bring Smitty to life in his casket a few feet away, it will not make their jobs any safer, but it is a step toward recognition.

Outside a storm has coalesced, and the sky is jagged and full of bad electricity. A gale swoops in. The rain comes hard and horizontal, and the overflow crowd is drenched. The mourners now look a lot more like sandhogs. Then, out in the middle of the intersection of Brooklyn Avenue and St. Johns Place, a water main ruptures and the men laugh in disbelief. The busted main is fed by a tunnel that was built decades ago by an earlier generation of sandhogs, all of whom are gone now. A fountain gushes out and floods the street with pure water from the mountains upstate. The assembled are building the tunnel that will replace this one. Twenty-four have died so far. They have forty miles left to go. ■



Nancy Griffin

The Buddha from Another Planet

Action star Steven Seagal has now been officially anointed an action lama

In his 1996 film *The Glimmer Man*, Steven Seagal pretty much plays himself: a hilarious paradox, a devout Buddhist who *kicks ass*. "I'm not supposed to fight—it's against my religion," he proclaims as an undercover cop whose piety is signified by his Chinese shirts and brocade jackets. Behind his trademark scowl, Seagal appears to ponder his karma as he burns incense and fingers Tibetan prayer beads. When his partner inquires about the beads, Seagal says, "I use them to calm my mind and purify my thoughts." That is, until a goon taunts him about his "sissy" beads, and the Centered One sends the guy flying through a glass wall. "You tell your asshole boss that no body, *nobody* threatens me," warns this Buddhist officer. "Now get your ugly white ass out of here!"



ANITA KUNZ

Seagal pushed his uniquely bizarre brand of spirituality close to the outer limits with *The Glimmer Man*, but now he's topped himself. This time, he is playing a ballistic mystic for real. A Tibetan holy man has "recognized" Seagal as a reincarnated lama, or *tulku*, a coveted title in Tibetan Buddhism. Tibetans revere *tulkus* as emanations of the Buddha who choose rebirth to help ease the suffering of others. The closest approximation we have to this in America would be the erotch-scratching seraph Travolta played in *Michael*.

But Seagal's divine elevation is not a movie joke, and it has stunned Western Buddhists, many of whose leading figures view it as corrupt and an embarrassing sideshow to Tibet's political problems. Seagal, who one former intimate says is "the only person I know who can use the words *motherfucker* and *Dalai Lama* in the same sentence," is now empowered to wear a lama's robes, instruct others in Buddhist teachings, and even establish his own temple if he chooses. What will he do? The Dalai Lama himself is watching closely.

In Hollywood, Seagal's new status is seen as a career move, a stab at reviving his prestige and sagging box office appeal. The star of *Under Siege* and *On Deadly Ground* used to command $15 million a picture as one of the world's top purveyors of screen mayhem, but his career peaked in 1992. Along with fellow action dinosaurs Schwarzenegger and Stallone, he now gets to watch a pumped-up Nicolas Cage ring the $100 million bell. Seagal's popularity has not been helped by his arrogance and humorlessness in interviews. Nor has his habit of displaying a handgun at business meetings endeared him to his Hollywood colleagues.

In short, Seagal does not arise in the dreams of many Americans as a radiant manifestation of the Buddha. And now that he's moonlighting as a *tulku*, he's put himself in a bind. Friends insist that his faith is sincere. Seagal, who declined to be interviewed for this article, has been telling acquaintances that he hopes to use his influence to promote nonviolence. But he has to keep wreaking carnage onscreen or he'll lose what's left of his audience. After all, when you're an action hero and it's your job to punish terrorists, let's face it, sometimes it takes a bloodbath.

The star of *Hard to Kill* was relatively late in jumping on the Buddhism bandwagon. By the time Seagal began sidling up to the Dalai Lama at Hollywood fundraisers a few years ago, Richard Gere had al-

Richard Avedon

VERSACE COUTURE

DALLAS, THE GALLERIA • LAS VEGAS, THE FORUM SHOPS • SOUTH COAST PLAZA

ready been friends with His Holiness for ten years. Having long been a student of Japanese Buddhism and martial arts, Seagal began to seek out Tibetan masters. In 1995, he chartered a plane in India and flew around the subcontinent, visiting Buddhist monasteries. The lamas were wowed.

He became close with Penor Rinpoche, the supreme head of the Nyingma Tibetan Buddhist lineage. As it happened, Penor Rinpoche was starting to establish teaching centers in the United States. Seagal made generous donations to his organization, inviting him to Los Angeles to teach and sponsoring his visit there.

Last year Seagal told acquaintances that he believed he had been a holy man in a previous life. Friends say he told his guru of these feelings and asked to be recognized. Traditionally, the title *tulku* is conferred on those deemed to possess exceptional spiritual qualities. They are usually discovered as children and only a dozen or so have been recognized in the Western world. Seagal was about to become one of them.

IT WAS LIKE A SCENE out of *Little Buddha*. Penor Rinpoche assembled fifteen hundred monks and nuns last February in the ornate main hall of the Namdroling monastery in Bylakuppe, India. The giant statue of the Buddha was lit with butter lamps. After offerings of chants and prayers, the lama told the faithful that he had had many dreams and signs that Steven Seagal was the reincarnation of a long-dead Tibetan lama, Chokden Dorjee, who was a *terton*, or revealer of treasures. Penor Rinpoche told Seagal that he had a great obligation to benefit other beings. Traditional long horns were blown, and the action star lowered his six foot four frame onto a large throne with ornamental silk cushions. Solemnly, the martial-arts master was reinstated on the seat he had occupied in his previous life.

Buddhist Web sites soon buzzed with scuttlebutt that a "Tinseltown *tulku*" had bought his title like a feudal baron, allegations that Seagal's spokeswoman denied, insisting that the star had earned it "on his own merits." But the presumption that this was a case of a lama license for sale quickly took hold among all but the most traditional practitioners. Several prominent Western Buddhist teachers regarded it as a disastrous attempt on the part of Penor Rinpoche to ensure the survival of his lineage in the States. "My suspicion, and I must admit it's a cynical one, is that this is a political financial move," says Stephen Batchelor, a former monk and the author of *Buddhism Without Beliefs*. "The instance with Seagal is a case where the Tibetans have seriously misjudged."

Adds Jamyang Norbu, a writer and political commentator, "It's all so ridiculous, it makes all Tibetans look like fools. This actor is clearly mad and he lives with a houseful of guns. This is going to backfire on Tibetans."

The Dalai Lama has expressed concern about the proliferation of *tulkus* and other abuses by lamas in the West. Perhaps because he does not wield spiritual authority over all the lineages, however, he has kept his feelings about specific *tulku* discoveries to himself. "He's in a delicate position," says Robert Thurman, a renowned Tibetan scholar. "He doesn't want to be rude to the lamas who do it, because his role is as a mediator."

Butter lamps were lit, and the six-foot-four action hero was solemnly reinstated on the seat he had occupied in his previous life.

Still, the Dalai Lama has issued a strong admonition to Buddhists. "Make a thorough examination before accepting someone as a guru," he said, "and even then follow that teacher within the conventions of reason."

THE ACTION STAR and now bone-crunching guru has taken every opportunity to bask in the Dalai Lama's saffron glow. Last summer, he raised $25,000 for an American Himalayan Foundation fundraiser in Beverly Hills at which the Dalai Lama was the featured speaker, Seagal requested, and was granted, a front-and-center table. This past June, when the Dalai Lama gave extensive teachings in Los Angeles, Seagal was in the front row every day. The fact that Gere sat two rows back was not lost on the Hollywood scorekeepers.

The Dalai Lama's inner circle of advisers, which has never included a marketing expert, was slow to grasp Seagal's brutish public image. Once it did, it began to fret that this particular movie star might not benefit His Holiness and Tibet at a time when pressure is being stepped up on the Chinese government to loosen its grip on the homeland. Seagal didn't help himself by being pushy in his efforts to get next to the Dalai Lama, and restraints were put into effect to keep him at a comfortable distance.

Seagal recently tried to join a conference in San Francisco called Peacemaking: The Power of Nonviolence, at which the Dalai Lama and one other Nobel Peace laureate lectured. But local conference organizers who work in the inner city insisted that an icon of destruction did not belong on the same dais with the Dalai Lama. Frustrated by the rejection, Seagal protested. "Everyone loves me in the inner city! All the black kids love me!"

The action lama has said little, meanwhile, about how he plans to live his life as a *tulku*. "The biggest danger is that he will build a temple in his backyard, build a throne, and become a guru," says one longtime Buddhist. There is no evidence of that yet. He will travel to India and Katmandu in November to study, and Seagal says he also intends to teach. Other Buddhist lecturers scoff at that. "He's a martial arts master, not a Buddhist master," says Surya Das, a prominent Western lama.

As for his film career, Seagal, whose latest movie, *Fire Down Below*, opens in September, recently claimed that he would not make any more violent movies. Nevertheless, this fall he'll get $10 million to star in a new action thriller called *The Patriot*. The *tulku* will play a peaceable man, a holistic doctor. In the story, a right-wing Montana militia leader unleashes a deadly virus, killing half the state's population. The doctor must find a cure. Then he has to face down the deranged militiaman—and a hero's gotta do what a hero's gotta do.

"His character is pushed to become violent when all else fails. He has to take action," explains *Patriot* producer Nile Niami. "He has to save the world." ◻



a.testoni

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Mark Leyner

The Most Dangerous Games

That stuff on ESPN is for babies. We have something *way* extreme in mind

The X Games—those Olympics of "extreme" sports that, according to ESPN, deliver the most male viewers aged twelve to thirty four per household of any sporting event on television—are for pussies. Hey, I don't begrudge anyone good demographics. But *extreme*? I don't think so. Only in a culture that can countenance calling a golf shot *brave* could after-school recreations like Rollerblading, skateboarding, and BMX-bike tricks be considered *extreme*. How can a sporting event possibly be *extreme* when it's postponed because too many contestants have been called home for dinner by their parents?



I must caution all the young viewers out there, though, not to emulate X Games athletes as "role models." The X Games represent a microcosmic slice of our culture, and their athletes are afflicted with society's ills in equal proportion to the general population. Because many extreme athletes are teenagers, New Jersey-style neonaticide is a widespread problem. Several young women competing on a recent X Games telecast gave birth, casually discarded their newborn infants in restrooms, and immediately returned to their events—losing only seconds in competitive time. Thanks to special POV cameras set up in anticipation of just such occurrences, many of the untoward births were captured on restroom-stall cam. I was particularly impressed with a fifteen-year-old street luger who, in the middle of one of her heats, suddenly pulled off the course, ducked into a nearby restroom, gave birth to a six-pound one ounce full term boy, nonchalantly disposed of the newborn in a trash receptacle, returned to the course, chugged a liter bottle of Mountain Dew, hopped back on her luge and proceeded not only to win the event but to shatter the world record.

For me, the tender age of X Games participants seriously detracts from the allure of the sport. Teens are too lithe, too pliable and resilient. There's not enough risk. They fall off their dirt bikes or their skateboards and they get right back on as if nothing had happened. I think the X Games are the one sport for which a senior circuit would actually *add* excitement. Get some brittle athletes out there, some competitors for whom a fall off a snowboard could do some irremediable damage. Osteoporotic octogenarians on in-line skates getting rad in the half pipe is extreme.

Another way to enhance the appeal of the X Games would be to make them *extremist* instead of merely *extreme*. Gather athletes representing organizations such as Hezbollah, Kahane Chai, the Khmer Rouge, the IRA, ETA, the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam and the Aryan Nation, and have them engage in spirited skysurfing and wakeboarding competitions. Religious fanaticism, in particular, adds a certain panache to sport. Consider the proliferation of Islamic fanatics in major-league baseball. Ask any shortstop what it's like trying to turn a double play when the base runner barreling toward him is a suicide bomber who believes that his martyrdom will ensure a place for his family in paradise and unlimited access to hundreds of virginal houris. It's intense, *baby*!

Then again, maybe we should not be looking to professional athletes and televised spectacles for vicarious kicks. Surely, any of us could mine the archives of his or

GEOFFREY GRAHN

SAFARI
RALPH LAUREN
OPEN TO DISCOVER SAFARI FOR MEN
THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN



her own life experience for compelling examples of extreme sport. I learned to endure extreme physical challenges early on. Children abide by a merciless pecking order based on physical stature, and when I was a kid, I was pretty small for my age—usually the smallest in my class. So each time my family moved and I had to start at a new school, I was invariably beaten and gang raped by my classmates on the first day. This began with nursery school at the YMHA in Jersey City and continued through college, my first day as a freshman at Brandeis. I was beaten and gang raped by most of the incoming class. (More recently, I enrolled in an origami class at the Open Center, and, sure enough, that first night I had to run the gauntlet and then "pull the train.") But I look back on it all as a form of hazing. It made me tough. Combat ready. Yo, it's where I get my *juice*—the bantam pugnacity that's made me such a terror in interoffice Muay Thai boxing.

I also had to learn to endure extreme psychological pressure. When I was a Little League pitcher, out there on the mound, the fathers of players from opposing teams used to shout, "Christ killer!" at me, and then each rival parent in the stands would hold up a colored placard, aggregately forming a giant image of my mom in flagrante delicto with the high school auto shop teacher. But, hey—you just have to tune it all out. (It may interest some of you to know that our Little League team uniforms were donated by Mazzarsky Paint and Hardware, a local retailer that, as it turns out, is a subsidiary of the Beijing Tatu Turbo Dragon Real Estate Company, which is linked to Hip Hing Holdings, an affiliate of the Lippo Group.)

We're often led to the extreme in sports by sheer expedience. After college, for example, I decided to play professional basketball. But I was only five seven, so the NBA was a distinct long shot. My agent and I decided that it would be wise to play a couple of seasons in the San League. (The San, long derogatorily referred to as "Bushmen," are a diminutive people living in the Kalahari Desert of southwest Africa.) Two years later, after becoming a free agent, I signed with a team in the Akwë-Shavante League. (The Akwë-Shavante, semi-nomadic Indians who inhabit central Brazil along the Rio das Mortes, also tend to be on the short side.) Although I was doing pretty well—I averaged, like, forty-plus points per game—I found that running fast breaks while wearing a palmetto-bark penis sheath was ultimately just too irritating. I held a tearful news conference, and they retired my penis sheath, which to this day hangs from the rafters at Rio das Mortes Arena—or "the Mort," as we used to call it.

By far the most extreme event in all of sport is the Veterinary Rodeo, in which veterinarians compete in attempting to give prostate exams to Brahma bulls.

Today, my playing days over, I am ever on the lookout for some seemingly trivial event in some far-flung place that might provide the basis for a new—and hopefully extreme—sport. For instance, it was reported recently that in England irate fellow shoppers pelted the widely loathed Camilla Parker Bowles with bread rolls in the supermarket. I wondered—how might we make a sport out of pelting Camilla Parker Bowles with rolls? Well, rolls certainly aren't extreme. Too bloody soft. Then it came to me, of course, scones! Imagine—as seen from a POV camera (Camilla cam) installed in the much-maligned lady's snarled coif—rock-hard scones launched at ninety-eight miles per hour by the Big Unit himself, Randy Johnson! That's intense, *baby*!

See what's so fabulous about the concept is that it's basically just Camilla and Randy plying their vocational skills—scone dodging and scone hurling. Here in the States, we have our own vocational sports: lumberjack competitions, firemen contests, lifeguard tournaments, et cetera. By far the most exciting and most extreme of all the vocational sports is the Veterinary Rodeo, in which veterinarians compete in attempting to give prostate exams to Brahma bulls. That moment when the crowd is hushed and the snap of the vet's latex glove is met with the steely, baleful glare of the bull is one of the most electrifying in all of sport.

Even writers—a ruminant breed of predominantly pale and sedentary prima donnas—occasionally inspire intriguing notions for new extreme sports. I'm referring here to the Edward Hoagland essay about his having masturbated tigers as a young man and to Kathryn Harrison's essay about torturing ticks. Would I sit in front of a television and watch Edward Hoagland masturbate tigers? Probably. Would I sit in front of a television and watch Kathryn Harrison torture ticks? Definitely! That's intense, *baby*!

Finally, when it comes to extreme sports, we can no longer remain merely spectators. Nor can we endlessly replay in our minds the glory days of youth. No, we have to get out there and join the fray. And as we approach the dawn of a new millennium, the appeal of man-versus-man competition is waning. I don't think there's much excitement left in human beings competing against other human beings or, for that matter, human beings competing against beasts—with all due respect to the *When Animals Attack* specials on Fox, which I love ("I'd only turned away for a second to check the lasagna when the pit viper sprang at little Ethan").

As the year 2000 looms, it's time for men with balls to take on deities. Mano a mano is for babies. It's time for mano a Deus. I don't know if this works for you, but let me leave you with my morning routine. Each dawn, I stride belligerently out into my backyard, stripped naked, my body gleaming with fragrant unguents, and I give the finger to heaven. And then—as I slap my chest—I confront God: "You want a piece of this? You want a piece of *this*? I'm an autonomous, sovereign being, burdened with the terrifying freedom to choose, set adrift in a meaningless universe. You think you can take *me*? C'mon, I *dare you*."

That's the X Game, *baby*. X-*istential*! ■

'Kevin Spacey?' my mom said. 'I hear he's...'

BY TOM JUNOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY THUMLERT

I mean, my *mother* knows.

Or thinks she knows. Or supposes. Or suspects.

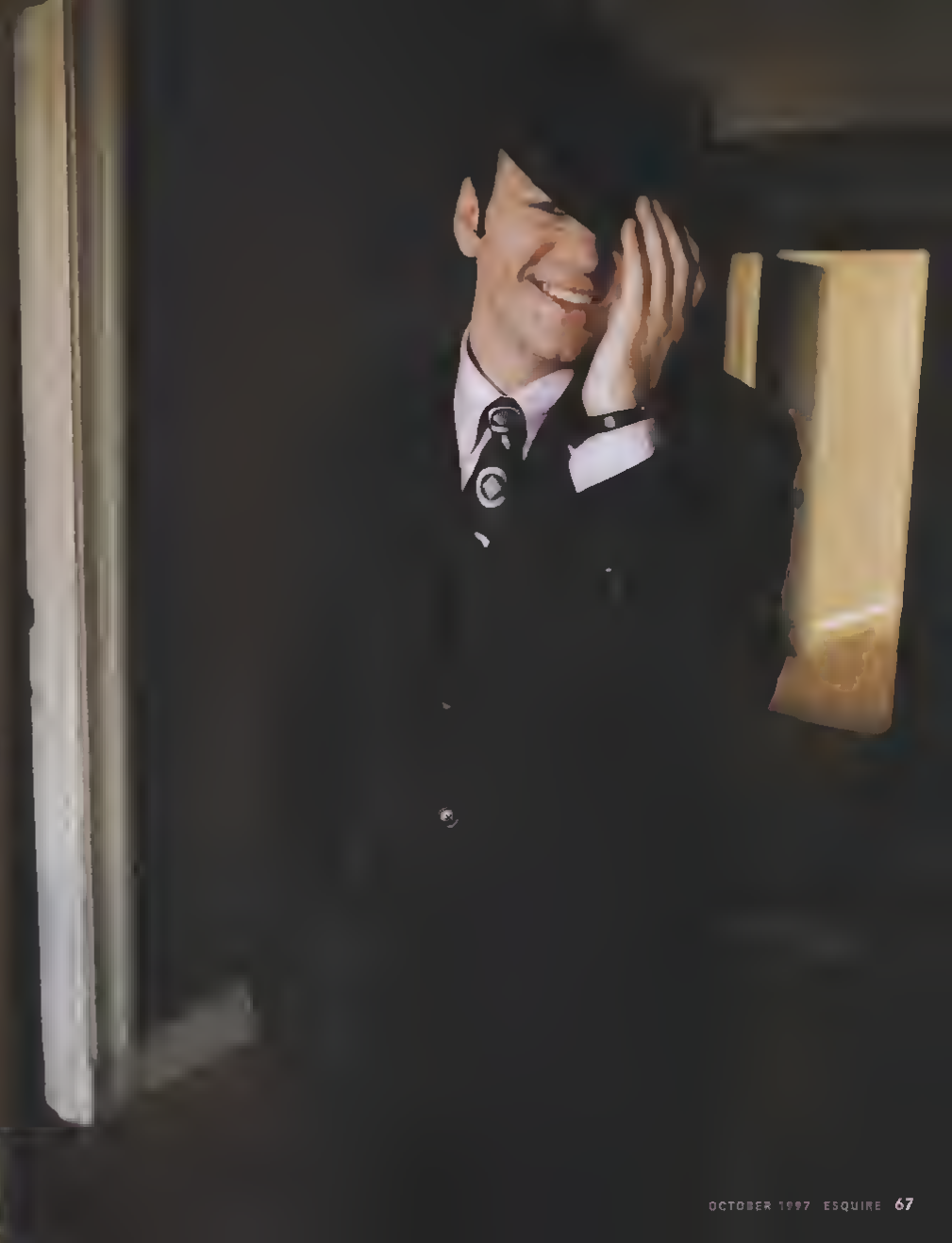
I told her I was writing a story on Kevin Spacey, and she said, "Well, *I* hear he's gay."

Now, you must understand some things about my mom. She is eighty years old and lives in a condominium in Florida. Although she loves movies—especially dark and intricate mysteries, which she calls "murders," as in "You know how I like a good *murder*"—she has no connection to the movie business and has never, to my knowledge, outed anyone before.

"Ma, where did you hear that?"

"At the pool."

Of course—the pool. It is shocking what kind of knowledge is forced upon our parents—what kind of innocence is lost—at the



pools of America It is shocking, indeed, to imagine how *many* of America's pools had to learn Kevin Spacey's supposed secret before the supposed secret reached my mother's pool and the grasp of her saintly and intrepid ears One imagines the information—if information is what it is—creeping across the nation from Hollywood to Florida pool by pool, sort of like the dogged swimmer of Cheever's short story until at last an entire nation of moviegoers comes to hold Kevin Spacey under suspicion, until at last our own suspicion is all we know of him, all we have of him, all that's *left* of him It was not as surprising, though, to hear my mother repeat a rumor she'd heard about Kevin Spacey as it was to hear ostensible sophisticates in New York and Los Angeles repeat the very *same* rumor, as though my mother on this count, were truly in the know, as though we have become unanimous in what we've heard homogenized even to the extent of our access to secrets, as though the only thing one could possibly say about Kevin Spacey is what everyone else has already said, which is that he is supposed to be very smart, that he is supposed to be very private, that he is supposed to be extraordinarily committed to the protection and development of his extraordinary gifts as an actor and that he is supposed to be gay And that is all he's supposed to be, by advance billing that is it He is one of our culture's usual suspects and, like the character he played in the movie of that name, he is both narrowed by our suspicions and set free by them, *sprung* by them, for he is an actor, and when all we know of an actor is that we don't quite trust him, don't quite believe him then he is free to become whatever he wants to become, which in the case of Kevin Spacey, is a movie star

THIS IS THE ESSENTIAL KEVIN SPACEY MOMENT

This is the moment in which Kevin Spacey *shows* himself and finally tells everybody who he is

This is the moment in which his friends all look at one another and say, with quizzical convoluted foreheads "Where's *Kevin*? Has anyone seen *Kevin*?"

He has disappeared again They had him and now he's gone Right in their midst, he was, and now well where's *Kevin*? Where could he be? This is not *like* him, they say Oh but that's not true In fact, this is very much like him In fact, he does this all the time Hell, he does this for a *living* practically His art, in both his movies and in his life, is in the absence His metier is the magical withdrawal

YOU CAN TELL Kevin Spacey is a movie star because at first he is pigeon-toed and then he's not You can tell Kevin Spacey is a movie star because his eyes are at once shining and dead, both impenetrable and intensely adjustable.

and when you go out with him to a bar to a party you have to reconcile yourself to the idea that *Kevin* goes to bars and parties with the intention of leaving them You have to understand that the time will come when you will say, 'Where's *Kevin*?" and then catch a glimpse of his back in the doorway You have to understand that the time will come when he will simply remove himself, and that time usually comes when you are having the best time He disappears climactically, Kevin does He goes away when he is certain that he has already enjoyed himself and that he has given his friends as much Kevin as they need which makes it sort of strange, in fact sort of vexing, that he has chosen *this* moment as his moment of departure Because it's still early Because no one has gotten as much *Kevin* as he wants or deserves Because on this night, Kevin has taken five of his friends to a Wallflowers concert at the Universal Amphitheatre in L A., and Kevin really *likes* the Wallflowers Because for the first song he stood up the moment he had sat down, and pumped his fists and crouched his thighs and belted out every middling lyric, and then for the second song, he played some air guitar, and now, for the third song

Well, where is he?

The thing is, no one knows No one saw him go He got away The only thing anyone knows is that the seat he occupied is occupied no longer, and it is now a statement of, well, *space*, and his friends keep it open, against the press of the crowd It is very crowded, in the amphitheater It is very fraught in the amphitheater, with wounded wails, with broken yodels for Jakob Dylan and his sluggish, rabbinical charisma Good Christ, the little girls are having a *time* with this knock-kneed knockoff, and between every song the joint turns into a cavern of heterosexual hysteria, and between every song Jakob receives, from the reck 'n' roll dwarf in tight black shorts who comes scuttling out from the wings of the stage, a new guitar He does not look at the dwarf—who is not really a dwarf by the way but rather a small, crouched, scuttling man who fulfills the function of dwarf and seems to aspire to dwarflike condition—until the dwarf metamorphoses into "*Kevin*! There's *Kevin*!" His friends point to the stage, in a celebratory picket of accusing fingers *Kevin*! He has supplanted the stage dwarf and now has the honor of handing a guitar to Jakob Dylan He seems to be crouching for some odd reason At least he doesn't wear tight black shorts but rather his baggy brown corduroys his black baseball cap his rumpled black Armani jacket, his blocky black shoes his white socks. He looks indeed, just like *Kevin Spacey* up there, but suddenly incandescent, in a feat of miraculous transport He does not look like a movie star, no not quite, not yet but rather like a character actor who knows, like a moth, how to get to the lights—who knows that revelation is not something you squander but rather save for an audience, when the house is full and there are people calling your name

HE IS A CREATURE OF ENTRANCES AND EXITS HE IS A MAN OF precise and measured disclosure and if he is in the habit of departure, he is also in the habit of arrival, of *showing up* A couple of years ago, for example, he used to show up at the theaters where his movie was playing He used to stand all the way in the back, in the dark, so he could be there when his identity was revealed—when his disguise was at last peeled away, or rather, when he had peeled his own disguise away—onscreen, in the lights, up *there* "I wanted to hear the audience's reaction," he says "I wanted to be there when the nickel dropped."

This was 1995 This—this thrilling vigil—was in honor of *The Usual Suspects* a movie that is all about disguise and revelation, all about appearance and disappearance, all about a



character who is in every way *ostensible* all about the mutability of identity and the constancy of will, all about imagination as a form of dishonesty and dishonesty as a form of imagination, all about the distinction between truth and information, and, as such, all about Kevin Spacey It was in fact, developed *for* Kevin Spacey by Bryan Singer, because, in Singer's words "the role Kevin played is that of an actor playing a role," and as anyone who knows Kevin will tell you, "Kevin is all *about* acting," to the extent that he seems at times *made* of acting, constituted by acting to the extent that he seems at times a figment of acting s sturdy discipline and craft, incorporeal but for the fact that he always hits his marks In *The Usual Suspects* he is not merely the best actor on the screen, he *plays* the best actor on the screen the one character who knows that in acting there is advantage, that in performance there is power—the one character who knows



what it means what it *takes* to be His name, ostensibly, is Verbal Kint, and, like many of Kevin Spacey's characters, he is ostensibly weak ostensibly unmanly—oh, all right, let's have it out, let's get it over with Like many of Kevin Spacey's characters, he is ostensibly (or not so ostensibly) mincing, mean, petty, petulant, whiny, creepy, sneaky, icky, gimpy, pasty faced, pockmarked, pursehipped, sparse of hair, sissy of voice, lazy of neck, crooked of head, and the owner of brown eyes that are at once shiny and as dead as bricks He is not exactly butch, this Verbal Kint He is a simpering snitch, and he spends most of the movie locked in an office with a bullying detective played by Chazz Palminteri, who, as a stand-in for the audience, for us, expects Verbal to yield information and expects the information to yield the truth

The movie is a warning, as it turns out. It is a dare It is a challenge to those who presume they know Kevin Spacey—to those who presume they *can* know him through the folly of interrogation, to those who presume that truth lies *behind* the artifice rather than in the artifice itself He does not really play a character named Verbal Kint, you see, in *The Usual Suspects* He plays a *disguise* named Verbal Kint and a character we never see until we are *permitted* to see him, until it's too late He plays K S He plays himself—or, rather, he plays a manifestation of his own will, of his own brutally withholding actor's consciousness He plays as he often does, the baddest man on the screen—the one man who is willing to play a weakling in order to hide strength the one man who is willing to be caught in the first lie in order to preserve the next the one man who knows how to be *profoundly* dishonest, the one man who, in Bryan Singer's words, "has the kind of willpower it takes to hide his entire life and live the life of a cat " Kevin Spacey is Keyser Söze, and Keyser Söze is Kevin Spacey, and they *both* win at the end of *The Usual Suspects*, for they have both announced that they own the terms of their own disclosure, and when, as Kevin says, "the nickel drops," they both appear through the act of disappearing Indeed, during the filming of the movie when Kevin sat across from Chazz Palminteri, that's what he would tell himself *I am going to disappear I am going to disappear and he is going to watch me disappear And there is nothing he can do about it.*

Of course, when he tells me this, I am conducting my own interview with him, my own interrogation, and I can't help but think that Kevin Spacey is simply letting me know how easy it is to slip the grasp of someone who asks questions that he is trying to tell me he is *good* at this, that he's letting me in on the fact that he's always *playing*, and that if he's learned anything anything at all, from his life or his art, it's that he who keeps his secret the longest wins

THE PHONE RINGS

"Tom Bob Conrad here What can I do for you?"

"Robert *Conrad*?"

"Call me Bob, Tom "

"Bob, I'm writing a story on Kevin Spacey—"

"His name's not Spacey! It's Fowler "

"Kevin Fowler "

"You got it Spacey is an appropriate name, though And you can tell him I said that "

"When did you meet him?"

"I went to a school play of his *Sound of Music* He played Von Trapp "

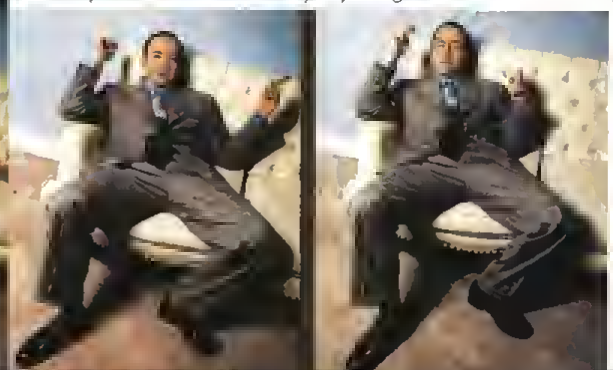
"Is that the one he did with Mare Winningham?"

"I didn't give a shit about Mare Winningham I didn't know who she was I went to see Kevin Fowler And he was good I turned to my wife—at least, I think it was my wife—and said, 'Kid's *all right* "

"How did he get you to go see his high school play?"

"He *asked* me. So I went. Listen, he loved my show, *The Wild Wild West* I think he identified with it He was a fan Listen, he wasn't the only one. I had a few Let's face it, Tom—I had a hit!

Yeah Kevin Spacey, Kevin Fowler, Kevin Fowler Spacey—he's good, all right He *wanted* to be good, right from the start He watched *The Wild, Wild West*—Robert Conrad as Jim West, a hero in toreador pants Ross Martin as Artemus Gordon, Man of a Thousand Faces—and he set out to become *that*, and he acquired the skills to become *that* and that's who Kevin Spacey is, and that's who Kevin Spacey has been since he was Kevin Fowler He's an actor," Bob Conrad says "You want to know who Kevin Spacey is? Well, that's your answer He's an actor He's never really had a life." Indeed, that is Kevin's trick, and that is his art—he's never really had a life, and so our temptation is to impute a life to him The temptation is to impute a *past* to him—' It's like you know he has this very complicated past, but you don't know what it is " says Bryan Singer But then



when you ask about it, when you set out to explore it, Kevin will just say, 'Complicated? I don't know what that means I don't know what an uncomplicated past is I don't know many people who are uncomplicated. I think *people* are complicated I think *lives* are complicated I don't look back on my childhood as an unhappy one I have incredibly warm feelings for my parents and the way I was raised "

Just a kid, then, no more complicated than any other kid Just a kid growing up in the suburbs of L A., in the Valley Mom's a saint, of course Dad's a writer Dad, in Kevin's words, "writes blah blah for the aerospace companies," and when he's not writing blah-blah he's away writing something else. The family's sort of bouncy, moves around a lot Kevin gets into some fights, starts some fires, goes to military school Gets kicked out of military school, after a year, and then, after that, it's all *acting* After that, it's the stage and "the applause that, for whatever reason you didn't get " After that, it's singing and tap dancing, it's the piano it's lessons, it's *work* He goes to a performing arts high school, with Val Kilmer and Mare Winningham. He stars in *The Sound of Music* He leaves a note in Bob Conrad's mailbox, he leaves a message with Bob Conrad's answering service, and, hey, kid's *all right* Kid can act, because like everybody else, he's been acting his entire life—he's just better at it and knows it. He works at a shoe store at the local mall and stays in character all day long as Johnny Carson—his customers don't know; they just buy the shoes he's selling. He does impressions, in fact, all the time because impressions are "a big way for me to have entree into dinners and parties—a great way for me to do something that was entertaining but didn't ask me to reveal anything of me I was able to be the life of the party and *still* hide. Which is a pretty good trick "

Hell, the impressions are such a good trick that he never stops doing them, and even now he does Carson, Walken, Eastwood, Matthau, Lemmon, and Pacino, he does a great Judy Davis, he even does William *Hurt* for God's sake, and when I spent time with him, it took a while before something occurred to me, and I asked him "Hey, does anyone do Kevin Spacey ?"

HE CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET LAST SPRING

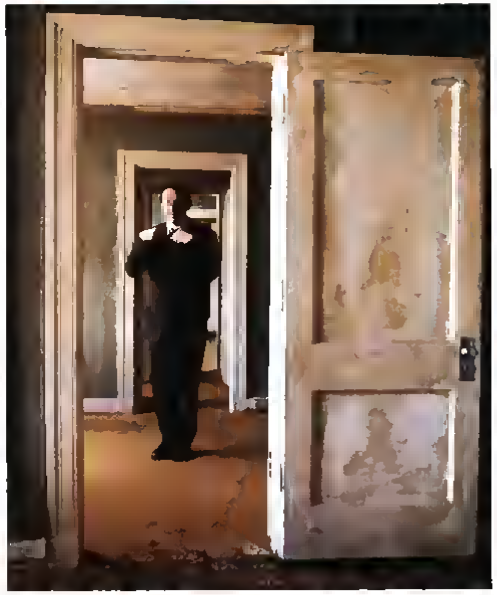
He came out of the closet last spring in Savannah, Georgia, when he got rid of his beard, when he had no more use for his disguises, when he relaxed by drinking a few vodka-and-tonics and then stood up and finally allowed people to *see* him for what he was, or at least for who he had become

He was Jim Williams

Kevin Spacey had become Jim Williams in order to become the star of Clint Eastwood's movie version of *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* He had become a gay man on trial for the murder of a male hustler He had become, as he likes to say a *real person* a man who had lived, worked flourished, and fallen in Savannah and who had died worn out, in 1990—but a man who was still remembered, a man who still had family and friends and rivals and Kevin talked to them all That's why he had the beard That's why, when he first came to Savannah, he went around in a beard, in sunglasses, in a ball cap—so that he could be unencumbered in his research for the role, so that he could be unrecognized and unknown, so that he could do as he says, "the subversive work I needed to do " He *passed* in Savannah He was a spy, in Savannah, and indeed that's how he always sees himself as an actor—as someone 'trying to get information across the border ' That which is covert, that which is subversive, that which is ambiguous that which is shaded, shadowy, risky dangerous—well, all that stuff is Kevin Spacey, all that stuff is at the heart of his conception of character, and so it was actually sort of strange what happened, in Savannah, when Kevin started trying to 'find" Jim Williams Even he was unprepared for it, even he says that

he was overwhelmed because the process of creating the character of Jim Williams was "stranger and stronger and far more intriguing than I ever thought it would be, in terms of the feelings it involved."

What happened, you see, is that he found himself believing in Jim Williams, to the extent that one day, he went over to *Midnight*'s screenwriter, John Lee Hancock, and said, "It's very important that you know where I stand on Jim Williams. I believe he is 100 percent innocent." One hundred percent? Kevin Spacey? Kevin Spacey doesn't play *anything* 100 percent, but now here he was, identifying with Jim Williams, and so it was with a kind of missionary certainty that he decided to play Jim Williams—at least in a manner of speaking—straight. "The popular conception of Jim Williams in Savannah was that he was a sinewy, sinister closeted tortured homosexual into rough trade," Kevin says. "In my research, I found a very different Jim Williams. He was a southern gentleman. He was very at ease with his sexuality. He was not hidden, and I do not play him that way."



The beard came off when Kevin came out, when he shed the disguise he had created for Kevin Spacey and slipped into the disguise he had created for Jim Williams. The beard came off when Jim Williams's sister, Dorothy, gave Kevin her brother's house for a night—the house known as Mercer House, where Jim Williams had his parties and drank his cocktails and showcased his antiques and fired his Luger into the heart of a young man he had paid for sex. The first thing he did was shave and take the beard down to a brown mustache. Then he drank Jim's liquor. Then he smoked Jim's cigarillos. Then, at 9:00, the hour Jim Williams regarded as cocktail hour, he called his friend and voice coach Tim Monich, and, in the voice of Jim Williams, in the inimitable lilt of southern faggotry, invited him over.

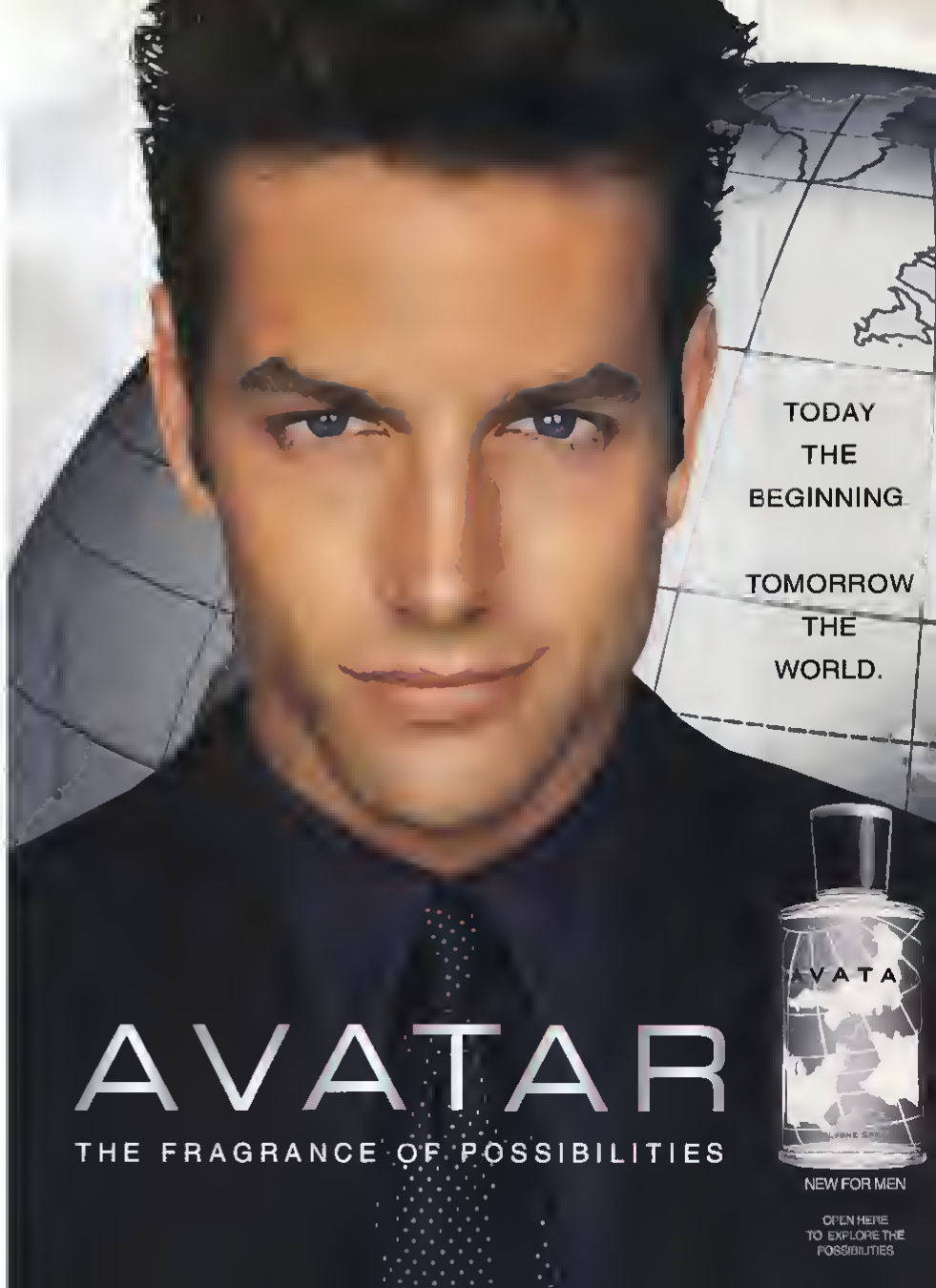
"I was staying right around the corner, so I walked over," says Monich. "I went to the front of the house, and I was fumbling with a lock on the gate, then I heard something, felt something, and I looked up, and there in the doorway was Jim Williams. This was the first time I had seen Kevin without the beard, and I just said, 'Oh, my God.'"

It was late, oh, probably around midnight, when he showed himself to the rest of the world. They were upstairs, near a window, drinking vodka-and-tonics, when Kevin heard a *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* tour bus stopping at the front of the house and said to Tim, 'Watch this.' Then, with a cigarillo in his hand, he stood in the window and waited until they saw his silhouetted profile. It was an old woman who spotted him first—a nice old lady who most likely had gotten a copy of *Midnight* as a gift from her grandkids and thought it was all just so, so *interesting*, with all these interesting people running around this interesting town—a nice old lady who must have tapped the next nice old lady, who tapped the next, until the entire busload of nice old ladies was pointing to the window with thrilled suspicion, and saying, 'There's—' But who was there? Whom did they see? Jim Williams? No, he's *dead*. Harriet. The actor playing Jim Williams? Oh, what's his name, that actor who was so good in that movie we didn't understand, that nice actor who is not so nice in his movies but who was so nice to his *mother* when he won the Academy Award. Oh, what's his name, Kevin, Kevin something, the one who's supposed to be

THE THING IS, IT'S ALWAYS right there.

The secret, I mean—Kevin's secret. It's always right there, in front of you. You have to look, of course—you have to open your *eyes*—but you don't have to look very far.

The night of the Wallflowers concert, for example—he's with a woman. He's with his friends, sure, five or six of them, but one of his friends is a woman named Cindy, or perhaps Cyndi, and it seems that she's *with* him, or that she wants to be with him. Now, this is not the woman of whom he speaks when he says, "I'm looking to have kids with a woman I'm having a relationship with in New York," nor the person he has in mind when he talks about 'taking some time off and going to London with someone I love a lot." Still. Cindy. Cindy works on the *Midnight* set. Cindy wears a short black dress, and has short streaked hair, and a character from some wise Asian language tattooed on her ankle, and tired eyes. Cindy's a chatterbox. Cindy—well, Cindy's all *over* Kevin, if you want to know the truth. On the way to the concert, she's massaging his neck and biting his ear, and then she's whispering into the ear she's just bitten, and now, with the show finally over and Kevin and Jakob finally done with their discussion of what's new these days at Armani, Cindy's standing close to Kevin on a sidewalk in front of a bar on La Cienega and saying that she wants to go to the strip club across the street, because she wants to see pussy and piercing. She says that. "I want to see pussy and piercing." And so Kevin, with his thin smile full of amused demurral, says, 'Oh, strip clubs are strip clubs. Seen one, you've seen 'em all."



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"You go to strip clubs?" Cindy says

"Yes, Cindy, I've been to strip clubs."

"Do you go to the private rooms?"

"Yes, Cindy, I've gone to the private rooms."

"What do they do in the private rooms?"

"That's for *me* to know and for *you* to find out," he says. Then he leans toward her and slowly, confidentially, as though he were speaking to a child, says, "That's why they call them *private*."

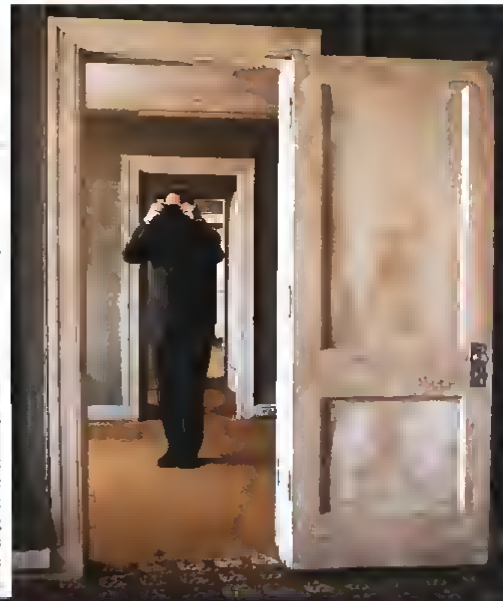
She puts her hands on Kevin's hips and moves up against him. "Do they do that thing where they rub up against you?"

"That would be called 'dry humping,'" Kevin says.

"Kevin," Cindy says, "would you dry hump me?"

And he does. He complies. For about two or three or five seconds, he just, like, *gives* it to Cindy, standing there on the sidewalk, but the thing is, it's the most inconclusive dry hump in the long and storied history of dry humps, the most ambiguous, the most diffident, the most open-ended, because all the time he's dry humping Cindy, he's rolling his eyes, and he looks for all the world like Jack Benny vamping with Rochester.

Then we go inside, not to the strip club but to the bar, and once again Kevin drags out that ethereal ax and starts playing air guitar along with songs from Santana's *Abraxas*—with "Black Magic Woman" and "Oye Como Va"—when he's not going outside and having discussions with his friends on the sidewalk. That's what he does, all night long.



YOU CAN TELL Kevin Spacey is a movie star because his desire to be watched outweighs his desire to watch. You can tell Kevin Spacey is a movie star because you can tell he *wants* to be a movie star.

go outside, and so it seems as if he's always about to *leave*—and it's about two in the morning when Cindy walks up to me, with a slight and promising wobble, and explains that Kevin doesn't want to go to the strip club because *I'm* there, and he doesn't want all that pussy and piercing winding up in a magazine.

"So you're a writer, huh?" Cindy says. "Well, I want to tell you something about Kevin. Off the record, okay?"

"Yeah, sure," I say.

Yeah, *right*. Truth is, I've been waiting for her all night long. Truth is, I've been waiting for someone, anyone, to tell me what the truth is, about Kevin: to tell me what he reveals when nobody is watching, to betray him, to divulge his one essential secret, to give him up, finally, once and for all.

"Well, the thing about Kevin," she says, "is that he's such a *movie star*. You know? He's the biggest movie star I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot of movie stars. It's like his every word, his every movement, his every gesture—it's all about him being a movie star."

And that's it. That's the truth. And that's Kevin's secret, the one that's always there for the taking. He's a movie star. He *wants* to be a movie star. Oh, he's a character actor, sure, and by every possible standard of stardom, a character actor is what he should remain, except for the fact that—well, we *watch* him. In both his movies and his life, the fact that he seems to be hiding a big, bad secret is what makes us want to watch him, when his secret all along, is simply that he wants to be watched. He has put *our* suspicions at the service of *his* stardom, and so, when you set about trying to prove one thing about him, you inevitably wind up proving something else, and when you talk to people about him, they inevitably wind up telling you what somebody else has already said. It's like a zero-sum game with Kevin, it's as if there's no in-between, and on the subject of Kevin Spacey, my dear, sweet mother is *exactly* as good a source as the off-the-record-please Hollywood insiders. And the woman he humped dryly on an L.A. sidewalk has exactly the same insight into him as the man who saw him in *The Sound of Music* twenty years ago, when K.S. was still K.F.

"He's a movie star now, Tom," Bob Conrad says. "He gets the good tables, and he gets his picture taken with Harvey Miramax, or whatever his name is."

"I think it might be Harvey Miramax. I think he had it changed."

"It's Weinstein, Tom. But you know what I mean. Kevin's out there *playing* a movie star now. And you can tell him I said that."

HE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. NO. WAIT A SECOND—YOU DON'T understand. *Kevin Spacey looks out the window.* It's something to see. It's something to *watch*. His eyes—well, he can do amazing things with his eyes, and now [*continued on page 148*]



Rudy Giuliani Is a Colossal Asshole

Which is precisely what makes him the best mayor in America

BY MARTHA SHERRILL

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN KASCHT

A sign out front says, MEET THE MAYOR, and there's a picture of Rudy Giuliani smiling his ghoulish public smile, with his cavernous dimples and aspirin-white teeth. The grin is utterly horizontal, a perfect straight line, as though a ruler and a razor together had cut it into his face. Five hundred people have gathered inside the Hebrew Institute of Riverdale in the Bronx, and Giuliani is standing before them, *above them* on a stage. He is wearing a black suit. Everything about him is peremptory, except that his shoulders are sort of sad and hunched and his hair, which is gelled or glued down, is cupping his head like a small helmet. The air is warm and damp, and way back on the stage, arranged in a semicircle, a row of wilting city commissioners is fanned out be-

He roams the Apple looking for wrongs to right. Enemies to destroy. Sometimes, instead of going home to Gracie Mansion at night, Rudy cruises the city in an unmarked car, a dark and tortured crusader.

hind the mayor like his own traveling glee club Giuliani has them appear at all his town-hall meetings—though "town hall" seems the wrong term for it, suggesting a sunshiny Bill Clinton feel-in This is the Rudy Show—exhilarating, primal, bloody

Giuliani admits later that when he's doing these public Q&A things, town halls or radio shows, he's thinking. *The people griping to me are right about half the time—and I'm right the other half* Tonight, though, right seems more on Rudy's side The first question is about the Yankees An older man, possibly retired, suggests it's costing too much to keep the baseball team from moving out of the borough This hits a nerve Giuliani has been a die-hard Yankees fan since childhood

"Sports teams are tremendously important to the city's economy," Giuliani responds with a hint of disbelief in his voice It is clear right off *The guy is wrong* The Dodgers were lost to L A in 1957 because the city refused to build a new stadium for them, Giuliani says The Giants defected to San Francisco The Jets left because the city wouldn't fix up the bathrooms at Shea Stadium "No city in America," he says, "has the terrible record we do of driving out sports teams "

Complaints, questions all manner of lament follow—the Bronx has 1 2 million people, and every one, it seems, is fixated on some bolt of the vast, wheezing machine An incinerator plant, a filtration plant, garbage, bus schedules, two questions about the possible expansion of the Russian mission's housing, and rent control Giuliani is quick to answer Sometimes, he's quick to help with names and numbers, and the glee club comes in for backup Other times, he's quick to assess that the questioner isn't right *The mayor is.*

A woman complains about hospital cuts

"What cuts *specifically*? ' Rudy asks

"Aren't there million-dollar cuts proposed?"

"For you to say we've cut their budget is unfair," Rudy says "And I take some offense at your suggestion that cuts have affected the quality of care at these hospitals "

"But—"

"Please! I didn't interrupt you *Don't interrupt me!*"

Toward the end of the ninety-minute meeting, another woman steps up to the microphone She is stoop-shouldered and unhappy-looking She begins a long, seemingly endless story—a tale of wrongdoing, a tale of woe, about how she and her two children were "illegally" evicted from their apartment in the Bronx She's lost in the details, and her complaint doesn't seem to end or contain a narrative thread

Rudy looks dumbfounded, possibly comatose from listening carefully and trying to follow her "I don't think I can figure out whether we can help you," he finally blurts "Based on this discussion '

"Well, sir you can help me get help," she says, kind of foggily "What I understand when we talk about rent decontrol is we're talking about greed Because we're not hearing about all the money that the governor has gotten or perhaps that you have gotten"

The room goes quiet

"*Thank you,*" the mayor says, with icy insincerity "I'm glad to hear from you And that was an *enormously* insulting thing to say I listened to you very carefully, and for you to suggest that I would make a decision because I got money was *enormously* insulting My integrity is important to me, as yours should be to you Our conversation has ended "

Undaunted, perhaps disoriented, the woman continues talking

"This conversation has *ended*!" Giuliani says to her

A new questioner is handed a microphone He begins, but the woman—who is still standing—yells out, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Goodnight!"

All is quiet. The mayor stares incredulously, his dark eyes boring into the woman's head She bends down for her pocketbook and starts moving toward the door

"I pride myself in displaying good judgment about people " Giuliani says to her back as she trudges down the aisle His face has turned white He's half smiling, too, that vaguely deranged smile Two of his staff members, sitting below, shoot knowing looks to each other

"Thank you for proving I was right!" Giuliani says *"And I'm glad we didn't help you "*

THE PEOPLE V. RUDY

Behind his back, they compare him to Mussolini *He removed the homeless from the subways and hid them Where are the homeless?* you hear them saying *Those cops he's got control of it's like a paramilitary force of thirty-eight thousand.* Poor Rudy Giuliani Love is the unspoken part of the benefit package for mayors, right? Senators can be cerebral Congressmen are allowed to be nasty Presidents should be dignified—and inspiring Mayors are supposed to love and be loved You walk around your city You do good. *Tell me I'm good. Give me your hugs your cheers heap gratitude and devotion upon me.* But it's not like that for the 107th mayor of New York City

He's a uniquely dark figure on the national stage, so comfortable with his authority it scares people He relishes power and stern discipline and he doesn't seem ashamed to admit it The tourists may be thankful arriving in record numbers and dropping cash on Gotham Washington may be eyeing him hopefully—Giuliani's beginning to appear on lists of possible GOP candidates for president in 2000 And he will win again in November, be reelected mayor But not without a certain amount of shame for the city's liberal populace They are voting for him with bags over their heads, admitting it only to close friends It would be so much easier if Rudy were not a Republican and were a different kind of guy—somebody less fixated, less intense, *somebody nicer*—a happy Macy's float to bob around like the beloved New York mayors of the past But he wasn't raised for that

His father bought him boxing gloves when he was two When he was three and still living in Brooklyn, his father made him wear a Yankees uniform around the neighborhood, a taunt to Dodgers fans, who'd periodically beat him up

"Deep down in my personality, I don't have any trouble with disagreement," Giuliani, now fifty three, explains one morning sitting in his city hall office 'I love having people to disagree with' Safe inside his lair, no rivals in sight the mayor is relaxed easy to talk to And seems hardly tortured at all Except that he's come from the dentist, where he's just had an inlay done, and he keeps holding the side of his face

"I've studied the careers of other politicians " he continues, "and they start off wanting to achieve things but lose courage They become placaters of the popular mood instead of having confidence that your ultimate goal is correct and simply moving toward it "

He has been roundly booed on Martin Luther King Day for a couple of years running During his second year as mayor while he walked in a parade the NYPD had to hold a giant piece of orange Day-Glo netting all the way around him—shoulder high—to keep tomatoes and eggs from landing on his cream colored suit *He's a racist* people said *Cutting government, cutting welfare*

Lately, things have been better He gets hugged awkwardly by strangers sometimes—after all, the subways are clean, welfare mothers are raking leaves in Central Park, Times Square has gone Disney, the mob has been rousted from the Fulton Fish Market And murder is down 60 percent in New York City since he took office, which means exactly, that thousands of people are walking the streets alive who, given the statistics four years ago, would have been dead by now But for many New Yorkers, it seems easier to believe that things are hopeless and their mayor is a creep Otherwise, it messes with their bleak worldview *Crime isn't something you can do anything about—it's caused by poverty and social injustice He hasn't fixed a thing, He's made it worse Am I right?*

And if Bill Clinton is the model of a modern politician, then it's hard to wrap your arms around Rudy He is the Anti Clinton

No lip biting, no gushing, no God talk He roams the Apple like an obsessed, hungry worm—angry, secretive, misunderstood—looking for graffiti to clean up, wounded cops to comfort, welfare frauds to lecture, filth and pan handlers to eradicate Wrongs to right Mobsters to squash Enemies to destroy Ever since he became a prosecutor years ago he has toiled long hours, been job obsessed As he puts it, "Work defines me " And now that he's got this mayor job he's not about to start coasting At night sometimes, instead of going home to Gracie Mansion or even sleeping, he makes the rounds of the city in an unmarked car, a dark and tortured crusader with-



out a cape forcing himself on the city whether the city wants it or not

"He rules with an iron fist," says former mayor Ed Koch

'He abuses power," he says

'He's not a nice man," he says

And, 'I'll vote for him " Koch says finally, *"with despair"*

EVEN HIS WIFE HATES HIM

Meanwhile, in his office this morning, Rudy is upbeat, keeps talking 'the spirit of New York " He's almost giddy when he carries on about how well his radical ideas have worked

His mouth is still numb from novocaine, which accentuates his slight lisp He's saying "spirit" like "thpirit," over and over again, something like Daffy Duck or one of the dreaded Disney characters now haunting Times Square and ruining the ambience that so many New Yorkers claim they already miss *What happened to the hookers the dealers the used syringes?* Poor Rudy with his big, corny preoccupation, his retro vision, his *thpirit* of the city He's pathetically out of sync with the real New York, the dangerous gritty metropolis now vanishing because of him

His social grace is minimal He can't schmooze, hold his cool, make a stranger feel comfortable or get his wife to campaign for him He won't kiss a voter's baby either He's more at ease throwing Yasir Arafat out of Lincoln Center (which he did) 'I keep thinking this might be my last campaign," says his political consultant, Adam Goodman—who at age forty-two is too young to give up the game 'Rudy is antithetical to the persona of a modern-day politician And the thought of going back to representing some baby kisser is depressing to me "

Even his wife hates him. This is the other thing people talk about While Rudy obsesses over the city the people obsess over his marriage Speculation was stirred up recently by a *Vanity Fair* article that claimed the marriage was all but over—something the mayor and his wife aggressively denied Still, a few years ago she was calling herself Donna Hanover Giuliani, but not lately, not since she stopped appearing by Rudy's side, doing his TV ads—stopped publicly being his wife She's Donna Hanover now, her own person and is a program host on the Television Food Network in New York More seriously, she does studio segments several times a week for the local Fox TV station and makes movies now, too—real acting—and she's pretty good at it She played Ruth Carter Stapleton in *The People vs Larry Flynt*, and before it came out, she went on Conan O'Brien's show and never mentioned she was the mayor's wife Neither did Conan *Hope you're writing about the marriage*, people keep saying *What about the marriage?*

On the Delta shuttle one morning from Washington, D C , a GOP fundraiser sits next to me I ask him what he thinks about Giuliani, and he lowers his head and begins whispering into his Hermes pocket square "The word is she's threatening to leave him any second" he says "Like, she might go before the election just to fuck him over" Welcome to politics Welcome to New York City Rudy can't get a little love even from a fellow Republican, from a man who has *given him money*

THE MAJOR HISPANIC

Rudy is on the steps of city hall hugging Fernando Mateo Today, he is holding his daily "press availability" outside The weather is glorious—billowing flags and blue skies and sunshine A crowd of reporters has gathered

Earlier this morning, Cristyne Lategano called me She's the mayor's director of communications and perhaps his closest adviser, spending most of her waking hours by his side 'Martha, there's a press conference this morning at 10 30," she said in her abrupt style "Another major Hispanic endorsement "

Major Hispanic. That was Mateo the man Rudy has his arms around He is a Dominican American businessman and community leader smooth and handsome He has talked about running for mayor himself one day—and is now endorsing Giuliani because his first choice Fernando Ferrer, the Bronx borough president and a Democrat has just dropped out of the mayoral race

A breeze picks up around city hall Mateo speaks Giuliani speaks Mateo could have endorsed the Democratic front-runner Ruth Messinger but she is a weak candidate with little chance of mounting a serious challenge to Rudy 'I'm supporting the mayor," Mateo says "because I want to make sure that his message and all of the good he wishes for our community is achieved "

In the past Mateo has been critical of the mayor And in the past, Giuliani has refused to meet with Mateo But now they are allies It is a relationship not unlike the one Giuliani has with many men in his political and personal life He is too adversarial and independent to be in anybody's political camp for good—a point he stuck to Senator Alfonse D'Amato and the state Republican party when he supported Mario Cuomo over George Pataki in the last New York gubernatorial race Rudy seems uncomfortable with the compromises party politics require He's a pro-choice, pro immigration, antigun liberal Republican Giuliani likes being his own boss, and he is most relaxed around a group of compliant male cronies

His social grace is minimal. He can't schmooze. He won't kiss a voter's baby. He's more at ease throwing Yasir Arafat out of Lincoln Center. "He isn't loved," says Ed Koch. "It seems he *can't* be loved."



Rudy is looking right into Mateo's face and smiling his big jack-o'-lantern grin His brow is beading up with sweat The sun feels strong Tanning weather, and Rudy could use it Mateo looks like a movie star His suit is stylish his hair is thick and cut just right Your heart goes out to Rudy His appearance is a political handicap he's always trying to overcome, like a stutter, but never quite does The moments of fluidity and elegance are but moments. His shoulders slump Though his dark pinstripe suits are expensive, they look like good suits wasted on the wrong guy Something is weird about his hair, too It's the most un-Kennedy hair you could have in politics *Newsweek* called it "a bad comb-over," but more to the point, is it real?

I could hear the words of the GOP fundraiser on the shuttle still echoing inside my head "*So what about that rug?*" he said

"What rug?" I asked

"Rudy's "

"That's not a rug His wife was quoted somewhere saying his hair was real "

"His hair may be real," the guy said, "*but it's not his*"

I look up to the billowing flags, to the heavy white clouds drifting across the sky Suddenly, I notice that everyone's hair is moving Fernando Mateo's hair is moving The Channel 9 reporter's hair is moving Cristyne Lategano's wine red hair is tied back, but rogue strands are circling her head like a halo Everybody's hair but Rudy's hair which is remaining strangely still *It defies nature* And whatever is going on rug or weave or comb-over, it is courageously vain and emphatic Like a challenge to the world

Mateo's grammar is iffy in places, and he can't wax on smoothly about nothing the way Rudy can This must relax Rudy some Relationships with equals tend to be passionately competitive for him He can share the stage but won't be upstaged He's turned down several chances, for instance, to focus on the revival of the Bronx because, *Why help that fucking Freddy Ferrer? He's going to be running against me next time.* His feuds are famous in the city—with D'Amato, Koch, political consultant David Garth (He's not on speaking terms with the last two) He's shown that he has particular difficulty dealing with strong men who work for him None more so than his former commissioner of police, William Bratton

The mayor throws his arms around Mateo again, a big, outer-borough kind of embrace "Thank you, Fernando,' Rudy whispers loudly into his ear during the hug "You did a great job, great job "

BRATTON, NEMESIS OF RUDY

Rudy and Bill Bratton stood next to each other once, too—with goodwill, declarations of devotion "There was never a curse word between them," says Peter La Porte, one of Bratton's former deputies But Bratton kept rubbing Giuliani the wrong way He was a charismatic police commissioner and a handsome and flamboyant man He went out at night—had fun and made a big show of his fun He also made friends with reporters who started writing about him almost immediately BRATTON BRINGS COMMUNITY POLICING TO THE APPLE BRATTON TO END CRIME, BLOCK BY BLOCK And BRATTON "I'LL END THE FEAR ' Wait Who'll end it?

Within a few weeks of Bratton's taking the job the headlines were driving the mayor insane

Peter Powers, the mayor's right hand man sat Bratton down "Look, you don't know this guy, the mayor I've known him all my life—and you can't get away with this kind of thing And if you can't rein it in, we'll find another police commissioner "

City hall also told John Miller, who was Bratton's deputy commissioner for public information, to keep his boss out of the papers and his face off TV "It was quite clearly a directive from the mayor," says Miller "I was told to 'shut Bratton down That was the phrase used ' Miller was asked to fax city hall a list each morning of every media appointment the commissioner had scheduled that day Occasionally, Miller was allowed to let his boss talk

"And I'd always remind Bratton beforehand," Miller

"My point," Giuliani says, "is that the NYPD shouldn't have a bigger publicity arm than the mayor's office. *If you have a question about who's running the police department, that's just been answered for you.*"

says, 'remember the spiel. *The mayor and I, the mayor and I, the mayor and I.*"

So Bratton and his deputy, Jack Maple, a colorful former transit cop, went about their business, trying to keep a low profile but not that low. They were starting to worry that their mayor was a "micromanaging control freak," as somebody put it, but at least they shared a vision with him—of community policing, of getting cops closer to the neighborhoods they were protecting. Bratton and Maple worked on a gun strategy first, then a drug strategy, a youth-and-violence strategy, then a "quality of life" strategy—figuring out ways to enforce previously unenforced laws against vagrancy and panhandling and how to stop the "squeegee men," who wiped car windshields at stoplights and then demanded money. Bratton and Maple were developing Compstat, too—a computer system that tracks crime weekly by precinct and borough. Late at night, after a long day, they'd still wind up at a nightspot like Elaine's.

So Bratton, when are you going to run for mayor? the reporters started asking.

Then came a flattering *New Yorker* profile of Bratton. It just slipped between the cracks. A fluke. And it spelled problems. It looked as if Bratton was setting himself up to get credit for the crime strategies, credit for *the vision*.

And then came the 150th anniversary of the NYPD. Bratton planned an elaborate celebration, a march up Broadway—"the canyon of heroes"—most of the force of thirty-eight thousand in uniform, with bagpipers and police bands. The mayor was briefed. "He was going to lead the parade," says one former police-department staffer. "Everything had to be devised that way. *How do we fit the mayor in? How do we get him some credit? Is he going to be happy with his role?*" City Hall was reviewing the plan when a New York paper wrote a story about the celebration, calling it "Bratton's Bash."

The parade was scheduled to take place on October 6, which happened to be the police commissioner's birthday. Another fluke, say the Bratton guys. A coincidence.

The parade plans were immediately canceled—"We don't coronate anybody in this city," says Peter Powers—and within days Giuliani abruptly ordered the dismantling of Bratton's public-information office. Miller resigned, and thirty-five staffers under him were transferred. "Banished," says one former employee.

"The point I was making," Giuliani explains during a long conversation about Bratton, "is that the police department should not have a bigger publicity arm than the mayor's office or the White House. The point I was making was *If you have a question about who runs the police department, that's just been answered for you.*"

Bratton hung on for another year, long enough to see the crime figures come out. Murder was down 39 percent, auto theft down 35 percent. But then something happened that made it impossible for him to remain. He made the cover of *Time* all alone, just him, *no Rudy Giuliani*. January 1996: FINALLY, WE'RE WINNING THE WAR AGAINST CRIME. HERE'S WHY.

Within weeks, he resigned, and detectives at the police department were ordered to work overtime—to locate all mentions of William Bratton on the NYPD Web site and obliterate them.

IS RUTHLESSNESS A BAD THING?

The *Daily News* described him as "an enigma." *New York* magazine called him "unlovable." The Bratton guys use the word "Nixonian." In a recent column in the *New York Post*, Ed Koch described Giuliani as "a ruthless control freak who governs by imposing a state of terror on members of his administration." Even mild-mannered former mayor David Dinkins denounced Rudy as a classic "type A personality." From the stories you hear, it would seem that in Rudy's perfect world he would be totally alone and in charge—no rivals, no threats, no sharing of credit. All opposition reduced to dust.

"He's got to dominate. He's got to take you on, cut your throat. And vilify people,' says Koch, sitting in his law office with his jacket off, surrounded by memorabilia and photos from his many years as mayor. Unlike Rudy, he has a lazy elegance to him, the schmoozy charm of a doting uncle. He and Giuliani became allies after 1989, when both lost to Dinkins—and they had the mutual joy of watching the man who beat them make one blunder after another during his four years as mayor. He pandered. He was indecisive. No leadership. 'A terrible mayor,' says Koch.

Rudy has the opposite problem. *I am Caesar*" is how Koch puts it. "He isn't loved. It seems he can't be loved." They're on the outs following an ugly phone fight they had early last year ("Don't interrupt me!" he said to Koch.)

He is an authoritarian—and utterly convinced of his rightness. But is Rudy truly unlovable? Even when he dressed in drag with that blond wig with the cast of *Victor/Victoria* last March?

Over breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria, I sift through Rudy's psychological soil with Peter Powers. They've been best friends since high school, through years of Christian Brothers boys' school, through college and law school together. I want to know: How did a man like Rudy—so apparently a tyrant, so widely disliked—wind up mayor? How does he get endorsements from people who detest him? And how does he win a 60 percent approval rating in a city where Democrats rule five to one?

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"To understand Rudy Giuliani," Powers says, "you just gotta see a guy focused on *results* You either like the way he gets there *or you don't.*"

The next morning, at the University Club, I ask Giuliani about his ambition, the charges of ruthlessness, that he plays politics like a blood sport "Robert Kennedy was constantly attacked for being ruthless," he says calmly 'When I was a young person, I could never understand that He had an objective to achieve, and as far as I could tell he did it honestly but in a very strong way And isn't that what you want from a leader?"

THE PASSIONS OF RUDY

It's hard to know what's been most important to Rudy—his work, his women, the Yankees, or the opera. Opera drew him in magically He was twelve or thirteen, all by himself he remembers "I was in Klein's department store on a Saturday afternoon, looking for a popular record—I *had a certain number of rock 'n' roll records,*" he says, as if to counter the mounting evidence that he was a nerd growing up, "and I wandered off to the classical section and bought three records at once Handel's *Julius Caesar* Verdi's *La Traviata,* and the *1812 Overture.* And I went home and played them and fell in love."



He is still sitting in the University Club, talking about his life His *other* life, the one that happens inside him, as opposed to the one that happens on the steps of city hall His private thoughts, though, turn out also to be mostly about work The love of his job The joy of accomplishment *Winning.* It is not surprising to learn that he is an only child or that his mother doted on him She was a 'frustrated teacher," Rudy says "and I became her single student " But if his mother was doting, his father, who ran a bar in Brooklyn, saw to it that Rudy didn't turn out weak

'He was a tough guy," Rudy says "He never hit me Now, there was a fear of that, because he was a strong man and a boxer who had a terrific punch "

Rudy married his second cousin, Regina Peruggi, in 1968 but was too young and work obsessed he says now Precisely—he wanted to be U S attorney for the southern district of New York. 'It was," he says, "the culmination of all my ambition and desires " As an assistant U S attorney, he ran a special investigative "corruption" unit that uncovered police officers who were selling heroin The investigation resulted in nearly fifty convictions and a Hollywood movie, *Prince of the City* Although he grew up as a Kennedy Democrat, he took Republican jobs in Washington—first with the Ford administration, and later, in 1981, the year before his first marriage ended, he became the third-ranking official at the Justice Department under Ronald Reagan

He met Donna Hanover in the early eighties in Miami She was a television reporter, and he proposed to her at Disney World They have been married since 1984, throughout Giuliani's six-year tenure as the most aggressive and successful U S attorney in the history of New York

Critics said he was brash and overzealous, image obsessed, and neglectful of cases that weren't high profile Donna was raising a family while Rudy was busy busting New York City officials for bribery, Fat Tony Salerno for racketeering, and Wall Street brokers for insider trading

"My own father worked long hours," Rudy says when asked if he got home much between the years 1983 and 1989 "He worked nights, too, and I didn't see him as much as I'd have liked, but the time I did see him, he had a big impact on me "

Donna Hanover is not talking much these days She is said to be focusing on her own career But it seems impossible not to be curious about the marriage, given Donna's refusal to participate in even the most modest displays of spousal support Rudy seems careful, and a bit rehearsed, when he is asked about his wife. "Yes, we're staying together," he answers quickly "We do personal things together We went and watched our son play baseball yesterday But we try to do that as privately as possible I think when people see two separate careers, they assume the marriage must be in trouble People will gossip about almost anything."

What he doesn't say, of course, is *We're happy I love her* When asked what brings him the most joy in life, he says the renovation of Forty-second Street and being with his kids

Sitting behind him as he says this is Cristyne Lategano She is nodding along in agreement with the discussion of Giuliani's marriage and how it's not over Separate careers Yes Nod, nod Smile Lategano, thirty-two, is a solid, no-nonsense sort of beauty She is tough but personable and seems to own a number of double-breasted pinstripe suits just like Rudy's

In the first year, Lategano was thought to be in over her head She was known for browbeating reporters, trying to get stories killed, keeping an enemies list Also, on the more ridiculous side, she allowed the mayor to be videotaped, for a *20/20* interview with Barbara Walters, Rollerblading clumsily around Central Park, wearing biked-up Levi's and a rather oversize crash helmet But Lategano proved herself to be smart and politically adept. She endured a *New York* magazine cover story (Why Does Everybody Hate This Woman?") and this summer's *Vanity Fair* piece that dwelled breathlessly on speculation that she was having an affair with the mayor Neither article produced evidence of such a relationship, but the persistence of the gossip reflects how central a figure she has become in the administration One former official has called the relationship simply "an affair of the spirit "

While platonic affairs of the spirit between a politician and a key aide are common in Washington, it seems New Yorkers don't know what to make of Rudy and Cristyne The speculation about an affair is [*continued on page 146*]





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ories, and colors that never go out of fashion." — Giorgio Armani

THE NEW CLASSIC

This page. Three-piece suit from Armani. So it ain't old-fashioned, uptight, or at all constricting. You doubt? Try it on. You'll be the most comfortable man on the *Forbes* 400. . . What? You're not on the 400? Maybe that's 'cause you're not wearing suits like this. Two-button pinstripe wool-blend suit ($2,015), cotton shirt ($[illegible]0), silk tie ($110), and leather lace-ups ($325). Opposite: Side vents end e more natural shoulder—touches thet sey serious boerd member, not smermy agent. Six-button double-breasted chalk-stripe wool-blend suit ($1,895) and cotton shirt ($305).



A pair of your basic power-suit stripes, one a traditional single-breasted—perhaps for a banker—the other double-breasted, deed-on for the corporate-raider type in either case, note the accessories. Quiet shirts and understated ties that suggest power in their refined solemnity. This page: Three-button single-breasted pin-stripe wool-blend suit ($1,735), cotton shirt ($365), silk tie ($110), and cap-toe leather lace-ups ($325). Opposite: Six-button double-breasted chalk-stripe wool suit ($1,895), cotton shirt ($365), and silk tie ($110). For store information see page 154.





UNTITLED,
flesh on bone, 32x24x33

NAOMI KALTMAN

Women We Love

Robin Tunney

SHE IS A WITCH IN *THE CRAFT*, A SMALL-TOWN ENCHANTRESS IN THE JUST-RELEASED *JULIAN PO*, AND A BIT OF AN ART CRITIC, TOO

She was wearing a colorful dress, straw-soled platforms, and a face full of freckles that would have done Jackson Pollock proud when we met at the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan. On the ground floor, three young painters—John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, and Luc Tuymans—were on display in the Project Room. This was their first real shot at the big time, so it seemed the appropriate exhibit to walk through with the emerging actress Robin Tunney. John Currin was in the first of three rooms. His figure paintings have an odd quality about them: they look

Robin Tunney: They look like those photographs in health-class textbooks from the seventies. The color in them is sort of . . . faded-end wrong. From a different period. I kind of like them.

[*She walks over to* Pelleuere *a three-quarter figure painted somewhat after Botticelli's* Venus.]

Esquire: Look at her eyes.

They're different colors. One has eyelashes, the other one doesn't . . . It's unnerving. . . . I like this guy. He seems to be consistant, but he isn't giving you the same thing all the time like some eyebrow ector.

He's not visceral enough for me.

I don't know. If you're too visceral, it's too personal, and only you get it. Then it's like "Good for you and your family."

Do you collect?

Just a little. I can't convince myself that I have enough money to buy anything. I've only just convinced myself that I can afford to buy my apartment.

Where is it?

The Lower East Side. They filmed *Kids* in my apartment. You know the party scene where Chloe gets raped? My house. Not my furniture, my house.

[*On to Luc Tuymans's paintings of banal objects. He's from Belgium and about as interesting.*]

What's this guy about?

Underpainting.

I think most artists have to have some sort of gimmick. A friend of mine went to art school in L.A., and that's part of what they taught her.

To have a shtick?

A thread, something to run through her work. It's better than going to a school full of nineteen-year-old potheads who doodle. And all that angst, ugh. I don't want to hear it.

[*In the next room,* Elizabeth Peyton. *She does small heartthrob paintings of rock stars: Kurt Cobain, Johnny Lydon, et cetera.*]

Oh, I know her stuff.

What do you think of it?

It seems stylish, you know what I mean? Good for now, but they all seem to be vaguely like Calvin Klein ads. You know who's interesting because she totally changed her deal? Rite Ackerman.

Did you see her last show?

With her brother everywhere? Yeah, it was such a change from what she used to draw: all those junked-out blonds who looked like her.

So not everyone needs a gimmick?

It's the red dress. I remember as a teenager in Chicago seeing this great show of early-American society portraits at the Terra Museum. All the pictures had these through lines. No matter what family they painted, they all had the same little white dog in it. A prop dog. And all the little girls wore the same red dress. There were six hundred paintings with that dress in it. I guess they figured, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it."

Then there's this guy Cyril. He's obsessed with two things. Brigitte Bardot and war. That's all his work is about. He silk-screens images of one directly over images of the other. All this war and fire and she's . . .

She's not involved?

She's Brigitte Bardot.

Did you ever see *Contempt*?

What's most interesting about it is that the first time I saw it, ten years ago, the tag line was "To live is to suffer." The tag this time is "All men must suffer." I'm not really a feminist, but I think she really suffered in it.

She made her husband—who was it? Michel Piccoli?—suffer pretty well, too. And all for one subtle mistake.

Subtle?! He was going to sell her down the river for money!

He just wanted her to ride in the car with Jack Palance.

I think it started with that betrayal, and she just let loose from there.

But she turned in an instant.

Women are like that.

—Stuart Servetar

Why I Pray

By Rick Moody

I WAS AN INPATIENT AT A PSYCHIATRIC hospital in Queens in July of 1987, being treated for depression and related complaints. This was where I first heard a sensible word on the subject of prayer. I was on the adult ward—a catchall locale for those who didn't entirely qualify for the drug treatment ward one floor up or the adolescent unit down the hall or the chronic care ward above the teens. Among my ward mates was Donny, an Irish doorman whose drinking was so bad that he had, for example, waked from a blackout on a plane to the Caribbean without having, until that time, ever set foot out of the tristate area. Donny had also done a little time in the county lockup, for brawling and public drunkenness. One night, in the dining room, over a game of checkers, we got on the subject of prayer, on whether prayer would do any of us any good. Donny loudly expressed (loud was his only setting) some pragmatic reservations about prayer as we commonly experience it here in Western culture, and these reservations stuck with me long after. He said, "After I was in jail, I never felt like that *posture* you're supposed to pray in was gonna work for me."

This had been one of my problems, too. In order to pray, you had to be on your knees.

My early religious training was conventional. I grew up mostly in the Connecticut suburbs. These towns, and others like them, were the bedrock on which the Protestant branches of the Christian church founded their ministries. Episcopalians. Presbyterians. Lutherans—each sect had there its vibrant and social congregations. I was probably five by the time I got my first taste of my family's Episcopalianism. St. Luke's, the parish, was near my elementary school. The interior of the church was cool and dim, with the requisite stained glass panels and altar flowers. The rows swelled with the faithful.

I was shocked by the first prayer I observed at St. Luke's. I noticed adults lowering themselves in the pews and clasping their hands—some palm to palm (as in Albrecht Dürer's famous drawing), some with fingers laced. There was a solemnity to the moment—it was during the Lord's Prayer, as I reconstruct it, though there ought to have been prayers earlier in the service—but this solemnity

Photograph by Matt Mahurin



Rick Moody, on his knees at last.

didn't seem to include me. Though I was capable of aping the posture of these Sunday best-dressed families of Darien (there were the Sutherlands two rows up!), though I was able to keep my eyes downcast, to maintain a pious mien, I learned right away that the dialogue implicit in prayer would be, in my case, one-sided. To whom was I mumbling these words? (I hadn't yet memorized the Lord's Prayer, so my version was full of stray syllables and patches of humming.) And why was there silence when I was done? The whole notion of prayer seemed founded on falsehoods and prevarications.

In my parish, there were unclothed emperors wherever I looked. Adults prayed to a God (whoever or whatever that was) who never answered...and they prayed for the kinds of virtues that they rarely manifested in their own lives or they prayed (I believed) for stuff, for rain or good health, with results that were inconclusive. My grandmother, who was always after us to pray before bedtime, had never gone to church as far as I knew, and her husband never went...and my father disliked going. So what were the theories behind all this talk of prayer and church? A pattern emerged on Sunday mornings around the Moody household. My brother and I would get up at the crack of dawn and sneak into my parents' bedroom in order to turn off their alarm clock. It often worked. Sunday school and prayer and church would then be set aside in favor of *Wonderama* and *Davey and Goliath*.

This squares with the experience of a lot of people I know who came of age in the sixties and seventies. We grew up watching television on Sunday mornings. We never said grace. We crowded into the back of a church, if at all, on Christmas Eve. And we weren't aware in ourselves of any manifestation of spiritual need. Physical hunger you can satisfy with meals. The drives for food, shelter, and clothing all have a pragmatic basis, as does the sexual drive, by which a society reproduces itself. But what exactly is a spiritual need, and how does prayer gratify or articulate it?

It took me a long time to formulate compelling answers to these questions. It wasn't until I went away to school at thirteen that it even occurred to me to try to do so. My boarding school was intent on a core curriculum that was in disrepute at that time, the mid-seventies. It featured a yearlong study of the philosophical underpinnings of European culture entitled Origins of the West. As part of Origins we had to design a civilization, and as part of this civilization, we were told by our instructor, we had to have an *ideology*, a system of beliefs. What, Mr. Kellogg asked us, did we believe? What would the people in our civilization believe, and how would they express that belief? (Benjamin Cheever, the son of the novelist John Cheever, told me a similar story. As a young man in the Episcopal congregations of Ossining, New York, he was occasionally disinclined to say the Nicene Creed, that anti-heretical portion of the Protestant ceremony. His father suggested that if he didn't approve of the creed, he make up his own, since he would "have to believe in something.")

Belief wasn't something I or my peers believed in. At best, we felt strongly about experimentation with drugs and about certain bombastic kinds of rock n' roll, and we believed that other people should leave us alone to pursue these interests without interference. Any belief in romance and its transports was, at the time, out of the question—by reason of teenage awkwardness, at least in my case. Thus, I started seriously getting high when I was fifteen, and I did it with a zeal that I hadn't applied to anything else. Within a couple of months of first smoking marijuana I'd already experimented with Seconal, PCP, hash, Thai stick, all manner of booze, and LSD.

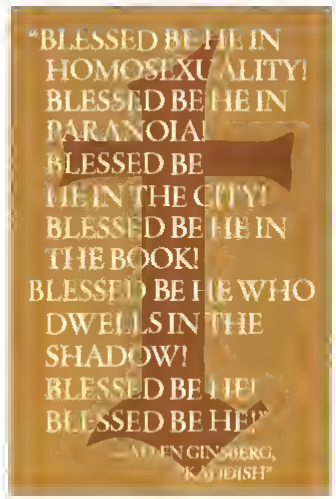
It was the last of these that enabled me, all at once, to find myself in a situation in which prayer seemed logical. I'd had maybe a dozen trips before my first "bad trip," a six- or seven-hour bonanza of anxieties and melancholies and punitive nightmare images in which I was tortured by *deranged clowns*, in which I was adrift in a sea of eyeballs, et cetera. With LSD, this kind of experience, though terrifying, is often routine. The amazing part of the afternoon, though, after I submitted myself to the care of a minister on campus, came when I actually had a conversation with God.

Mysteriously, the silence I had known hitherto in my infrequent dialogues with the Divine was temporarily suspended. I was able to talk freely with him. (I'm using the masculine gender for lack of a better option. I'm pretty sure he doesn't have a Y chromosome.) I prayed to him to bring a halt to my terrifying hallucinations. I prayed to him to help me. To make me a better, less awkward, less panicky human being. He responded in that deep voice you associate with Charlton Heston's biblical movies. (And he happened to live, in my hallucinations, in a church remarkably like the chapel right on campus at St. Paul's School.) But here was the thing. When I asked God directly for help, because my simple LSD inflected prayer had no purpose other than as a request for aid, God's response was similarly direct. *You cannot be helped.* That's what he said. While I was underneath the kitchen table belonging to the Reverend Alden Flanders of Concord, New Hampshire, God told me that I was a lost cause.

No surprise, then, since I'd had no success with God on *my* terms, that I applied myself to oblivion for a good ten years. I managed to get into an Ivy League school and to take a lot of courses pass/fail and even to do a short stint in graduate school, but my more thorough and systematic investigation was into mixology. I was frequently drunk. I had binges on speed and cocaine. I slept with anybody with a pulse, and I was a militant atheist. *God is the transcendental signified*, they used to say in the semiotics program at Brown University, where I studied, meaning that God is a theoretical repository for the idea of meaning, nothing more, a repository who reflects meaning back onto a scarily empty system of signs. You can't pray to that.

At the end of this ten years' this spree of primitive liberty, I was in the psychiatric hospital in Queens with Donny the doorman. Al, a heroin addict who had once been the limo driver for Michael Jackson, Brian, an A&R guy for one of the major record labels who was a cocaine addict and who had been sexually abused by his brother, Margie, a secretary at NBC who was manic depressive and believed that Mickey Mouse himself had led a parade through her house in Astoria, Queens.* And others.

The prayer that comes first to all who learn to pray in earnest is *the prayer of desperation*. On the Fourth of July 1987 I was allowed out of the adult ward at my hospital for a couple of hours. It was the kind of summer day in New York City when the pavement buckles and the traffic to Jones Beach grinds to a halt. I was out in back with one of the nurses and two other recent admissions to our ward. We were all sitting in the shade, drinking sodas that we'd been permitted to purchase. One of our number was a young woman from Long Island. She was bulimic and had wrists that were crosshatched with self-inflicted wounds. Inside of a week, her insurance would run out and she would be shipped to the state hospital, where, she told me, you might be left for days in a holding cell with vagrants and schizophrenics.



The nurse who was watching us had a transistor radio which, as I recall, was playing Elton John's "Candle in the Wind." The live version. It was a song from my childhood, and I was struck, in the sway of Elton's saccharine melancholy, by how far I had fallen since I was a kid. I had a family who loved me, I had the best education you could get in America, I was full of promise. But I was in a psychiatric hospital in Queens where a nurse was trying to teach me how to make eye contact in conversation.

I wept. In front of the others, I wept.

And then I prayed. I prayed solitarily there outdoors, and later in the room I shared with a cocaine dealer for the Colombian mob. I prayed over meals, whenever there was a spare second, after group therapy, before cognitive therapy, whenever I prayed the prayer of desperation. God, I prayed, *whoever you are, get me out of this. If you're there, work a miracle. For a change.*

There are no atheists in foxholes, the celebrated formulation goes. It's an observation that even the least spiritually inclined of my acquaintances occasionally makes. And, in deed, when I ask friends if they ever pray, their experience is mostly in the category of these *foxhole prayers*. Lily, a producer from northern California, once spoke to me of praying during the Oakland fires, when her parents' house was in danger. "I prayed to God all night and the next day. I prayed that the house wouldn't burn, that everyone would be okay, that the fire would stop." Lily wasn't and isn't a regular churchgoer, doesn't take her children to church, doesn't *believe*, and yet she found solace in that moment. Another friend, a novelist, spoke of praying in the middle of the night during dark times. "I wake and simply murmur 'Help me.' Who else could I be speaking to?" Cynthia, a prominent magazine columnist, told me of praying during her father's struggle with cancer. She adapted a line from Saint Augustine: "Whisper in my heart, tell me you are there."

These days, on this side of the Atlantic, our military foxholes are few. Yet aren't there still the metaphorical foxholes, the inevitable pointless deaths or business reversals or romantic failures? And if foxholes, whether metaphorical or actual, continue to exist, then won't prayers continue to be mumbled in the dark bedrooms of America or in the first light of small-town mornings? When I got out of the hospital, when I was living alone in a converted filling station in Hoboken, New Jersey, when I was showing up for work and little else, when I was still suffering in spite of medication, with a number of vexing complaints—then, though I had never gotten down on my knees (as Donny the doorman was unhappy about doing) for anyone or anything, though I had never admitted the possibility that I couldn't solve my problems myself, though I had never submitted that merely human agencies were not entirely effective, then I began to pray. Regularly. My prayers were unadorned, without *thees* and *thous*. They were simple prayers. *Give me a chance, please.*

The epiphany in this story, therefore, is backward. I never believed in God and, as a result, never prayed to glorify his or her or its name. Instead I prayed because I was desperate, and thereafter I believed in whoever it was I prayed to—mainly because *prayer did me some good*. Life improved—as life has also improved for my acquaintances who pray, whether or not they go to church or believe in a Christian God or anything else. My friend David, an expert on new technology, put it this way: "It's been common for me, at the moment I start freaking out, that the recognition that there's a power greater than myself and that I can address that power has caused the moment to shift."

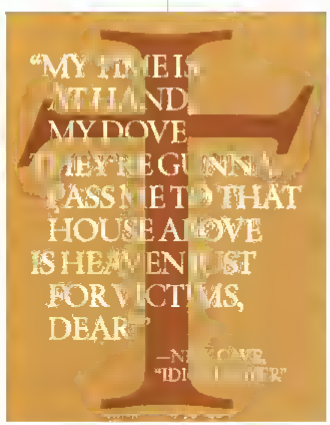
Thus prayer, as William James put it in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, "is a process wherein work is really done, and spiritual energy flows in and produces effects, either psychological or material, within the phenomenal world." Though I had no comprehensive idea of the recipient of my prayer (in fact, I would often mumble this while praying—"I have no idea who you are"), I prayed nonetheless on my knees, and in praying found that I felt better, that I passed some days without hopelessness that I was calmer. This process I'm describing doesn't necessarily lay to rest all questions about the existence or lack of existence of God (and you will answer that question better if you answer it for yourself), but what I'm saying should make clear a couple of very fundamental American attitudes about the Divine. You'll know it when you see it. And: If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

I pray, therefore, because prayer works.

Early in my spiritual investigations, I learned that to speak of these things, of prayer and of a belief in prayer, was to risk ridicule and even contempt. *Prayer* implies *church* to most people, and *church* implies an inherited or unenlightened

*These names have been changed.

notion of God and thus in liberal circles, *prayer* all but implies *fundamentalism*. Prayer in this formulation has become a language for bigots who pray that gay people might convert to heterosexuality or that Jews will accept the message of Jesus. Prayer is for lost causes, for the comatose to rise or for the dead to live. And yet that's not how it was always practiced. It was once a language that was available to everyone (as it is, say, in the Book of Psalms)—available not only to the elect but also to the damned, not only to the Pharisees but also to the heathens.



I consider myself a good example of this democratic aspect of prayer. I use the more than occasional four-letter oath. I am not opposed to sexually explicit renderings in film or literature. I have a tattoo. I favor same-sex marriage. I have made a lot of mistakes and I expect to continue doing so. Yet, most mornings and sometimes on the subway or in cars or on airplanes or in the silence before a movie starts, I engage in this dialogue in which I ask to stay alive and not to do anything dramatically stupid in the next twenty-four hours. (And I emphasize this aspect of *dialogue* in prayer, because prayer, unlike meditation, is best understood as a two-way transmission. In prayer you speak; in meditation, you listen.)

I have read widely in the literature of prayer and even attempted to crash a prayer meeting at the parish in Brooklyn where I sometimes go to church. In the books on the subject, there is often really insipid language ("Dear Lord Jesus, in my better moments I want nothing more than to be like you"), and often there are oversimplifications of some of the powerful themes of prayer (praise, remorse, celebration, desperation). But at the same time, there are all around us supple ideas about how prayer might look to intelligent, informed, contemporary persons. In Thomas Merton, for example: "Learn how to meditate on paper. Drawing and writing are forms of meditation. Learn how to contemplate works of art. Learn how to pray in the streets or in the country."

Among prayer-group types, meanwhile, you expect mainly older or more troubled people. When I went recently to the prayer meeting in my neighborhood, I arrived at the darkened, double-bolted entrance to the church at the appointed hour to find that there were no petitioners but me. Just as I was leaving, a pair of older women ambled up the walkway, similarly stranded. We chatted for a few minutes—no one had a key—and then went on our ways without having convened our prayer group at all, without exchanging much more than pleasantries. Is this the face of prayer now?

At the same time, though, in a group of somewhat Younger Adults (their term) at the same parish, a recent Sunday-morning trip to the summit of Bear Mountain, New York, to celebrate the Eucharist was booked to capacity, with young media workers and stockbrokers, with childless couples, with Ivy League grads decked out in Timberland shoes and khaki shorts and ready to hike and to pray.

All the things I thought about prayer as a child are still true. It takes place in silence, and silence is the response you get and mostly while you are doing it, you feel like doing something else. Merton has an insight here as well: "The most usual entrance to contemplation is through a desert of aridity in which, although you see nothing and feel nothing and apprehend nothing and are conscious only of a certain interior suffering and anxiety, yet you are drawn and held in this darkness and dryness because it is the only place in which you can find any kind of stability and peace." You are thinking of the calls you have to return or the bills you have to pay or something you said erroneously last night or someone you hurt. But in silence and motionlessness can come perspective and calm and resolution and manifestations of a better, more reliable self than the one who first hit his or her knees this morning, who first closed his or her eyes in meditation. Silence, it turns out, is redemptive, is generous. Silence is perhaps what a relationship with the Divine is these days. You could do a lot worse.

For brief moments in American cultural history, it has been *cool* to pray. The late sixties, for example. At Woodstock, they prayed for rain to end all five hundred thousand of them. Later, Allen Ginsberg prayed (with reporters covering the story) for the Pentagon to levitate, in the hope that this would end the war in Vietnam. Though these prayers were superficially facetious, they indicated a value for prayer, an esteem for the endeavor, that the nineties, this era of bargain-basement pragmatism and low-level depression, may never endorse. Nonetheless, as the fifties gave way to the sixties, perhaps the nineties will give way to a more adventurous and experimental fin de siècle in which the expressions of humility and joy and acceptance that are at the heart of the language of prayer will again be valuable on a larger scale. Gandhi prayed. Tolstoy prayed. Martin Luther King Jr. wrote some of the finest prayers of this century. I see signs of activity among any number of people my own age, signs that spirituality is not simply Harmonic Convergences or Pyramid Power or the vegan lifestyle, signs that there's more to the Western spirit than a limitless arcade—a place fashioned of opportunities to purchase stupefaction.

Often, these days, I pray for particular results (because I'm not smart enough to do much better), and therefore I pray sometimes for a renaissance in this ancient discourse because the mysteries engendered by prayer are inspiring to behold. Inspiration is good. It's all around us. *Lux in tenebris lucet et tenebrae eam non comprehenderunt.* "The light shines in darkness and the darkness has not understood it." ■



BAD MORNINGS OF THE NEAR FUTURE

BY LARRY DOYLE

CHICAGO ERUPTS AS CUBS KO AMAZIN'S

NEW YORK POST

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1997 / Unseasonably hot, muggy, 85 / Weather Page 24 ★★

'ER' horror show:

DEAD AIR

PAGES 2-5.

9/26/97 8:00am Jack Welch A.S.A.P.

9/26/97 8:20am Jack Welch Now

NBC

Warren Littlefield
President NBC Entertainment

Date: September 26, 1997
To: Bob Wright
From: Warren Littlefield
Re. ER live broadcast and resultant issues

Here, per your request, is a report on last night's ER, the first live broadcast of a medical drama since television's Golden Age. I must emphasize that this is all very preliminary, and for that I apologize, you seemed resolute about the 9 a.m. deadline.

The big picture. It is easy, after an imperfect outcome such as this, to focus on the negative. But judged within the context of the original objectives established for the project, this live broadcast was a slam dunk.

The overnights gave us a 31 2/49 for the first half hour, easily ER's best season opener to date. In the second half hour, after CNN and MSNBC began covering the broadcast as breaking news, the ratings jumped to an unprecedented 59 8/79, numbers not seen since the last episode of M A S H. And by the end, when ABC and CBS broke into their own programming, virtually every television set in America was tuned either to NBC or to a station carrying our air. Even if the off-channel viewers are not counted, this ER will be one for the record books!

That does not in any way diminish the more tragic aspects of the broadcast, of course.

Mistakes were made. In retrospect, the decision to shoot on location at Cook County Hospital seems unwise. By shooting at the Chicago public hospital upon which ER is based, our intention was to heighten the gritty realism for which the series is justly acclaimed. Obviously, we got more reality than we anticipated. But rest assured that from both legal and public-relations standpoints, every precaution was taken to prevent what happened from ever happening.

We had been assured by Cook County officials that Thursday night at 9 (central time) would be a slow time in the emergency room and that the number of real patients coming in would be no more than a dozen or so. We nevertheless could have easily processed model releases for more than twice that number without delaying anyone from receiving vital medical care. And once we realized we would be shooting in the middle of a 100 degree heat wave, we doubled the number of craft services people we had working refreshments.

But—and I can't emphasize this any more strongly—we had no way of

Christ!

knowing that the Cubs would cap a 22-game winning streak and secure a spot in the playoffs that night. No one could ever have predicted that.

Even so, the unexpected influx of riot and looting victims did not result in quite the "blood-soaked melee" that Fox News insisted was taking place. Far more patients received professional medical care than did not. Most of the wounded who were inadvertently treated by the actors would have died anyway, and some even survived. In fact, Eriq La Salle successfully removed three bullets from one young man and saved his life, it says something about today's media that this act of true heroism did not have the same tabloid appeal as one or two lethal injections and a rubber-heart transplant.

Of those guest stars who were mistakenly operated on by real doctors, the results were either benign or beneficial. It turns out, for example, that Lea Thompson actually needed that mastectomy. (A very special "Caroline in the City" is already in the pipeline.) And it's important to remember that Red Buttons was nearly 80 years old.

The loss of Noah Wyle is a greater tragedy, not only because he was a series regular but because he was so talented and his brain died so young. As long as he remains on life support, however, it's difficult to say much more, particularly vis-à-vis legal and contractual issues.

What lies ahead. We could go over everything again and again, but maybe we should be channeling our energies into confronting the challenges and embracing the opportunities before us.

• We can expect to take some heat for excessive language (there were, by my count, 37 fucks and its variants and nearly 100 shits), especially from parents' groups and members of Congress, who have been lying in wait for such an opportunity ever since we refused to go along with the new content ratings. Our response, I believe, should be to emphasize the unpredictability of a live event; it's worth noting, if only in passing, that President Kennedy's visit to Dallas in 1963 would have been rated G beforehand had content ratings been in effect at that time.

On another publicity matter, we really need to get out the message that Michael Crichton is not a practicing physician and could not have been expected to know how a modern defibrillator works. Happily, Roseanne's heart was restarted with apparently no ill effects.

• There has been some talk about reimbursing advertisers. This seems ridiculous to me. Not only did we deliver far better numbers than we promised, but I have received reports that Burger King has been besieged today with customers buying up all the Emergency Meals they can get

their hands on. Clearly, not everyone lost their appetite.

• While the nervous breakdown suffered by Anthony Edwards on air was in the script, it now appears that Tony's meltdown was only partially acted; we'll know more after the 72-hour observation period.

• As you know, Time Warner has already filed suit, claiming that we have "ruined" George Clooney for their next Batman project. Even though their own Warner Bros. produces ER, they're claiming we pushed the live program on them. It's ridiculous, of course, but we'll have to defend. I have a couple of suggestions. The doctors tell me that it is tremendously premature to be speaking of "paralysis," let alone throwing around offensive terms like "crippled." They expressed concern that such loose talk might even impede Clooney's ability to make what doctors hope could be anything up to and including a full recovery. This could be the basis of a countersuit. Also, in the unlikely event that Time Warner's suit does get to court, we might be able to make something of the fact that a couple of years ago in their own "Batman" comic book, the Batman character suffered a severed spine, which put him in a wheelchair. So what, exactly, is the damage?

• There will obviously be some continuity problems with the seven episodes of the series that we have already shot. (Just one example: Dr. Weaver will have her severe limp back after breaking into a sprint in the live episode.) It would be expensive to shelve these shows and, given the heightened interest in the series at this moment, ill-advised. One possibility we've bounced around here would be to have all these episodes occur in the comatose mind of Dr. Carter (Noah's character) as an "alternative future." We would end the arc with a scene of Eriq's character tearfully pulling the plug on his protégé. Powerful, and real. We even discussed the possibility—only a possibility—that, provided we can get permission from Noah's family, perhaps we could broadcast this scene live. This would be in November. During sweeps.

It's just an idea.

How many? Numbers!!! ?!

Murphy Brownish?

We're screwed.

Right. No refunds.

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I LOve yOU DadDy

A story about fatherhood

By Ethan Hauser

OPPOSITE: STEPHANIE MARKS, AGE EIGHT. ABOVE: GEOFF MARKS, AGE TEN

"Andrew, do you know how much your daddy makes? Do you know how much his time is worth?"

It is four o'clock. The sun is far away. Winter can be deathly cold, even in North Carolina. The windchill, they say, will make it seem like ten below tonight. It's best to keep inside, light a fire, wait for warmer temperatures.

"Andrew, your daddy makes $1,500 a day. . . . Fifteen hundred dollars. That's how much people pay your daddy for his services."

This could happen anywhere. They are inside an office building, a facade dominated by glass and bisected by an atrium. They are near a highway, just off I-40, within shouting distance of semis and police cars armed with radar guns. A management-consulting firm, an ad agency, corporate headquarters of a restaurant chain. A small business that sets up office-automation systems, a statistical-research company. Somewhere across the country, in Dayton or Laramie or Reno, there is someone who does exactly the same thing, or almost the same thing.

There is someone in Denver who is talking to his son, trying to impress the hell out of him. He is the senior vice-president of Excellence in Marketing or Teledex Data Systems or Insight Behavioral Management. In the past week, he has been promoted to chief operating officer. Everything in the office must go over his desk now, everything. He has clearance on all outgoing products and correspondence. The boss has handed him the ball. Remember, though, his door is always open, and if you have any kind of problem, he wants to know. If you're having a problem with Steve or Joe or Janet, he wants to know about it and we'll work something out.

"Andrew, this weekend we'll go to the park and toss around the football. . . . Would you like that? Maybe we'll go to Speedy's on the way home for barbecue. Would you like that?"

In St. Louis, there is a desk. A graphics file on the computer marked "Son" reveals a message, a clumsily scrawled "I LoVe yOU DAddy" from the last time school was canceled and Mom couldn't watch Billy, or Sam, or Christine, or Andrew. There was a snowstorm, a blizzard, and for a day driving was banned and the wide white streets transformed the city into the nineteenth century, a time free of automobiles. The snow was pristine, a dream, so pure it looked as if it had given birth to the word *white*. Soon the cars returned, spit exhaust, and churned up mud and slush, and dirtied the snow with a dark crust.

There were storms on the East Coast, too, and in the Great Plains and maybe an earthquake in California. These disruptions punched holes in workweeks, delayed meetings, and overjoyed schoolchildren. Reminders of force more powerful, weather to humble you.

Still, most buildings were not leveled, and when the

roads were plowed clean and swept of debris when the after shocks subsided, the offices filled once again

'Andrew, if you do well in school, you can have all this If you go on to college and value your education you can sit behind a desk like this Son you'll have pictures of your own family up here"

In Houston a man has been yelled at by his boss for losing an account In Roanoke time is money and a deal's a deal and try to bump it up a couple thou Andrew or maybe Sarah sits in the conference room while Daddy's on the phone With crayons and scrap paper he draws houses and black Labs She makes a happy face in the sun and smoke pluming from the chimney of a house Daddy is on an important call.

In Bismarck, it will be too cold again to be outside Most people have remote devices to turn on their cars, and at a quarter to five the doors to the office building are crowded with people pointing little black squares toward the parking lot

Andrew your daddy's just been promoted Do you know what that means? That means people respect your daddy, they think he can handle more responsibility"

He squeezes his hand exercisers while he speaks Tina keeps on drawing Outside, the clouds are low again, looking like another storm

Here is the problem There is no Andrew Or there are a thousand Andrews

'Andrew do you know how much your daddy makes?"

In South Bend he's just landed the Davis account They've signed on for a year with the possibility of a three year extension if goals are met There will be drinks af





After lunch they are given a deck of cards Andrew wants to play war, but Sarah doesn't know the rules Benjamin in Great Falls is missing only the ace of spades in his solitaire game He thinks it's under the queen of diamonds in the fourth pile the problem is how to get it The rules of solitaire are easy, but it's hard to win

Jamie who turns twelve next week, knows how to surf the Net There's a free computer in Emily's office You can set him up there.

The problem is that there is no Andrew He's not in the corner office, no matter how many questions are shot his way He's not in the conference room, either, drawing heartbreaking thank-you notes to give to the secretary To JEANNETTE tHANk YOu for giviNg me a DECK of CArDs I haD FUNN on mY Snow dAy

In Sandpoint tonight, out on the lake there will be a fiery sunset, the kind postcards never capture Daytona is cleaning up from a tropical storm Opal Gloria, Esther they name hurricanes after grandmothers

'Andrew Andrew Daddy just made an important deal'

In Fort Worth it is Friday and he is trying to close the deal in time for his son's football game It is close to championship time The meteorologist said sleet was possible He just has a few more letters to fax a couple more numbers for the spreadsheet, and some verbiage to tweak It's not worth it to check his watch He knows what time it is and if he closes his eyes for long enough he can see the coach and players circled in the locker room joining hands for the pregame prayer

'Andrew " but there is no Andrew just an empty chair

"tHANk YOu for giviNg me a DECK of CArDs. I haD FUNN on mY Snow dAy."

ter work at the downtown Marriott, a toast to a job well-done A call home He'll be delayed No good news, find a nice bottle of wine

The problem There is no Andrew but there is a vice president apologizing for the hours he'll never be able to retrieve There is the idea of Andrew, age five or twelve or sixteen, sitting two doors away in the conference room stunting the glass-topped table with oily fingerprints happy for his day off from school waiting to go for pizza at lunch There is the idea of Andrew sitting in the front seat of the car on the way to the office, staring out the window at the plows making hip high walls of snow along the highway The car phone rings Hello Yes, on my way I have my son He won't be in the way

Jane has brought her daughter as well, and she makes a paper clip chain When she finishes, she starts in on the rubber bands A man in Iowa made a three hundred pound ball from rubber bands The *Guinness Book of Records* says so

ELLEN GRANGER AGE EIGHT

NORA GRANGER AGE EIGHT

where Andrew might sit or has sat in the past Decatur is experiencing an unprecedented population boom To seize the opportunities a flood of new consumers represents but he's unsure of how to finish He can see the Peachtree Hotel from his corner office its sparkling lights and glimmering windows the glass veins for the elevators Inside, there are tuxedoed partygoers and women wearing sequins all on their way to the Starlight Ballroom ready to dance the night away until it's tired of itself There will be ice sculptures of swans and more shrimp cocktail than is necessary There will be gimlets and Dewar's straight up and rum and Cokes for the newly minted drinkers, the younger associates, just out of college tasting their first sips of the company's largesse

On a clear night, maybe tonight if the clouds lift and the predicted storm never hits, you can see Birmingham and its low-slung skyline its cavernous steel mills and warehouses During the early part of the century, workers forged railroad track. Now technology is taking hold, there are more-rapid ways to travel, more than ever people are communicating by fax, e-mail teleconferencing To keep your business out front you need a solid, dependable network with links to information servers and multimedia access Vanguard Data can design and install a custom network specifically tailored to the needs and requirements of your business Our work is top notch, and we utilize the expertise of consultants across the country

The warehouses in Birmingham are empty, shells of vastness, air thick with dust and stillness and the faint, lingering burn of pour and cast A few are available for rental, for museum benefits and charity fundraisers and they bring in balloons and bouquets and marvel at the way bodies can look so small even under a roof

In New Orleans, the artists and restaurateurs have moved in and transformed the warehouses into trendy eateries and sculpture studios They like the windows, cutouts too big to be called square They like the light the reminder of the world outside Even when it's gray you can still see and know where you stand The forces that cover you are only a pane of glass away

Andrew draws a picture of Mardi Gras Bourbon Street packed with costumes a float in the middle He draws the people in the balconies toasting the parade below One woman pulls a poodle by a braided leather leash The two of them look bewildered, and they cling to each other to avoid being trampled

"Andrew Andrew do you " but he's not listening He's too busy completing his picture, dotting the sky with stars and a sliver of moon and in the very background mountains with pointy summits, even though there are no mountains anywhere near New Orleans His dream is to see Everest K2—places where snow never leaves

In Jackson by nine there is already a pile of faxes because the East Coast takes advantage of the time difference A pipe froze and burst under the gym of Smith Elementary School, and so he has his daughter along for the day He asks his secretary to set her up with construction paper and Magic Markers In the shadows of the Tetons she will draw pictures of the ocean and the beach and the treasures she imagines lurk beneath the sand waiting to be discovered by the metal detector she got for Christmas Old coins pirate jewelry, even gold

They trade cotton in Memphis, and when he is feeling romantic he fetches his wife after work and they ride the monorail to Mud Island They walk along the scale model of the Mississippi set in cement so detailed it reproduces the grade of the riverbed Sometimes a duck finds its way into the model, mistaking it for the real thing as it threads together states in no time at all In high school he brought girls here and cigarettes and as much vodka as he could manage without his parents' noticing the deficit in the liquor cabinet He prayed for a hand on his thigh He will hope for a nip in the air, though he doesn't know why Everything to say was new, had to be magical

Arkansas across the river Two people stripping in a motel room, ready to find something, lending your body to a set of hands, fingertips you imagine taste salty The next minutes hold everything essential They don't bother switching the TV off If the news anchors only knew

Next door, in the parking lot of Denny's, eighteen-wheelers are idling They might as well be a thousand miles away The truckers crowd the breakfast stools, ordering steak and eggs, coffeeing up for the next leg. The cashier and the waitress are sisters Their children go to after-school together Third shift ends at two and they can't wait

TPR Marketing is abuzz. The Little Rock office is about to land the Emerald account The next few hours are crucial because in Phoenix they're waiting for the final estimate before signing on He closes his door; sometimes he works better this way One hour He has promised the chief the outgoing memo and project estimates in one hour His son is about to take the field and catch a touchdown pass or miss a tackle and get yelled at by the coach The stands are full of teenagers with all the time in the world It is cold enough to see their breath

It is chilly in Phoenix too, rare for desert country He has six bids on his desk and he will take his recommendation to the president by the end of the day Taped to the wall is a picture his daughter drew A train rumbles through mountains, silted on a high curving bridge "Daddy this is the train I want to take on vacation,' the



caption reads 'This train has glass on the ceiling so you can see out even at night, and watch the planets" She has drawn a line from the eyes of one passenger to Saturn

'Andrew, do you ?" but there is no Andrew only the knapsack he left from a previous day spent at the office He will buy his son a Nintendo system and new Air Jordans and countless other treats that don't even have names yet With his $1,500-a-day consulting fees he will hand his wife hundred-dollar bills to buy perfume and silk scarves They will tour condos in Miami San Diego, maybe even consider a ranch in Wyoming anywhere people go to escape

In Albuquerque fourteen hour days are not rare The sky is impossible and blue, wide enough for sun and moon ocean and mountain His office overlooks the old town square, and Friday nights hum with teenagers From his window, he sees them gathering His tie is loosened his sleeves rolled up The teenagers, with their pressed jeans and perfect shoes, would probably think he looks messy

Too many of them smoke, and it makes him crave a cigarette but he has told his wife he quit. It's one promise he wants to keep, because he can.

A few more numbers, a few more graphics to make the whole thing shine. Then he'll overnight it to Chicago and cross his fingers. They need this account. It could be the ace in his pocket. Closing a deal like this shows you can take down the elephant. Things like this don't go unnoticed, especially upstairs.

Andrew wears a Bears jacket. He has posters in his room of his favorite players. His father has taken him to games and said, "Stay close. . . . And remember, if you get lost, go to the refreshment stand and wait. I'll find you."

"Andrew. Andrew. . . ." but he doesn't hear. He's started a new drawing, trying his hand at replicating the glossy action shots of football players. One catches a pass. Another lines up a field goal. A third player takes off across the lake, running on the surface of the water toward Canada.

His father looks over his shoulder and thinks about asking how the player keeps from sinking, but he remains quiet, admiring his son's concentration. Lake Michigan is a few miles away. The snow will begin soon, and when the asphalt is cold enough the city will turn white. It will snow over the lake, too, and the flakes will disappear as soon as they hit the water, and it will seem for a moment as if they never were. But the sand and salt trucks and weathermen say otherwise. The lake is too restless to freeze, but elsewhere things are calmer and snow becomes a blanket.

He has all these dreams for Andrew. He wants him to letter in two sports, go to a good college, marry a beautiful girl. He knows this is nothing new, but it doesn't matter. At night, when his wife is curled next to him in bed, he lies awake, still taut from work. The wine at dinner helps, the sexy lingerie she has started wearing helps, too. Yet there is something that locks his body. When he stares at the ceiling, he sees nothing. The steady breathing to his left scares him, makes him jealous. The snow will accumulate to six inches by daybreak, and he might have to bring his son to the office again.

In the middle of the night, at two or three, one of those vague hours, he gets up and walks around the house. Andrew's door is open a crack. Tina likes to sleep with the door closed. Sam wants it open halfway. Snow squalls glow in the halo of a streetlight. In Los Angeles the aftershocks have ground almost to a halt. Miami is finally asleep.

He ends up at the picture window in the kitchen and sits down at the table. Snow has filled the birdbath, he hears the water pawing the shore, a mild rumble tingles his feet. With a glass of whiskey, he toasts the window. "To Elvis," he says and downs the drink in one long sip.

The stairs creak under his weight as he heads back to bed. The liquor warms him, even if it is only for a moment. If he is insistent enough, maybe his wife will wake up, open a drowsy eye, and they can spend the rest of the night forgetting about tomorrow morning. Fuck the 8:30 meeting.

"Do you know how much your daddy makes?" but there is no Andrew, and he has missed the game. The final proposal has been sent. They proofread for typos, chipped a cover letter on top, and faxed it over. Now they will have to wait.

"Wind's a bitch tonight," the president said when he left.

He turns off the lights, shuts down the computer, and lingers by the bookcase. There is a couch in the office, there are couches in a thousand offices—in Grand Rapids, Seattle, Burlington, Sioux City. He could sleep here if he wanted to.

The only car left in the parking lot belongs to him. He wishes he had one of those gadgets to turn on the car by remote. They usually run the football scores on the eleven o'clock news, and if he drives fast enough he'll catch the broadcast.

If Andrew is home, it means they lost. If he is out, it is because they won and he is celebrating with friends. The highway is two minutes from the office. In Minneapolis, he is glad for the skyways and the indoor garage. The plows are already out, clearing the interstates for the truckers, arrowing snow to the shoulders of the road. Parts of Atlanta might see frost. The partygoers will notice how much colder it is when they leave than when they came in.

In Austin, the game was important. In Billings, too, and Lexington, and Armonk. "Andrew, Andrew. . . ." but he is in postgame, peeling off his jersey and pads, listening to the coach's analysis, watching the trainer tape an ankle. He knows his father didn't make it, the stands were crowded but not that crowded. Whether he caught the winning touchdown doesn't matter. If you can't see something, it might never have happened.

Ten minutes from home, right off the exit, land has been cleared for a new office park. Backhoes and dump trucks stake out a rough rectangle. Andrew had the toy versions when he was little. Whispering Pines Corporate Campus is 75 percent leased. Occupancy by August. Won't you join us? (Competitive rates, incentive plans offered.)

He pulls off the road and drives into the clearing. The tires chew gravel, and he parks in the middle of the flattened and naked land. The moon has emerged from the clouds tonight and it lights the heavy machinery, Tonka-yellow turned silver and dark.

The cheerleaders were at the game, cupping their hands, doing their best to inspire his son. At the end, their faces were wet with heartbreak and they held each other, hugging, trying to choke back the sadness their throats are still too young to swallow.

He drives around the lot in a circle, and then another. The night is quiet. In the morning, the work site will crackle with activity. The backhoes will dig wide foundations, and the dump trucks will ferry away the land. But for now, only the blueprints know what the final buildings will look like.

As he drives home, he checks the rearview mirror. The sky has consumed the office park and passed it on to another city. Wichita, Lincoln, Saginaw. The roads are nearly empty. It has been a long week everywhere. The dashboard clock says it's midnight, too late to watch the news and check if his son's team won. He removes the cell phone cord from the lighter socket. No one needs to reach him this late.

He pulls into his driveway. All of the lights in the house are off. The night amplifies everything, unlocking the door sounds unnaturally loud. Maybe he has a dog or two cats, inside for the night because it is too cold even for them. Maybe there is a note on top of the day's mail. "Leftovers in the fridge, if you're hungry."

"Andrew? Andrew?" but his son is asleep, and the only answer he hears is the staggering loneliness of ten thousand darkened rooms. ■



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AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, MACY'S, PARISIAN AND DILLARD'S

It went like this on the set of ***Boogie Nights***:

"lights... camera... hold it, hold it. would someone please reattach mark's member, please...and action!"

It's a movie we saw. It's a movie you're going to want to see. It's a movie that made us want to talk to the director.

BY MIM UDOVITCH



Applause necessary. *Boogie Nights* filmmaker Paul Thomas Anderson

MICHEL HADDI

Writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is twenty-seven, and *Boogie Nights* a truly awesome piece of moviemaking starring Burt Reynolds, Mark Wahlberg, Julianne Moore, and Heather Graham, is his second feature. (The first was the indie *Hard Eight*.) Set in the porn industry of the late seventies, this is a movie that even the Motion Picture Association of America can't help loving. "When I first started talking to them, they said 'No, no, no, *we* want it to be an NC-17. The rating has been ruined for us with *Showgirls* out there in that *Showgirls* way. This would really help us,'" says Anderson, who has, as he contracted to do, delivered an R. "I actually called Oliver Stone, thinking, Here's someone who's been through this and can maybe give me some advice. But it was kind of hard getting advice out of him, because all he wanted to talk about was the hypocrisy of America. Actually, he did end up calming down and being helpful."

And actually, *Boogie Nights* is a movie—volatile, expressive, and full of movement—that makes its point in a way that's more Scorsese-style catharsis than Stone-style cudgeling. In the con

text of the just passed summer blockbusters, with their vibratorlike assault of gunfire and dinosaur noise, it is a movie that is not just jerking you off when it asks, as Burt Reynolds's character, porn director Jack Horner, does "How do you keep them in their seats after they come?"

Esquire: I loved your movie. I can't tell you how much I feel I should thank you on behalf of movie lovers everywhere for increasing the sum of human enjoyment.

Paul Thomas Anderson: Thank you. Jeez. If I can help in any way.

We all do what we can. Okay. Are you ready for the hard-hitting questions?

I'm really bad with the hard-hitting questions. The funny thing is that if you've read an interview with Orson Welles you do think, Wow, he did it right—he through your fucking teeth.

"It's fun! With a lot of heart! And a lot of action! It's the deep, dark world of porno, but it's for the kids!"

Maybe that's the way to go.

Maybe. But enough idle chat. Tell the readers what Boogie *Nights* is about.

Let's see. It's about the porno industry in the San Fernando Valley in the seventies and eighties and the transition it went through from being shot on film to being shot on videotape. And it takes a lot of different stories about the people in that environment and follows them through an insane little search for their dignity in what is really an insane little world. I think the strongest tug through the movie is Mark Wahlberg's character, who's just sort of a beautiful kid who's seventeen years old and has a really big penis.

As Burt Reynolds's character observes, there's something wonderful in his jeans just waiting to get out. Or words to that effect. Tell me a prosthetic anecdote. I feel that what we need here is a naked-actor story. I feel that something along those lines will be expected.

All the more reason not to do it. And I'm not sure what you mean exactly when you say "prosthetic."

I mean the thirteen-inch prosthetic penis. It's odd that you think it's a prosthetic. That's Mark Wahlberg's penis. I'm not sure where all this prosthetic talk comes from.

That's kind of amazing, since Leonardo DiCaprio was supposed to do the part before. Who knew that all these young actors were walking around Hollywood with their big—

Well, that's kind of how it happened. You know, Mark came to me and said, "I've got an inch on Leo." I said, "Really?" And he showed it to me. And then I hired him.

And the main story arc is that character's rise to stardom, followed by his Judy Garland–like meltdown. Though it has a happy ending. Still, people find the movie disturbing.

It has a version of a happy ending. If people find it disturbing, that's okay. Certainly that world is not the happiest place, though there are exceptions.

I understand that Leonardo DiCaprio dropped out of the Mark Wahlberg role at the last minute.

We were still a month or two away from filming. And Leo was never 100 percent committed to the movie. He dropped out to do *Titanic*.

An apples-and-oranges choice.

Or a dollars-and-cents choice.

That would be another way of looking at it. Anyway, you had a strong ensemble cast backing you up.

Yeah. A lot of the smaller parts were written for friends of mine—John C. Reilly, and also Phil Hoffman, who plays Scotty, and I didn't know Julianne Moore, but I had written that part thinking of her. And obviously the part for Philip Baker Hall, who is the star of my first movie. And also Bob Ridgeley, who plays Burt Reynolds's backer, the Colonel.

Right. That is a little disturbing, what happens to the Colonel.

Yeah. Is it? Yeah. Yeah, I agree.

That's very expansive of you, considering that he ends up weeping, helpless, beaten, and bleeding from the mouth.

And I think it's something to think about that the financier of the movies ends up weeping and bloody.

I also understand that Burt Reynolds fired his agent over this movie, he disliked it so much. Was there any indication that this was an agent firing experience for him?

Um... how do I...? Well, no.

Are you happy with his performance?

I'm thrilled with his performance—I think he's fucking great in the movie. I think he's really wonderful in the role, and—

And he was happy as the day is long when he was on the set?

I... think so.

What are some of the TV movies you worked on before you hit the big time?

My favorite TV movie that I worked on was called *Sworn to Vengeance*, with Robert Conrad.

What was it about?

I think somebody was sworn to vengeance. I also worked on a game show called *The Quiz Kids Challenge*, which was three incredibly bright children—

You're making this up, aren't you?

No. I swear to God! It was on for about a month at, like, two in the morning. Listen to this: it was a game show called *Quiz Kids Challenge* and—

You just took this out of a J. D. Salinger story, didn't you?

I swear to God. Are you ready?

Okay.

Quiz Kids Challenge: three incredibly bright children against three sort of average adults. Who will win?

And who won?

I think generally the adults won, which is why the show was only on for a month.

What was your first encounter with porn?

The first porno movie I ever saw was called *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. Have you ever seen it?

No. Where did you see it?

In my home, as a child. My dad had an early VCR, and he had it on videocassette, and I snuck it when I was nine or ten. I didn't really watch it, though. I only watched a moment or two before I got freaked out.

What freaked you out?

That I shouldn't be watching it, and what was happening, just the naked bodies and penises and sex.

And maybe that it was your father's?

Only in the sense that I shouldn't be watching it as in "Don't touch my pipe. I don't take the car."

You could really hardly choose two more phallic things. Especially pipe—"Don't touch my pipe"? Who gets prohibited from touching his father's *pipe*?

It's funny because my dad didn't even really smoke pipes.

Well, you're just proving my point. I would have said stereo.

I think the connection is there because in the same room where there was a pile of videotapes, there might have been a collection of pipes that he didn't even smoke.

If you say so. How did you come by the early passion for filmmaking to which your bio alludes?

It's the total standard-template film-geekdom story. I think the only exception is I didn't work in a video store. I just found this little notebook that was clearly an assignment notebook from when I was about seven. And I guess the assignment must have been to write an ad for a job. And I wrote, "My name is Paul Anderson. I want to be a writer, producer, director, special-effects man. I know how to do everything, and I know everything. Please hire me."

Did your parents do anything film-related?

My father was not film-related, but he was a creative person, he had a couple different jobs. He started out in Cleveland on television in the early sixties. He had a show where he hosted bad horror movies, and he created this character that would do insane things and let off fireworks and blow things up. He was called Ghoulardi.

Are you making this up again?

Yeah.

You are?

No. This is true. And he had a beautiful voice, so after we moved to the Valley, he would do voice-overs for commercials, like "Now at Vons, only ninety-nine cents." The wonderful thing about this job is that he was able to go to a recording studio right down the street and say ten words a day, like "Coming up next on *Perfect Strangers*: Balki gets a fucking headache."

And then they'd just edit out the *fucking* and the day would be done. And how about your mom?

There's maybe a way that would feel healthy or okay for me to address issues that are in the movie about motherhood and motherly love. We can talk about it in terms of Julianne Moore's character and Joanna Gleason's part.

Okay. We can do that. The movie is in many ways about family, but both the main character's real mom and his figurative mom have what you might call boundary issues. His real mom, Joanna Gleason's character, is beating him up, and he's fucking Julianne Moore's. So is this coincidence, good scriptwriting, or a Freudian slip?

You got it. It's all of those.

Because, you know, the first time he fucks Julianne, it's like an adoption—he gets reborn, renamed even.

Yes, he does. I definitely think it all proceeds from, um, personal things, things that are on my mind, things that are interesting to me.

Fine. Let's return to your youthful film-geekdom. Did you go to film school?

I went to NYU, to get to New York, and that was film school. Where I literally lasted about two days.

What did you learn?

I learned everything I needed to know to bad-mouth film school. I had this one assignment, to write a scene without dialogue that somehow showed something about character. And I thought, Well, I don't want to be here, so I'm just going to fuck around. And I took these two pages from the David Mamet script of *Hoffa*, which was not a great movie but a really wonderful script, and handed them in as my own—

This is another one of those things you're making up.

—to see whether what I thought of this class was true. And I got the paper returned with a C-plus and knew that that was my moment to never return.

So you've pretty much always been an attitude kind of guy. Do you have any favorite porno films?

There's one called *Amanda by Night*. It's really well-done, and it's got a little murder-mystery element to it, which is always good in porno. And there are the John Holmes/Johnny Wadd movies, which are roughly the model for a lot of the stuff they do in *Boogie Nights*. Their structure was great, because they'd be trying to solve the murder, but as the plot was propelled that way, they would have to stop and have a sex scene. So it's wonderfully structured storytelling.

Kind of porno Hitchcockian suspense.

Totally. In a fucked-up way, it kind of is. They were smart enough to realize that they could hook people in with a story and also have them want to watch the sex scenes, where now the reverse is usually true. It's usually like, Let's rent a porno tape and fast-forward through all the bullshit acting-prop stuff and get to the sex scenes. This was the reverse.

And my last question is, What will you do with your money if *Boogie Nights* makes you rich, rich, rich?

Make another movie.

No luxury you're going to indulge in?

Yeah. Make another movie. I think Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford were on to something when they started paying for their own movies. It just doesn't make any sense to do all the work and not make all the money.





Top: Burt Reynolds, the film's patriarch, and Julianne Moore, its lusty den mother. Bottom: Mark Wahlberg, the enormous talent, and John C. Reilly, second banana.

Photographs by James Wojcik

THE NEW CLASSICS

retro active

Wherein Esquire showcases the season's best technical sportswear—timeless pieces in today's fabrics and colors

Outfitters and sporting-goods stores once sold this gear. Now designers do too. That means you get the details (real down, knit cuffs and collar, a waist length) in a devilishly stylish package. Down-filled zip-front jacket ($195), wool turtleneck ($85), and flat-front stretch-wool trousers ($145) by Nautica by David Chu.

A scuba watch for winter? Yes—it still, after all, keeps time in cold weather. And it looks cool. And it's only fifty-five bucks. Plus, you never know when you're going to fall through the ice. Watch by Swatch



Th[illegible] skied in these [illegible]. Today, you lose them up with jeans. You still slalom—but instead of between flags, it's through a football-game crowd. Leather boots ($200) by Tommy Hilfiger.

GROOMING BY [illegible] CAST FOR JOHN FRIEDA SALON, N Y C

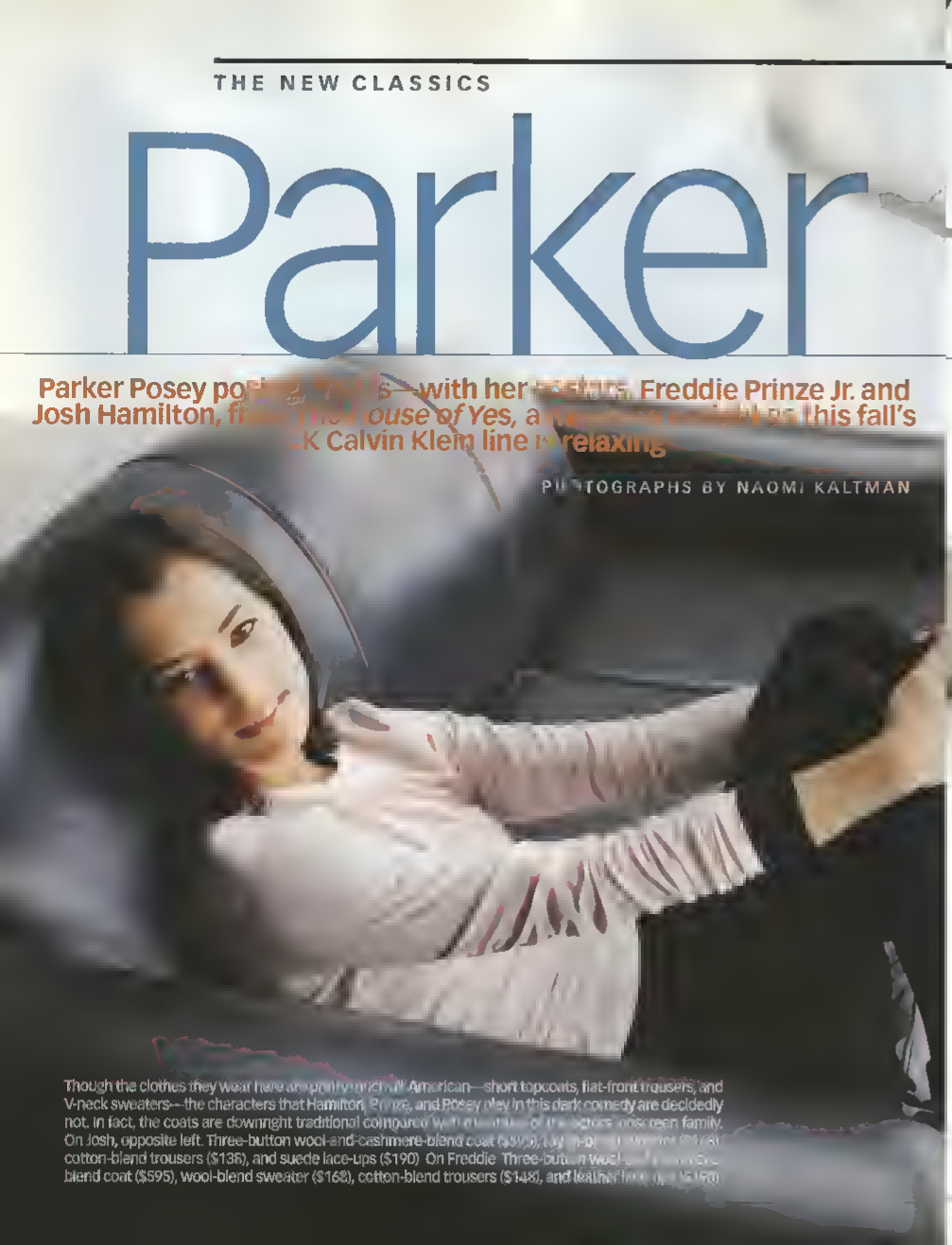


There's a way to show off your gym-buff body during winter without getting your left foot frostbit. By pulling on a formfitting ski sweater like this one. Crewneck cotton sweater ($125) from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren; flat front wool trousers ($265) by Polo by Ralph Lauren, watch ($55) by Swatch *For store information see page 154.*

Parker Posing

Parker Posey poses with her costars, Freddie Prinze Jr. and Josh Hamilton, from the *House of Yes*, and in this fall's CK Calvin Klein line of relaxing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAOMI KALTMAN



Though the clothes they wear here are pure mainstream American—short topcoats, flat-front trousers, and V-neck sweaters—the characters that Hamilton, Prinze, and Posey play in this dark comedy are decidedly not. In fact, the coats are downright traditional compared with the rest of the actors' onscreen family. On Josh, opposite left: Three-button wool-and-cashmere-blend coat ($595), [illegible] cotton-blend trousers ($135), and suede lace-ups ($190). On Freddie: Three-button wool [illegible] blend coat ($595), wool-blend sweater ($168), cotton-blend trousers ($148), and leather [illegible] ($150).



THE NEW CLASSICS

Mom is off, Dad is missing, Parker and Josh are twins with an abiding fondness for each other, while Freddie's fondness is for Josh's fiancée. Confusing? Yeah. And maybe the reason the actors choose the simple clothes they wear here—uncomplicated but stylish pieces that will go with anything else in one's wardrobe. On Freddie: Suede jacket ($595), V-neck wool sweater ($148), flat-front cotton-blend trousers ($138), and zip-up boots ($245). On Josh, opposite: Three-button wool coat ($495), crewneck wool sweater ($98), flat front wool-blend trousers ($195), and lace-up boots ($210). For store information see page 154

WOMAN'S STYLING BY HOPE GREENBERG. MAKEUP BY HELENE MACAULAY FOR PIERRE MICHEL SALON. HAIR BY JACQUELINE COLLIGAN FOR KRAMER + KRAMER. MEN'S GROOMING BY ANTHONY DICKEY FOR DEBBIE WALTERS.

Chuy Carrillo Is Dead and Living Somewhere Far, Far Away

By CHARLES BOWDEN

A true story about how our government destroyed one of its own

THEY DON T HAVE THE LOOK OF PEOPLE YOU NORMALLY SKIN ALIVE AS CARLOS CARRILLO holds the big black-and-white print of his parents, he smiles warmly and explains that it was taken on their wedding day In the picture, his father beams in a rented tuxedo, and his mother glows from within the white corona of a massive wedding dress The photograph is more than thirty years old, and back then Carlos's dad, Jesus, was just starting out He'd been to Vietnam



BRIAN SMALE

and would soon enter the Border Patrol Jesusita, his new wife, looks like a movie star She was a singer with offers to go to Mexico City and take up a professional career, but she decided to raise a family As the photographs of a life pile up on the sofa, kids are underfoot, a huge television looms across the room, a horse grazes out back, and three dogs wait out front for company Just off the kitchen door is a pond and a waterfall. Next to it is a small cottage where Carlos's eighty seven year-old grandmother lives

Carlos and his wife, Brigitte, both just shy of thirty, work as cops in El Paso, Texas The exact areas of their work cannot be revealed His days mean street clothes and navigating a city with 342 gangs He met Brigitte in the police academy, they graduated in the same class She comes home with eyes filled with the dark work of the night She's blond, blue-eyed, and trim, and when she talks, her words come out rapid-fire and to the point



The Carrillos now live half a continent and an ocean away

The phone rings It is Carlos's father calling from someplace half a continent and an ocean away Jesus 'Chuy' Carrillo can't be here with his son and daughter in-law and grandkids He did everything a person is supposed to do to advance from that initial wedding photograph to a life of security and respect For twenty six years, he served as a federal agent in the Border Patrol, and for ten and a half of those years he was an undercover narc He became a legendary soldier in the war on drugs and in July 1994 the United States government flew him to Washington, D C so that Janet Reno could give him the Attorney General's Award for Excellence in Law Enforcement The Justice Department's press release cited "his exceptional and courageous work as an undercover operative." On the sofa is a snapshot from that occasion, with Chuy beaming beside Janet Reno, who towers over him in a yellow suit, smiling maternally

Chuy was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1944, came north as a kid, and made himself a success in his adopted country His family was in construction, and this left him with a permanent love of cement He bought a little house down by the river in El Paso and spent years remodeling and extending the building to the point that now, decades later, the original house is encased in a homemade mansion

Until July 19, 1996, Jesus Carrillo was the decorated cop, the man in love with his work, the man with the loving wife, the successful children, the beautiful home, the respect of his colleagues. Then he learned that three men had been hired by the drug cartel in Juárez, just across the Rio Grande from El Paso The Juárez cartel is the most successful drug organization in history and is estimated by American intelligence to earn $200 million *a week* in profits The three men were hired to kidnap Chuy Carrillo in El Paso take him to Juárez, skin him alive, and then, should he still be breathing, kill him Beginning July 10, 1996, and for the eight days that followed, they trailed him around the city, staked out his home, and waited for the right moment to bag him The Drug Enforcement Administration knew about the killers and did not tell Chuy Carrillo The FBI also knew about the killers and did not tell Chuy Carrillo The Border Patrol knew about the killers and did not tell Chuy Carrillo He and his family were left dangling as professional hit men shadowed his life

When it was over, Chuy Carrillo and his wife had to arrange to flee to another continent for their safety Here is what the story of Jesus Carrillo teaches us If you carry a badge for the United States government and enforce its laws and someone tries to kill you as a result of the service you have done your country, the government will do little to protect you But should you be, say a Mafia killer and become a government witness, you will get protection and a new life

There are fifty seven agencies and departments clawing one another for a piece of the $16 billion the federal government squanders each year on the war on drugs That s part of this story There is a militarization of our southern border based on the insistence that the line between Mexico and the United States is real That s part of this story And then there is the reality that a drug cartel in Juárez felt no hesitation about plotting the slaughter of a federal agent and that the U S government felt no responsibility to tell that agent about a van load of assassins parked outside his house That is this story

It is a sunny Saturday as Carlos and Brigitte go through the treasure trove of family photographs They pop a videotape into the VCR and suddenly the first birthday of one of their kids splashes across the screen, and there in the background, almost a shadow figure, is the proud grandfather, Chuy Carrillo, beaming in the midst of his blood The tape is the dream The home of Carlos and Brigitte is now the reality Sensors monitor each door and sound an electronic alarm when anyone enters or leaves Out back, a ten foot fence topped with concertina wire guards that approach In the kitchen, a television monitor takes the feed off the video cameras that scan the grounds constantly Loaded guns are stashed high and out of the reach of children in the various rooms of the house On a shelf in the living room sit two walkie-talkies so that if one of them goes out to rake the lawn or play with the kids Brigitte and Carlos can still communicate with each other They are constantly armed They have lived this way for more than a year and they do not know when it will end They are not a couple who panic But now they live on the edge of the skinning knives

Brigitte looks at me and says 'None of this seems real until it happens to you "

THE DRUG BUSINESS IS 8 PERCENT OF ALL international trade, a larger slice of the pie than the global automobile industry El Paso and Juarez, sister cities facing each other across the Rio Grande, constitute a veritable Detroit in the business Until the summer of 1997, the cartel in Juarez was dominated by one man, Amado Carrillo Fuentes who on July 4 of this year was pronounced dead of complications following eight and a half hours of cosmetic surgery in a Mexico City maternity hospital He was reputed by the Mexican government to be worth $25 *billion* But his death matters very little to the organization It is a cop truism that if you bust a murderer, you have stopped him from killing again but if you bust a drug kingpin, you have merely created a job opening In the mid-eighties Jesus Carrillo stepped into this world as an undercover narc working for the Border Patrol Back then, the explosion of drugs now flowing through Mexico had just begun, thanks to U S efforts to shut down Colombian importation routes through Florida And the war on drugs was a toddler In 1981, the U S spent $1 5 billion on the war Now the federal narc budget is $16 billion and rising The cost-benefit result of this spending is impressive The street price of cocaine and heroin has steadily declined and the quality of those drugs has steadily risen

Jesus Carrillo received almost no practical training for his new assignment What he got came from New Mexico State Police sergeant Jesse Franco, who taught him that his most important weapon was his mouth Narcotics work is very simple You pretend to be someone else, you get close to other people and bond with them, and then you betray them You live in a state of multiple identities and you do all this make-believe with a group of people who kill often and easily Most people can't cut it as narcs, and most who can burn out after two or three years There is a limit to how long a person can stay out on the street, shuffling and jiving, standing in groups of cutthroats and selling them down the river Jesus Carrillo stayed out for ten and a half years and loved every minute of it

He became Don Chuy the bad hombre, the main man None of those earrings and long hair—that's for punks You dress that way, he reasoned, and all you can do is chicken shit street buys He insisted on being a major drug dealer and dressed like any successful man of the Mexican north—in the garb of a rancher The Levi's, the floral cowboy shirt, the leather vest, the $400 Stetson hat, fine leather boots, heavy gold jewelry He insisted on being addressed as Don Chuy just like that movie fake Don Corleone, because Jesus Carrillo knew that if you made them call you Don, they were already bowing and scraping

Don Chuy would take down some guys in a bust and find phone numbers in their pockets and billfolds and instantly he'd dial those numbers blind Someone would answer whose name he did not know, and suddenly this stranger would hear this hoarse, deep voice the booming authority of Don Chuy would be ringing in his ears, and before anyone could quite grasp what in the hell was going on the guy would do a drug deal over the phone with a total stranger, and then Chuy would bust their asses and find still more numbers He'd be home at a family dinner and his cell phone would constantly ring, and he would shift from casu

Brigitte and Carlos are cops They take every precaution And they are not safe



JAMES H EVANS

ON THE DAY IN 1994 THAT ATTORNEY GENERAL JANET RENO GAVE AN EXCELLENCE IN LAW ENFORCEMENT AWARD TO JESUS CARRILLO, A MAN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WOULD NOT PROTECT, SHE ALSO HONORED GERALD SHUR, THE MAN WHO CREATED THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM



al talk about his grandkids to one of a half dozen different roles he was playing. Like the high-flying Wall Street boys of the eighties, Jesus Carrillo was a deal junkie. He'd get off the phone with some drug guy, and he'd be chuckling, and he'd turn to his family and say, 'He bought it—he believes me.'

He could do anything with a phone. One time, one of his informants goes into Juarez, and the guys there are pissed and keep his car. He comes back to El Paso and tells Jesus Carrillo, and Jesus Carrillo becomes Don Chuy. He picks up the phone and cold-calls these drug guys he's never heard of before, and he says, "Look, you son of a bitch, do you know who in the fuck you are dealing with? I know who you are and where you live, and I know where your fucking brother lives, and I know where your fucking mother lives and where your fucking kids go to school, and you think, motherfucker you're gonna fuck with me? Listen, asshole, I want that fucking car back here now. And it's gonna be intact. And no scratches." And he drives his informant down to the bridge, and by God the car is waiting for him.

He played hunches. About fifteen miles north of El Paso is a hamlet named Vado, New Mexico, and Jesus Carrillo took to dropping in there and just hanging out with people. Like any successful narc, Carrillo had a gift with people, and soon he'd moved into their lives and was a guest at their backyard barbecues. After two years, he'd put together one of the largest drug busts ever made in New Mexico. Word of his skills got around to the other agencies, and they'd borrow him for work in other cities. He'd get on a Learjet and arrive in Chicago or Boston or God knows where as Don Chuy, a heavy drug guy, and do a deal with some poor soul.

After a while, Don Chuy's dope rep grew so large, he wouldn't do a grass deal unless it was at least a couple of hundred pounds. In one takedown, he bagged a bunch of guys and three or four hundred pounds of marijuana. He's back in his Border Patrol office when his cell phone rings and it's the dealer he just burned. The voice on the phone says, "I think you're a fucking cop. How come my people are in jail, and I go down there and your people are not in jail?" And Don Chuy will not tolerate this lack of respect, and he says, "Look, you motherfucker, I take care of my people. I bailed them out, asshole." And the guy is cowed, and Don Chuy starts reeling him in, and he signs on for another couple of hundred pounds, and this time he busts the dealer.

One of his former partners says, 'He knew Mexico like the back of his hand. We'd be doing a deal, and suddenly Don Chuy would ask the bad guy where he was from, and he'd name some town, and then Chuy would be off talking about the town, and, hey, there's that lovely ranch just when you're coming in on the highway, and the guy would light up that someone knew where he came from, and that would always hook them."

Like the devil, he never rested. There is a videotape of him doing a deal in a parking lot. He stands there in his costume, against a pickup, and he is Don Chuy, haggling with the bad guy over some kilos. And as Don Chuy leans into the driver's side of the truck to check out the dope, the bad guy's hand comes up with a knife and starts arcing downward toward his back. But miraculously, Don Chuy turns just in time, and the guy quickly hides the knife behind his back again. Carrillo's body language is fluid and shouts power and confidence, and watching the tape is like watching a cobra and a mongoose. On the tape, the surveillance crew is going crazy, thinking their man is going to get killed—and then Don Chuy makes the signal he makes on every bust. He says 'Okeydokey" and takes off his hat, and, boom, cops flood the screen. It is a testament to Jesus Carrillo's ability to pretend and deceive that he operated as a drug dealer in the El Paso sector for a decade, making buy after buy and bust after bust, and his targets never seemed to grasp that this gravelly-voiced, heavyweight dealer was the reason they were arrested and shipped off to prison. The tape is also a testament to Carrillo's obsessive work habits. It was made on his son's wedding day and records the reason he was late for that event.



Don Chuy at work. Surveillance videotape of a drug dealer brandishing a knife as agent Carrillo checks out the dope.

THAT IS THE PIECE OF WORK JESUS CARRILLO was, a man about five foot ten with a middle-aged paunch. He would be dressed for work: the .22 derringer dangling on a cord around his neck and riding on his chest (because he learned they never pat you down there). Inside his fine leather boots a .380. Under the floor mat on the driver's side of his pickup, a snub-nosed .38. Hidden in other parts of the truck, various pieces of his arsenal, because he never knew where in the truck he would be when he had sudden need of a weapon. Then the workday would begin. He learned a dozen different ways to drive from his house to work and back, and he varied the routes constantly. He lived with his eye floating on the rearview mirror. He never let down his guard. He told his neighbors nothing, or, if they pushed, he told them he worked for the government and left everything else a blank. His family knew better than to photograph him. All this became normal for him.

And then it was over. When Jesus Carrillo realized that his career was in ruins and his reputation smeared with mud and that he was in exile from his home, he started making notes about when things began to go bad for him. "Why am I here in this situation . . . in this mess," he wrote to himself, "when before I had a good job, happy family, and a terrific relationship with others? . . . Why am I here, away from my son and grandkids?"

He types out these thoughts in a distant city, where he and his wife are living out of suitcases. They've been told they can't go home yet, and nobody knows whether they will ever be able to go home. Carrillo senses when the shadow fell across his path. "I believe this situation started approximately three years ago while conducting an undercover operation relating to a money-laundry investigation. At the time, unknown to me, I was introduced to a Drug Enforcement Agency special agent who did not know who I really was. He was posing as a banker, and I was posing as a drug dealer from Mexico. During this operation, without intention, I made him look like a fool."

It was the fall of 1993. The setup was simple. Don Chuy was to sit down in a Jack in the Box in El Paso with a crooked banker who laundered dope money. Carrillo didn't know that the would-be banker was actually DEA agent Jack Geller. (These fuckups happen from time to time in the busy beehive of the El Paso narc world.) Geller strolls in, doing his banker number, and he's brought along an interpreter because Don Chuy does not speak English. . . . ever not in meets; not over his cell phone. Geller is loudmouthed and spews a stream of obscenities, and Carrillo decides that no real drug dealer would tolerate such disrespect, and so Don Chuy turns to the interpreter and says, "Tell this motherfucker that he's full of shit if he thinks he can talk to me that way." The translator, a woman working for the DEA, says, 'No, no. I can't translate those words to him," and Don Chuy says, "You gonna translate what I say word for word. Now you tell that motherfucker that I ain't gonna listen to this shit,' and with that Don Chuy launches into a tirade, and he sees the sweat on the banker's brow, and so he lays it on more and more, and then he's got his hand on the banker's back, and the banker starts and says, "Are you checking me for a wire?" and Don Chuy says, 'You fucking right I'm checking you for a wire, asshole, and if I find a fucking wire . . .' And with that, the heat keeps rising at the little table in the Jack in the Box in El Paso. All the while, Carrillo keeps hearing words out of the banker's mouth that are cop words—words like *operation*—and he starts to think, This guy is from another agency. When the meeting is over and he goes outside, Carrillo instantly makes the DEA surveillance team and he thinks, God, these guys are bush-league. So Carrillo gets in his truck and pulls right up behind the surveillance team and sits there, writing down their license number. And then he whips around and pulls up right beside the driver, rolls down his window and stares at the agents. And then he does one more thing. He roars around the lot and brings his truck up face-to-face with them, bumper to bumper, and he sits there for a while, staring at them through his windshield, and enjoys watching them squirm. Back at the station for the debriefing, he discovers that the banker is indeed DEA. Geller calls and tells him over the phone that Don Chuy "scared the shit out of me." Carrillo apologizes and figures they've put it all behind them.

But from that time on, he noted in his memo years later, 'friends, agents and other police officers from different agencies were being contacted by DEA agents to spread the rumor that I was dirty and not to work with me. They were told I was under investigation and that soon I would be going to jail."

Carrillo lived and worked in a world that hides from public view. We know what he did and how he did it from his own memory, from his case files, from the reports of other agencies, and from interviews with those around him, including a former partner. We know of the DEA efforts to smear him from a tape recording of such an effort and from memos from other agencies documenting it.

In the summer of 1994, Jack Geller contacted Sergeant Billy Arriaga of New Mexico's Otero County narcotics unit at his home. Arriaga had been working a case with Don

THE CARRILLO FAMILY HAS PLEADED WITH THE ATTORNEY GENERAL TO INTERCEDE IN JESUS'S CASE. "THIS SITUATION HAS TAKEN A SERIOUS TOLL ON THE WELL-BEING OF MY FAMILY," JESUSITA WROTE TO HER IN 1996. THEY HAVE NOT RECEIVED A RESPONSE



Chuy that day, and Geller explained to him that Carrillo was being investigated for selling dope, and he brought up allegations that Carrillo was dirty. "You have to draw your own conclusions about Chuy. I'm not going to say any more, because I don't want the guy to end up suing me," Geller told Arriaga. "All I can tell you is there's no federal agency down here that will work with him. Not a single one, because none of us trust him." The entire conversation was patched through a police command center and, as luck would have it, was automatically taped. Almost immediately, Carrillo requested a meeting with his superiors, played the tape, and demanded an end to the smears.

If you're a narc, you live surrounded by buckets of money and tons of dope, and if you take a dime or a gram, it can mean prison. The temptation is always there. Should you survive all this—living a lie, tension in the family, danger, the lure of money—you can still be undone by rumors (born of, say, the fact that you live in a nice big house), and your reputation can be destroyed by whispers you are never really allowed to answer. And as a final but permanent hurdle, you are surrounded by other narcs from other agencies, and you all compete for busts. This is the part of the war on drugs that doesn't get talked about much. A large part of the

combat takes place between different law-enforcement agencies jockeying for busts and for the loot they collect from confiscating the property (cars, houses, yachts, bank accounts) of dope dealers. It is quite possible that the drug dealers and the thugs of the cartels are more open in sharing information and more united in planning actions than the cops who face them. Carrillo became a victim of the warring forces of the narcotics world.

But along with the constant whispers about his possible corruption, Jesus Carrillo, through his life as Don Chuy, had created another monster. Someone in Juarez wanted him dead. Maybe because of a woman.

OPERATION NORMA BEGAN CASUALLY ON August 4, 1994, on the corner of Fourth and El Paso in El Paso, when Don Chuy had a chat with Norma Herrera. The entire operation is recorded in Carrillo's field notes and subsequent arrest records. Norma explained that she worked for a good organization and that they had some tasty cocaine stored in El Paso that they would let go for $16,000 a kilo. Don Chuy expressed interest but felt the price was a tad high. Ah, Norma Herrera countered, it would come down in the future, but for this first buy Don Chuy would have to pay the full price to prove his good faith. This haggling went on daily for almost two weeks, until August 17, when Don Chuy and Norma met at a McDonald's. She said the real problem was that her colleagues wondered whether Don Chuy was a cop. What? A cop? Don Chuy reassured her that, by God, he was a businessman from Albuquerque, looking for some coke deals to boost his profit line. The dance continued until November 22, after Norma assured him she would come across with the coke. She and Don Chuy frittered away the day in arguments about where to do the exchange. Norma was all for a garage a few yards from the Rio Grande, but Don Chuy didn't like being that close to the Republic of Mexico. Late in the afternoon, he told her that pretty soon the sun was going to set, and, by God, Don Chuy didn't work at night. They settled on the parking lot of an apartment complex, and soon a van rolled in. The driver told Don Chuy to hop aboard so he could inspect the ten kilos of coke while they rolled around El Paso. No, no, Don Chuy explained, he don't ride around in strange vans. How about holding a nice opened kilo up to the window so he could look at it, no?

One guy in the van did just that.

"Okeydokey," and then Don Chuy took off his hat.

Six people were taken down, and their bond was set at one hundred grand each. That would have been the end of it except for one little detail.

Carrillo suspects that Norma Herrera is part of the Herrera organization, a key component of the Juarez cartel. If you live in El Paso or Chicago or Los Angeles or Oklahoma or Albuquerque or Miami or New York or Las Vegas or Cincinnati or Denver or San Francisco or Houston or Dallas, hey, the Herrera team is your friendly neighborhood dope dealer. They are legend in the life. Since the early seventies, they've been busy growing opium poppies at Las Herreras, their ancestral village in Durango, and they do pretty well with their marijuana crops also. The organization has seven thousand members, at least three thousand of whom are blood kin. They are seen as impregnable, because it is pretty hard to get an important job in their operation unless you have the appropriate birth certificate. You have to put this in perspective. There are twice as many members of the Herrera organization as there are agents in all of the DEA. By the late seventies, the family Herrera was raking in about $100 million a year. By the late eighties, they'd doubled this to $200 million a year. And besides the family business of heroin and marijuana, they get timely air shipments of cocaine from Colombia.

About the same time Don Chuy was taking down Norma Herrera, he further complicated his life by bagging the lover of the most notorious capo in Juárez, a man named Gilberto Ontiveros, whose street name was El Greñas, the Mop Top, because of his quirky attitude toward personal grooming. At one time, El Greñas had lived in a nice mansion in Juarez with his pet tiger and with alligators in the foyer. But then he kidnapped an American photographer and, for sport, tortured him. This embarrassed the Mexican government, so he was shipped off to prison. For a drug dealer that's no big thing. If you have money, a cell phone, and a fax machine, a Mexican prison is a lot like a four-star hotel.

Somewhere in these two events is probably the moment when a hand picks up a knife and the blade starts moving toward the flesh of Jesus Carrillo. Mexico is a country that teaches patience, and the plan to slaughter Jesus Carrillo was delayed for two years because the Mexicans wanted to make damn sure he was no blood relation to Amado Carrillo Fuentes, the boss of bosses in the drug world. After running down his genealogy, they discovered to their relief that he was not kin.

Don Chuy, of course, knew none of this. He was busy busting dope dealers right and left and protecting his reputation from the whispers of the DEA. And, as always, he and his wife kept fixing up their house. By the summer of 1996, everything seemed to be going pretty well. That spring, Jesus Carrillo in a moment of exasperation filed a civil suit against local DEA agents for smearing his good name. And he was looking forward to a vacation—he and the wife and Carlos and Brigitte and the grandkids were taking off on Saturday, July 20, for Disneyland, in California. It was chill-out time. He'd put in almost thirty years with the Border Patrol, and he'd done pretty well for a kid who

THE DEA SENT OUT A BULLETIN THAT A FEDERAL OFFICER WAS THE TARGET OF A HIT—MEANING THE OFFICER COULD HAVE WORKED FOR ANY OF A DOZEN AGENCIES. AND YET INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO ALERT ONLY OTHER MEMBERS OF THE DEA. SO MUCH FOR SOLIDARITY IN THE WAR ON DRUGS



came up from Chihuahua to a new land. He had a fine home, a job he loved, and a family clustered around him, and he'd even begun to slow down a bit. For years, he'd told colleagues he had to get out of this undercover stuff, that it was too hard on the wife and all. But he'd never been able to do it to give up the juice of the street. At least he was cutting back, though, not doing as many deals, not wearing out his cell phone so fast. He was easing into some other kind of life, and he felt good about that. Of course, there is a downside to relaxing—you don't stay as alert. With Don Chuy around less of the time, Jesus Carrillo started missing things.

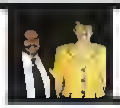
There is a memorandum written by an FBI agent assigned to investigate the attempted murder of Jesus Carrillo. In early July, according to this and other documents, a DEA agent in El Paso learned from an informant that there was a contract out on Carrillo. Under agency rules, a murder attempt is the property of the FBI, so the DEA flipped them the case. Besides, Carrillo was being investigated for corruption for at least the fourth time, and that charge also fell on FBI turf.

The three men who were assigned the contract on Carrillo were serious folk. According to federal documents, at least one of them had been involved in kidnapping two U.S. citizens, a mother and daughter, in Los Angeles the previous September and delivering them to Juárez, where they'd been held for two months by a man named Gustavo Payan and his wife, Michelle. The men later said that Payan was handling the contract on Jesus Carrillo and had hired them for a grand each. (Murder is a hell of a bargain on the border.) Payan was attached to the Juárez cartel and had had previous run-ins with American law enforcement. But his tail and made them. But Jesus was losing touch with Don Chuy, and so when he went to Sears on July 12 to buy a car battery, he didn't notice the van that went with him. When he worked in his backyard that day, he didn't pick up on the men in the van, watching him. He never noticed when twice the killers pulled into his driveway. The killers themselves had problems. If the contract had been merely to kill Carrillo, it would have been easy. But since the contract stipulated that he had to be kidnapped and hauled over to Juárez alive, they had to find some moment when he was alone and no one else was watching. It went on, day after day and it's no fun sitting in a van in 100 degree heat, waiting for a chance to snatch somebody.

On Thursday, July 18, Carrillo went down to his office and worked some files. Then he and his partner hit the streets and talked with informants. Later, he got a call from two friends, a big narc in New Mexico and a U.S. attorney. They said they were coming down to El Paso and planned to cross over into Juarez to get a chair upholstered, and why don't they all go over there together and have some drinks and dinner?

After dinner, Carrillo crossed back into the U.S. and went home. When he arrived, his wife said that an agent at the office was trying to get ahold of him because of some weird calls that had come in. She'd had a funny time lately herself. The day before, a couple of guys had come to the door, selling vacuum cleaners, and asked if her husband was home. She thought that was strange, since she had already told them she didn't need a new vacuum cleaner. They kept pestering her and wanted to come back when he'd be home. And then all day, she'd noticed some guy sitting in a white car out front in the heat. Like any narc's wife, she'd trained herself to be alert, because she knew that her husband's work

IMAGINE THAT YOUR COMPANY SUSPECTS YOU OF HAVING YOUR HAND IN THE TILL AND IS SO BENT ON NAILING YOU THAT IT DOESN'T TIP YOU OFF TO A PLOT TO KIDNAP YOU AND SKIN YOU ALIVE. IF YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT, YOU CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH JESUS CARRILLO.



this hardly cramped his style, since, like a lot of people in the drug business, he flitted back and forth across the border with phony identification papers. The border the politicians talk about, that hard line bristling with U.S. firepower and officials, does not exist on the ground. About a quarter of a billion people legally cross the U.S.–Mexican border each year, along with eighty-four million cars and a mob of trucks, and no one can really monitor this volume of traffic. The border is a place made for Don Chuy. It is also a place that can be fatal for Jesus Carrillo.

Beginning around July 10, the three killers started tracking Jesus Carrillo in a van. The vehicle had been supplied by the FBI through an informant and was, naturally, bugged. By Sunday, July 14, the FBI knew what the killers were planning and knew where they were. On that day the FBI told Carrillo's boss, Chief William Veal, what they were up to. But nobody told Jesus Carrillo that three guys were following him around and planning to kidnap him, skin him, and kill him. In the past, Don Chuy would have picked up on meant no one in the family could ever be completely safe.

Ah, well. Jesus Carrillo and his wife decided to call it a night and went to bed. At 6:30 AM on July 19, the phone rang, and Jesus picked it up. A voice said, "You have won the lottery. Call Carlos at this number." Jesus thought, What the hell is this? and asked the guy to identify himself. But the caller refused. So Jesus immediately dialed the pager number he'd been given. Five minutes later, his phone rang and someone named Carlos said, "I have been hired to collect the money that you owe to Gustavo Payan. You owe $800,000, and you better pay up or else." Jesus told the guy he was talking to the wrong person, but the caller would have none of this and said, "You took down one of our loads of cocaine, and Gustavo wants the money for that cocaine." Jesus said, "Hey, I don't know any Gustavo Payan" and asked, "Do you know who I am?" The guy said, "Yes." Jesus pressed on and asked, "Do you know what I do for a living?" The guy said, "You are a policeman." Jesus shot back, "If you know that I am a police officer, why are you asking me for [*continued on page 150*]

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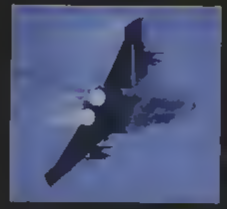


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EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

Somebody Stop Me!

Sports Clinic

ONCE UPON A TIME, I sprang for a gleaming pair of metal-flake purple in-line skates. Within weeks, they were languishing in the nether reaches of my closet. The reason was simple: I couldn't control my speed on hills. And I live in San Francisco.

For a few desperately stubborn days, I plowed into hedges, careened onto lawns, hugged light poles, and smacked into parked cars. You can fake along on skates fairly easily on the horizontal, but you can also settle into bad habits—improper weight distribution, stiff stance, poor balance—that make it that much harder for you when your skates point downhill.

Eventually, I turned to Eddy Matzger, a three-time-national-champion speed skater and master of the steep. He has skating technique down to a science. "All movement is metronomic," goes one of his lines of rolling commentary. "Line up the nose, knees, and toes. Form a triangle with your wide stance." Under his tutelage, I undertook to master the esoteric art of the skating stop.

—ALEX FRANKEL

Four Ways to Stop Without Burning Rubber

Like many serious skaters, Matzger rarely uses the heel brake. If you're traveling at any appreciable speed, it erases your brake pad so fast, you can watch it go. And to the practiced skating eye, it looks kind of uncool. At slower speeds and in tight spots, though, it's a quick and efficient stopper. Getting the maneuver down cold is mandatory.

Don't adopt the all-too-popular T stop, in which you drag the wheels of one skate behind you. It's an excellent way to strain your groin or even snap your anterior cruciate ligament (translation: blow out your knee).

1 THE AIR BRAKE

The simplest technique for slowing down is the "parachute." If you're pushing any kind of head wind—say, ten miles an hour or more—straighten up out of the crouch and be prepared to feel your weight rock back on your heels. Spread your arms wide and cup your hands. Unless you're descending, say, Nob Hill, your speed will immediately begin to drop.

2 THE SLOW PLOW

Another way to slow down. With knees close and feet apart, like a skier about to begin a snowplow, push the inner sides of your wheels against the ground—as if you wished your ankles could meet several inches beneath the roadbed. This creates friction on your wheels, scraping off some momentum, though it's effective only at slow to moderate speeds and on fairly level terrain.

3 THE SLALOM EFFECT

The bane of every slalom skier is the seasoned skater's secret. The more—and more vigorously—you turn, the faster you lose momentum. Which isn't to say that you want to swerve wildly all over the road. Holding your body squared forward, scissor your legs slightly—keeping your weight on the back foot and using your lead foot as a rudder—and lean into your turn in the direction of the lead foot. Get each turn down and then work on alternating slalom turns in rapid succession—that's the hard part. If you can feel your wheels barely retaining their grip on the road, you're maximizing your slowing power. Given a wide lane and some running room, this is the most efficient way to drop speed.

4 THE HOCKEY STOP

The most challenging technique is the frontward T stop, which amounts to a controlled hockey stop (check it out, opposite). You lift your braking leg in front of your weight-bearing leg, then, keeping it fully tensed, lower it to the road in front of you, perpendicular to your path, and scrape speed off with those four side-skidding wheels. It's hell on your wheels, and you need to be careful not to stub your toe in the process—but it's a very efficient stopper if you can master it.

GIRL RAY

For a few desperately stubborn days, I plowed into hedges, hugged light poles, and smacked into parked cars.

Skating's Soft Science



TIME WAS WHEN in-line skates were the stuff of Flash Gordon flashbacks, when the futuristic flair of their hard-molded boots reinforced the sense that the eight-wheeled would inherit the earth. Well, we did—but we did so whining all the while muttering things like "Ow!" and "Damn, it's hot in here!"



So the new skates have minimal hard-molded construction. They've also benefited from the zillions of man-hours we've logged on the roll. There's a highly evolved air about them—from the soft, moisture-wicking materials that cradle your feet to the loops, tabs, straps, and buckles that are unfailingly placed everywhere you need them. These skates aren't fit for a science-fiction fantasy but they're a fine fit for your workaday human foot. —BEN DICKINSON

The **QUANTUM L3** (above), Rollerblade's top of the-line fitness skate, was rolled out over the summer. Basically a hard polyurethane cradle for a foam rubber bootie, it's a Buick convertible of a skate, with oval side vents, an open top, and daylight under the adjustable-height ankle cuff—all to maximize ventilation. And it's a turbo-charged ride. A hinge on the cuff made of a high-tech rubber-like material (it's called an elastomer) flexes when you lean into each stride and springs back as you follow through, giving you a kind of spring-loaded mechanical boost. And the bootie is heat-moldable for a customized fit (you can reshape it up to three times)—an answered prayer for those of us hobbled by non-standard feet. $319

The **SYNERGY X** (see opening page) is Rollerblade's big-ass Coupe de Ville—its new addition to the burgeoning breed of skates that envelop the structural elements within a cushy leather upper. Like the hiking boots they so much resemble, they're designed to be worn comfortably for long periods. The Synergy X, too, has the elastomer hinge that puts extra spring into your stride, as well as a second-generation version of the popular ABT braking system, which automatically engages when you scissor your right skate forward. On the ABT 2 brake, the connector between the ankle cuff and the brake pad is set much closer to the back of the heel, making it easier for skaters to cross the right skate in front of the left and to perform other maneuvers unobstructed. $259

The **TRAFFIC 80** (left), just introduced by Rossignol, marks the renowned ski maker's entrance into the in-line fray. Rossignol, too, has chosen a soft-boot design for its whole line—for a reason. The wheels are detachable. The appeal is obvious to any skater who has encountered the inevitable NO SKATERS ALLOWED signs in the course of his rolling peregrinations, but earlier efforts failed to resolve the crucial design dilemma: how to make the wheels easily detachable while preserving structural rigidity when on the roll. The front of the wheel frame slides onto a shank embedded in the sole of the boot, the back of the frame has a buckle that snaps shut and locks. To take the wheels off, you flick the lock button and release the buckle at the back of the heel; then give the rear wheel a tap. The wheel frame slips off the shank and you're standing on solid ground in a sturdy, if somewhat ungainly, boot. $349

If Your Skating's Going Downhill...

Eddy Matzger, the stopping guru, holds workshops throughout the year and across the country. Courses run a full weekend, cost $165, and are geared to all ages and abilities. Call Matzger at 888-975-7467 or e-mail him at workshop@gte.net

GIRL RAY

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Pharmacopoeia

What If Weed Is *Exactly* What You Need?



MEDICINE TEACHES US that drugs are good—sometimes even *bad* ones. If morphine is what you need—perhaps as celebrated scriptwriter Dennis Potter did in his endgame with pancreatic cancer, swigging it from a flask during interviews with macabre panache—you can do that. But God forbid a patient in otherwise irremediable distress should look to marijuana for treatment. It's a crime, baby.

In the wake of the popular initiatives in California and Arizona supporting medical marijuana, the Clinton administration promised to prosecute any doctor who so much as qualifiedly recommends it to a patient. The *New England Journal of Medicine* responded with a lead editorial titled "Federal Foolishness and Marijuana." Even the stodgy AMA has issued sharply worded appeals for the federal funding of therapeutic-pot research. Meanwhile, nationwide support for medical marijuana inches toward the two thirds mark

The Trouble with Mary Jane

USING THE logic of test tubes and lab mice, researchers have huffed and puffed for decades, in *thousands* of studies funded by the feds' National Institute on Drug Abuse (read: your tax dollars at work!), to prove that ungodly amounts of THC—the primary psychoactive agent in marijuana—and marijuana smoke have deleterious effects on things like cells and rodents. They have never found a smoking gun. If they *had*, they wouldn't be sitting on the news.

The current health brief: Heavy marijuana users sometimes develop respiratory irritation akin to smoker's cough and attendant illnesses, and doctors have found precancerous changes in the lung tissue of potheads. Massive use of marijuana suppresses sperm counts, but marijuana users have the same infertility rate as nonusers. And though being stoned has obvious mental effects, no lasting damage to the brain and its functions has ever been convincingly demonstrated, even with decades of daily use.

No surprises here. Most of it was known twenty-five years ago.

During the same period, millions of Americans have been conducting their own informal marijuana experiments, and the epidemiology is increasingly clear as the years go by. If marijuana ever caused a single death, it didn't leave any fingerprints. The latest, most comprehensive study—of sixty-five thousand boomers and Xers in the Bay Area over ten years—found "no association between marijuana and overall mortality." And—who noticed?—the Great Marijuana Lung Cancer Disaster that was supposed to start a decade ago never materialized.

ROBERT LEWIS

Doctor, Doctor, Gimme the News

WHATEVER—but what's marijuana *good* for? Getting stoned is one thang, but unless you've had one or another dire illness, who's got time to examine the *res scientifica* of the matter? You could do worse than start with the new handbook *Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts: A Review of the Scientific Evidence* by drug sociologist Lynn Zimmer and narcotics authority Dr. John P. Morgan. The pithy, obsessively footnoted tome is a measured meta-analysis of the science of grass.

- For glaucoma, marijuana reduces the fluid pressure in the eyes that causes irreversible damage to vision.
- For AIDS patients and their rapidly changing medical regime, marijuana use is a convoluted issue, bound up with their immunosuppressed state and the danger—marginal for most people—posed by lung irritants and fungal illnesses such as aspergillosis. (If marijuana were regulated, fungal contaminants could be eliminated—one justification for cannabis-buying clubs.) Whatever the risk, many AIDS patients with treatment-induced nausea, appetite loss, and wasting syndrome claim that marijuana has literally saved their lives.
- Many multiple-sclerosis patients report that marijuana *improves* their motor functions and otherwise sustains them against the encroaching disease. It's also been effective against other conditions involving muscle spasticity and chronic or intermittent pain.
- The use of marijuana to counter nausea from chemotherapy is already widespread. Almost half the oncologists in a 1990 survey had recommended it to their patients. For these people, the federal taboo has an Orwellian ring—the official denial of an obvious truth—that for a significant percentage of patients, simply nothing else works as well.

All these therapeutic uses cry out for further study—funding and permission for which the feds have consistently denied. In the meantime, the decisive testimony in the medical-marijuana fracas is that of the patients themselves. Marijuana's critics argue that evaluation of relief from pain or nausea is inherently subjective. But ultimately, that cuts two ways. Attacks on patients' testimonials are themselves unsustainable.

Take the case of Richard Brookhiser, the famously flinty senior editor at William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review*. Before a congressional committee, Brookhiser testified that when he was stricken with testicular cancer, marijuana was his antinauseant of last resort. "Because of the marijuana," he told the congressmen, "my last two courses of chemotherapy were almost nausea-free." Noting that "plenty of sick people get arrested, and plenty go to jail" for using marijuana, he concluded that "the law disgraces itself when it harasses the sick." In closing, he said, "Let me assure you that whatever you think now, if that moment comes to you, you will turn to marijuana."

—BEN DICKINSON

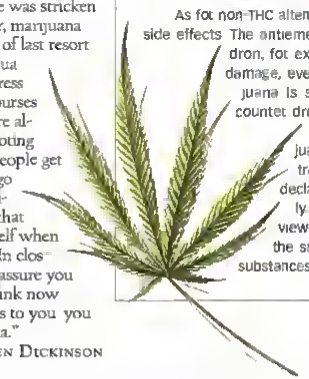
The Herb Versus the Pill

A PROMINENT DRUG WARRIOR has argued: "It is unthinkable that in the closing decade of the twentieth century American medicine would return to prescribing smoked leaves for any condition." It *does* seem odd—until you compare it with the alternative. Dronabinol (marketed as Marinol)—synthetic THC suspended in a capsule of sesame oil—is a legal drug prescribed for nausea, appetite stimulation, depression, and spasticity (itself a legal acknowledgment of the therapeutic value of marijuana). Here are seven ways it compares poorly with the real thing:

1. An oral remedy for nausea, retching, and vomiting has obvious drawbacks; smoking is as easy as gasping for air.
2. The onset of relief from the capsule takes an hour or more; smoking takes effect within minutes.
3. The one-hour lag time means that oral dosage is difficult to adjust and monitor; a patient can cease or continue smoking in response to minute-to-minute results.
4. Oral THC is metabolized through the liver, which neutralizes more than *90 percent* of the chemical; smoking delivers the THC—as well as some sixty other unsynthesized cannabinoids, many of which, apparently, are therapeutic, too—directly to the bloodstream.
5. An oral dose lasts six unpredictable hours, and liver metabolism also means that its effects are variable even at different times in the same patient; smoking lasts a more manageable and predictable hour or two.
6. Some patients whose livers metabolize the synthetic delta-9-THC partially into a more potent psychoactive 11-hydroxy THC get that much more stoned on the metabolite.
7. A Marinol regime can cost upwards of $600 a month; the cost of smoking crude marijuana could be negligible if cultivation for medical use were legalized.

As for non-THC alternatives—many have *serious* side effects. The antiemetics Compazine and Decadron, for example, pose a risk of liver damage, even death. Meanwhile, marijuana is safer than many over-the-counter drugs. Asked to evaluate the medical benefits of marijuana, the DEA's own administrative judge Francis L. Young declared in 1988—inconveniently from the DEA's point of view—that marijuana is "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."

RODICA PRATO



God forbid a patient in otherwise irremediable distress should look to marijuana for treatment: It's a crime, baby.

The Male Mind

Under Your Thumb

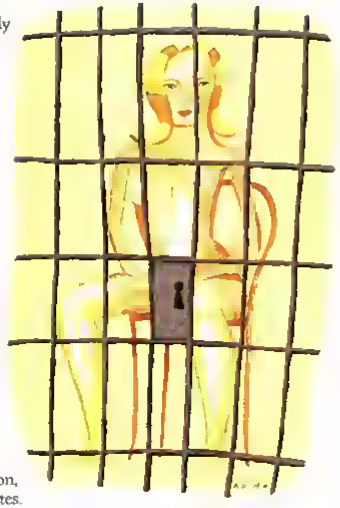
By Michael Segell

It's 10:00 P.M. Do you know where your wife is?

In another time and place, this was a moot question. Whether powerful despots or lowly laborers, men have a long and embarrassing but highly successful history of "mate guarding"—a fancy euphemism for keeping a tightly clamped lid on the female libido. From confining wives and concubines in cells to veiling, chaperoning, observing purdah, foot-binding, and inflicting genital mutilation, men have resorted to an extraordinary range of unseemly tactics to discourage women from wandering off with a frisky and charming stranger.

Some of these ancient strategies are not much different, in either spirit or deed, from the vigilante techniques deployed by our relatives in the animal kingdom. The males of many species drive off rival suitors, herd females to keep them under control, insert sperm plugs to block females' reproductive tracts, emit foul scents to repel rivals, remain attached to females after copulation, or build fences around their mates.

Of course, we enlightened, postfeminist men have evolved beyond such barbarism, right? Well, yes and no. During the final heats of ancestral sperm competitions, our brains became encoded with a variety of strategic responses, some quite unconscious and benign, to possible cues of female waywardness. Let's say your "mate" is out of town for a week on business with six male colleagues. Even if you ejaculate regularly while she's away (nervous? you?), you'll still release more spermatozoa when she returns to your eager arms than you did during any of your solo emissions. You'll also begin to



manufacture more sperm designed to compete with a rival's than sperm whose sole function is to fertilize an egg. Scientists consider this a sophisticated psycho-physiological adaptation to your unavoidable lapse in mate monitoring—or, put another way, to your possessive and suspicious nature.

Other monitoring mechanisms, however, are not so quaint. Consider our reactions to rape. Studies find that while a husband or lover would seem to be the most obvious source of comfort to a rape victim, he's often the least compassionate—particularly when she's not visibly injured. Why? Lacking evidence of coercion, he may suspect his partner's complicit involvement—and perhaps other infidelities. In fact, the more brutal, and hence less equivocal, the attack, the more understanding and concerned he is. To some degree, this mind-set rears its ugly head in nearly every rape trial. She asked for it.

Why Mick and Keith had your number all along

Discrepancies in what evolutionary psychologists call "mate value"—one's desirability on the hypothetical breeding lot—are also a cause of some ferret-like male behavior. Despite PC doctrine, in virtually every culture in the world a man's mate value continues to be determined by his ability to provide for his wife and offspring, a woman's by her beauty and fertility. Thus, men show off their Rolexes and stock portfolios, women flaunt their sexiest selling points.

But imbalances cause problems. In a recent study of 107 married couples, David Buss and Todd Shackelford, psychologists at the University of Texas, found that men who had a substantially younger or more attractive wife were far more likely than others to keep a territorial eye on their connubial prize, threaten imagined suitors, or even resort to violence against potential rivals. Their findings parallel other research that documents a rise in spousal homicides as the age gap between husband and wife increases.

Curiously, women tend to have the opposite response to mate-value disparities. In Buss and Shackelford's investigation, those married to men whom they perceived to be highly attractive on the open market (world beaters, in other words) tended to relax their vigilance—"an implicit acknowledgment that such a man is entitled to devote the surplus mate value to extramarital relationships," the authors say. Keeping a resourceful but wayward partner on a long and elastic leash, the psychologists concluded, was far more desirable to these women than hooking up with a faithful man whose wherewithal was more limited.

Then again, maybe they were just enjoying their freedom.

JULIETTE BORDA

Dept. of Motility

Are You Screwing Up Your Sperm?



A hot tub or a sauna—even a long, hard run—can leave a man sterile for up to three months.

GARY BASEMAN

In one classically inappropriate George moment, *Seinfeld*'s George learns that he's impregnated a friend of Elaine's and he throws up his arms in triumph. "My boys can swim!"

As well he should—one out of six couples in America is infertile. Though society has traditionally blamed women for the failure to conceive (think of all those batten women in the Old Testament), infertility specialists have come to the conclusion that in *half* of the cases the blame can be traced to the "boys."

Nature, in the form of your genetic inheritance, probably plays the biggest role in determining the state of the sperm, but urologists warn that nurture is important, too. In other words, you have to take care of your boys if you want them to take care of you. Sperm cells actually spend *seventy-four days* in development inside the testes, and during that time they're pretty defenseless against the outside world. Dr. Marc Goldstein, director of the Male Reproduction Center at New York Hospital, says that OSHA uses semen analysis when it tests for environmental toxicity, the hypersensitive boys serving as the proverbial canary in the coal mine.

So what to avoid? Your cigarette habit—here we go again—will damage your sperm and reduce their number, and it can apparently inflict another kind of damage. Two new studies reported in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* suggest that the children of fathers who smoke run a 15 percent higher risk of childhood cancers. Similar research in other countries has estimated the risk to be as much as 50 percent greater. We know that recreational drugs can suppress sperm counts—so can excessive drinking—but it's less known that prescription drugs such as Tagamet (for ulcers) and the antibiotic erythromycin can drop your numbers as well.

But probably the biggest environmental culprit is heat. A hot tub or a sauna—even a long, hard run—can leave a man sterile for up to three months. (Urologists used to try beating the heat with a device that cooled the underwear but the testes countered by drawing closer to the body's warmth—*Seinfeld*ian "shrinkage.") As to the presidential question of Jockeys versus boxers, Dr. Goldstein says Jockeys are probably not guilty of spermicide but recommends that hopeful dads to be wear one size larger than normal and stick to cotton. The boys gotta breathe.

—Joseph Hooper

Remedies

The Over-the-Counter Ulcer

Here's a scenario. You're doing some seemingly sensible over-the-counter self-medicating—then one day without warning, you're borne away to the ER, sirens wailing, with a bleeding or even perforated ulcer.

What the hell were you taking? Just a pain reliever, doc—a nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drug, to be precise: aspirin, ibuprofen (Advil), naproxen (Aleve), or ketoprofen (Orudis). NSAIDs cause gastric ulcers in about 15 percent of patients who use them steadily for three months or more, and they trigger more generalized gastrointestinal bleeding in many others. (More than half of all patients hospitalized for GI bleeding are regular users of pain relievers.)

Some seventy-six thousand people a year are hospitalized for NSAID-caused complications—and here's what's dangerous. The majority are unaware of any symptoms until they're already in trouble. To minimize your chances of joining their ranks, you should:

- find the mildest NSAID that works for you,
- use the minimum dosage that gives you effective relief, or
- try switching to acetaminophen (Tylenol), which doesn't cause bleeding problems.

As the labels clearly instruct, you should pester your doctor if you have doubts about *any* of these drugs, some, particularly acetaminophen, can damage your liver if used excessively, especially if you're a heavy drinker. And ask yourself why you're reaching for the pill bottle. A recent study found that fully a quarter of people taking NSAIDs couldn't give a clear reason for doing so.

—Ben Dickinson

Gentlemen, Surrender Your Sticks

By Phil Patton

THE MOST PRIMAL PART of the art of driving is what you hold in the palm of your hand: the stick. It's no accident that hardcore auto enthusiasts are called gearheads. The shift gate is the way to a car's soul, the stick throbs with the heartbeat of the engine. For get its energy savings; forget the inevitable Freudianisms. In a fine gear box, there is nothing less than music. You drive by ear as much as by hand.

I have heat-hazed memories of my first stick—a landlord-green Plymouth Belvedere with three on the tree in which, one summer, I stuttered and stalled across the Carolina Piedmont. The stick is human because it's harder. It keeps reminding you of your fallibility; many a Nascar driver has lost a race when he missed a shift.

Your right hand twitches like a new ex-smoker's while your clutch foot dances on the ghost pedal.

But hold on to your knob because transmissions are about to change radically. With urban traffic at a crawl, the U.S. market for sticks, always small, has continued to shrink. It's no fun to pump a clutch through a two-mile-long, two-mile-per-hour backup on the Gowanus Expressway. And soon you won't have to choose between the craft of a manual and the ease of an automatic.

An early bid comes from Porsche: the Tiptronic S, which can shift between manual and auto. In manual mode, you shift by means of buttons on the steering wheel, just as in Formula One race cars. The Tiptronic would face more resistance among gearheads had it not come from engineers with the credentials of Porsche's. The 911 already offers a four-speed Tip, but the new five-speed version in the Boxster and in the forthcoming new 911 is a much improved animal. Now Audi, too, whose new models reflect increasingly clever design and engineering, has licensed Tiptronic as the automatic option in the '98 A4 and in the new, larger A6, out next month.

The Tip's chip reads a number of factors—throttle pressure, braking, and grade foremost among them—to adapt its shift points, reading the driver almost the way the driver used to read the road. It's even integrated with traction control, responding to any spin or slip.

I tested the Tip against the stick in Boxsters on the autobahn, where race-car-style buttons feel right at home. It's easy to get used to thumbing and forefingering up and down through the gears—and you have push-button passing power at your fingertips. It's at low speeds that the Tip feels odd. Working it through villages that rise up as suddenly as Brigadoon or around farm equipment that pops up on the blind curve of a narrow lane, you miss the clutch and stick when you're trying to get back up to speed. Your right hand feels underemployed, twitching like a new ex-smoker's, while your clutch foot dances reflexively on the ghost pedal.

But the Tip is well suited to the American exurbs, running it around a Northeast metropolis I relished having a hand free to communicate forcefully with other drivers. Less satisfying is another auto/manual hybrid: Chrysler's AutoStick. Like the Tip, it slots easily from auto to manual. But you still shift on the floor, up and down, and the motion felt uncertain and plastic in the Intrepid I drove. After a while, the manual option seemed a nuisance. The engine is powerful enough, and the automatic responsive enough, that manual hardly seems worth the trouble.

It's with smaller engines that the stick has always been most appreciated. And only smaller engines, up to now, have been able to accommodate the technology that represents the true future of transmissions. Continuously variable transmissions, or CVTs, use belts instead of gears to transmit the power of the engine to the wheels. By cutting out the middle man of gearing, they can significantly reduce fuel consumption. They've been around for decades in Europe and Asia, but only recently has a successful CVT gone on the market here, in the Honda Civic coupe, in which it drives like an automatic with unearthly long first and second gears.

Now Ford is claiming a major breakthrough in using CVTs with larger engines. Its engineers put an experimental CVT in a Taurus with a six-cylinder Vulcan. In demonstrations it pulled strongly and steadily from a stop to sixty, with none of the wavering power of some earlier CVTs or the sometimes hiccupy shifts of the standard Ford automatic.

But CVTs can feel positively weird. They have no shift points, they're as seamless as the clothes on *Star Trek*. Like compact discs, however, they are the way of the future—the simpler, smoother successor to the ragged grooves of gears. And just as we miss the tone arm and needle, we're going to miss the stick.



1. Porsche's Tiptronic S lets you choose auto or manual mode with the stick.
2. In manual mode, you thumb through the gears—no clutch, no problem.

FRANCIS HAMMOND

The $7,000 Race Car

FIVE YEARS AGO, H. A. "Humpy" Wheeler, the marketing whiz behind the Charlotte Motor Speedway and the new Texas Motor Speedway, created the Legends cars, flashy five-eighths-scale replicas of late-1930s hot rods. Legends racing has taken off in the heartland with country music stars and off-duty Nascar drivers piloting their own. Here's Humpy's latest notion: the Bandolero, half go-cart, half racer: a 450-pound vehicle with a screamin' V-Twin Briggs & Stratton engine and a wacky, faux-Ferrari fiberglass body. Named after Pancho Villa's insurgents, the Bandolero fits in a pickup-truck bed and sells for less than seven grand. Wheeler envisions a whole racing circuit built around the car. For info on where to buy and race the Bandolero, contact 600 Racing, 704-455-3896.



Memories of the Ford Administration

HIGHWAY VIOLENCE is rising, gas consumption is fast approaching pre-energy crisis levels, and Barry White is back. The time is right for Interstate '76, an "auto-combat simulation" computer game compounded of muscle cars, heavy weaponry, a funk soundtrack, and dudes with huge Afros. The time is an alternative version of the 1970s: the place, a stylized version of the American Southwest that resembles the landscape of *The Road Warrior*. You play an "auto vigilante," roaring down the road in a 426-horsepower machine equipped with twin M-60s, determined to save Amerca's remaining petroleum reserves.

You can customize the cars—which have names like Piranha and Manta—by adding new tires, nitrous oxide, and more firepower. Interstate '76 puts racing games in the shade. It's also a digital depiction of the day dreams of millions of us marooned on the interstate, itching to blow away the jerk in the Camaro who just cut us off. Interstate '76 comes on two discs, taking up a minimum of 80 megs on your hard drive, and requires a fast Pentium. It's $49.95 from Activision. For samples, see www.activision.com.

The Zin Frenzy

"I THINK THE Europeans are laughing at us" says Doug Nalle, one of California's premier zinfandel makers, about America's latest wine obsession How nice that our tacking and veering trendiness affords them amusement But maybe they're actually hurting on the inside, because they're at the back of the line for the new zins, controversial wines that are goading American collectors into a feeding frenzy



We've never seen a run of wines like the zinfandels from the sunny vintages of the 1990s Broodingly purple unctuous as 30-weight, and radiating exotic, hyperspiced perfumes, they muscle past the 14-percent alcohol level that the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms decrees for "table wine," registering 15-, 16 , even 17-percent plus While the vast majority of zinfandels remain far less tonsil-threatening it's these full-throttle wines, often from decades-old vines that command more and more of the adulatory press and the luxury prices ($20 to $45) They're brutishly in Brioni, the heaviest in *balance* wines ever made in North America The question is whether this is a good thing

Open a bottle of Ridge Vineyard's 1995 California Geyserville—with thirty vintages behind it, the granddaddy of the genre. It's made largely from a miraculously surviving patch of bushlike vines planted by a pal of Luther Burbank's in the 1880s that yield a trickle of pungently concentrated juice At just over 14 percent alcohol, the '95 Geyserville is a tongue-blackening wine that billows the kind of nose dilating spice aromas that led the Crusaders to march on the Holy Land clove and cinnamon and—I would swear to this—something like hot cross buns, coconut and peanut brittle Whether you want all that in your dinner beverage is your own lookout

You may find that one glass of such flamboyant wine is enough For drinkers who appreciate more moderately proportioned European style reds like Bordeaux or Chianti or Rioja, even that may be a glass too far "Everybody is talking about these big intense wines," says Nalle a born-again zinfandel conservative, "but nobody wants to drink them "

Well, maybe not *nobody* The world's foremost arbiter of wine tastes, Robert Parker Jr., calls the Martinelli 1995 Jackass Hill zinfandel "maybe the single greatest zinfandel I have ever tasted " He adds, "When I was told that this dry wine was closer to 18 percent [alcohol], I was dumbfounded " Parker believes that the similarly rich Turley Wine Cellars zins "are clearly the most concentrated and powerful zinfandels ever made "

But really this is only the latest turn on the style dial Ever since an 1830 Long Island nursery catalog offered cuttings of a "Black Zinfardel, of Hungary" we've gotten used to having the big lug around But we've never known where it came from (*not* Hungary) or exactly what to do with it Unlike, say, pinot noir, there's no European model for how to make a zinfandel

In its search for selfhood in California, the grape has been through at least one "monster zin" phase before in the 1970s and early 1980s Rough cob wines with searing levels of tannin and alcohol—those were zinfandels detractors liked to say, that went great with live game

Today's giant zins usually accompany predeceased dinners The best have a kind of big-boned George Sanders grace about them They don't suit every taste, but pour a glass with a slice of smoky grilled meat or a bacon-and mushroom pizza or a blackened fish steak, and you can feel the appeal It's a New World thing and we're getting it sussed

THOMAS CARD

These Wines Don't Blush

Dry Creek Vineyard 1994 Reserve ($20) Floral spicy and medium rich from eighty year-old vines

Martinelli 1995 Jackass Hill ($45) * Velvet glove iron fist amazing grace At 17 5 percent alcohol It demands rare steak and tomorrow off

Nalle 1995 ($19) Rich but not supermich, juicy and dinner-friendly

A Rafanelli 1995 ($18) Truly handmade unfiltered inky and wonderful

Mavenswood 1995 Dickerson ($21 50) * A rare zinfandel to cellar (five or more years) already tastes like spiced-up chocolate-covered berries

Ravenswood 1995 Grandmère ($23) * Dense peppery let someone else drive.

Ridge 1995 California Geyserville ($25) * The aristocrat, a very rich refined blend based on 117 year old zinfandel vines

St Francis 1995 Reserva Pagani Vineyard ($28) * A gorgeous blockbuster vanilla and clove (from oak barrels) meet the world's richest crushed black plum

Turley 1995 Black Saara Vineyard ($26) * Massive but silky textured with a knockout aroma of wild berry and spice.

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Eating Out By John Mariani

Mex to the Max

Can somebody tell me why the best Mexican restaurants in El Norte are in the North? Why hasn't San Antonio or Santa Fe—or Los Angeles, for God's sake—got even one place like the great Topolobampo in Chicago? Maybe southwesterners like their food just fine the way it is—the real deal from a rambling roadhouse or an old town family joint. Places where the combo platter still reigns *suprema*. And why not? It's good grub.

But let them come to the brand-new Maya in New York (1191 First Avenue, 212-585-1818), and they'll discover what price they pay for their traditionalism.

This is not nouvelle Mex or fusion Mex. Chef-owner Richard Sandoval respects culinary tradition, then adds a twist that makes his tortilla soup with avocado, cactus leaves, and *cotija* cheese lighter and more flavorful than any you'll taste outside Mexico City. His quesadillas are made with zucchini blossoms and charred chile strips called *rajas*. His gorgeous-looking chile relleno is pumped up with shrimp, scallops, and calamari, topped with manchego on a black bean puree, with a vibrant chile salsa. He grills a red snapper with an achiote paste and serves it with a red-cabbage-and tomato salad and sweet cilantro chipotle sauce. He glazes grilled pork tenderloins with tamarind vinaigrette and serves them with a luxuriant corn puree and pumpkin-seed sauce. And if you've never had the corn fungus called *huitlacoche*, try Sandoval's roasted-corn soup with a *huitlacoche* dumpling and taste why it's considered Mexico's answer to white truffles.

Maya is done up in the sun saturated colors of Sandoval's native Acapulco, with majolica ceramics, Mayan masks, and serving plates you'll beg him to sell to you. And did I warn you that you *will* fall in love with hostess Zulma Lopez?



KENNETH CHEN

hotPlate

MY FAVORITE MOUTHFUL OF THE MONTH



TRACEY MAURER

I don't think any one could improve on basic bread pudding with bourbon sauce, but Melissa Piper of the new Redwood Grill in Houston has done the deed. Instead of the usual day old bread, she thought toasted cinnamon croissants might work even better. Good thinking, Melissa!

Proof in the pudding.

Have a Nice Meal

Have you noticed that top restaurants across the land are getting like *really* friendly? Even when they don't know you? Used to be you had to go to Hooters to find that kind of up-front hospitality.

The change is dramatic and ubiquitous. At the new, jam-packed Vizard's in New Orleans, the greeting at the door has the same lilting bonhomie for newcomers as that reserved for Garden District regulars. Lunch at the new Chasen's in Beverly Hills and maitre d' Jose Santos may well give you a table right next to Don Rickles's *hockey puck*! Walk into the impossible to book Balthazar in New York's SoHo and a model-pretty hostess will apologize for not having a table, then cordially invite you to the bar until one turns up, maybe next to Julia Roberts or Robin Williams. Owner Keith McNally knows the drawing power of celebrity patrons, but he also knows the staying power of a loyal rank and file.

Why aren't the power restaurants of this boom-boom economy hewing to the elitist snobbery that reigned a decade ago? Perhaps because they're facing a much more savvy and demanding customer who can smell condescension the moment he pushes through the door. Hot restaurants with attitude problems go cold in weeks. Now only the warm survive.

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The Trip

Europe's Latest Cultural Capital


Guggenheim IV, Frank Gehry's postmodern tribute to modernism.

It is my last night in Bilbao, political capital of the Spanish Basque country, and I have penetrated a terrorist cell: two half-French, half-*Bilbaíno* brothers, Daniel and Xavier, and George, an Englishman born and raised here. They are giving me a lesson in bomb making.

"We Basques are always making bombs," confides Daniel, bent double over his device.

"That's right," George agrees, unfurling the rolled waxed paper of a common Spanish matchstick. With trembling fingers, he wraps the paper around the head in such a way as to leave the sulfur tip exposed. Now he strikes the head against the matchbox.

All night, so it's a *minor* terrorist cell. I tried to find one that was a little more cinematic, but the damned things are hard to come by. Which is precisely the point, of course. Through the years, this city of 433,000—an hour south of the French border, ten miles inland from the Bay of Biscay—has existed in newspapers only as the site of secessionist murder and in travel guides only as a dour industrial sprawl. Well, I'm here to tell you that while it is occasionally both, it is generally neither.

The most accurate description of Bilbao I've come across is "bourgeois," and it is surely that—a Lacoste-and-houndstooth model of consumptive contentment. There are so many shoe stores here, you'd think they'd just come through a calfskin crisis. But when you're sitting in the Plaza Nueva, an early-nineteenth-century Place des Vosges, on a Sunday afternoon, the question is an obvious one: "Is bourgeois such a bad thing?" As I sip my *caña* with soccer balls beating time against the blond limestone, Spanish Big Wheels cruising among the café tables and the old folks in their woolens strung out like grackles on a low wall, I have to answer, "No."

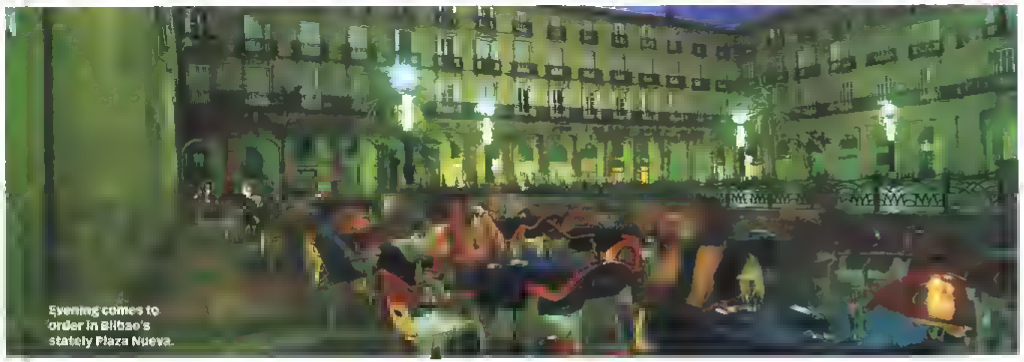
It is no backhanded compliment to say that this city, cleft by the bilious Ría Nervión, is one of incidental beauty. As in Naples or Casablanca—or TriBeCa, for that matter—you've got to take it where you find it. But beauty there unquestionably is, from the unforgiving Gothic face of San Vicente Martir (*rebuilt* four hundred years ago) to the shrink-wrapped barmaids at Twiggy. This city is beautiful in its food, its wine, its very language—an impenetrable non-Indo-European pile of *x*'s and *z*'s—is a gorgeous, mutating fossil. Walk the sweating stones of the Casco Viejo, Bilbao's old quarter, on a weekend night (and you should plan to go on a weekend night) and odds are that you will still be there at dawn, borne along by packs of locals, each plying its customary route through the city's countless watering holes. Drive out to Mundaka and surf one of the world's great left-to-right breaks—then sit on the terrace at Portuondo, pickle yourself with a sharp, young txacoli and watch the tide reclaim the mammoth fan of sand at the mouth of the Urdaibai estuary. Venture east along the Bay of Biscay to San Sebastián and on into the Pyrenees—or west along the Cantabrian coast to the narrow limestone valleys of the Picos de Europa National Park—and I defy you to say this landscape is anything less than spectacular.

But Bilbao has never been in the business (as I am) of hyping its amenities. For centuries, it has confined itself to the job of driving the Basque economy—first as a port linking Castile to northern Europe, then as a steelmaking and shipbuilding center, and most recently as a devourer of South American banks. Following an industrial collapse in the latter half of this century, however, the city was beginning to look and feel decidedly down at heel. So in the mid-1980s, the government decided to reward Bilbao for all its hard work since the Middle Ages and treated it to the civic equivalent of a weekend at Baden Baden: a $1.5 *billion* restoration aimed at turning the city into a shimmering dot on a local tourist map that already includes San Sebastián, Pamplona, Biarritz, and the Pyrenees.

That money has done wonders, producing not only a much-needed new sewer but a modish subway system, a spanking white span across the Nervión and a relocated port that will reestablish Bilbao as the largest in Spain. A huge concert hall is nearly finished, and new parks, riverside pathways, and such are in the works. But all of that pales against the 256,000-square-foot Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, the third offshoot of the Fifth Avenue original and the next stop on the world tour of work by Richard Serra, Mark Rothko, and the whole merry gang of postwar contemporary artists that underpins the Guggenheim's permanent collection. A suitably self-congratulatory exhibition, "The Guggenheim Museums and the Art of This Century," opens this month.

The $100 million building, funded by Basque taxpayers and designed by Frank Gehry, is a spectacular eruptive cluster of traditional limestone boxes and swooping, titanium-clad forms, the latter evoking the very industrial and maritime legacy the museum is intended to supplant. Gehry's design has drawn praise from all quarters—Philip Johnson said that Gehry "reinvented the curve here"—but there has been no shortage of criticism in Bilbao of the museum qua institution. Many Basques are shocked by its past and future costs (the strapped Guggenheim is supplying only art and expertise) and fear it will displace Basque and Spanish artists. Hecklers on the international art scene see the Guggenheim becoming the Golden Arches of the art world.

But let it be said: A Motherwell is not a McNugget. And it seems safe to assume that all parties to the deal are in it for their own reasons. Given that, and given what the city had to offer in the first place, it is entirely likely that Guggenheim IV will do just what it promises to do. Pay. —Will Bourne


Evening comes to order in Bilbao's stately Plaza Nueva.

LEFT: AITOR ORTIZ

Where to Eat Like a Basque

The Basques like to tell you to go to San Sebastián for tapas, to Guetaria for seafood, and to Rioja Alta for wine, but for all three, plus local specialties such as *besugo a la Bilbaina* (porgy grilled with chile peppers), *angulas a la Bilbaina* (baby eels from the Sargasso Sea sizzling in a garlic bath), and the fabulous *bacalao pil pil* (salt cod cooked slowly in a satiny emulsion of garlic and oil), Bilbao will more than do.

These and other Basque delicacies are most easily found at the beloved **Guria** (Gran Vía 66), where the chef is famous for the exquisitely creamy texture of his *pil pil*.

If you're up for the rigors of cruising for tapas (the Basques call them *pinchos*), the Calle del Licenciado Poza teems with bars. In the evening, the streets are clogged with revelers who bounce from one to another sampling the little meatballs called *albóndigas*, the garlicky chorizo, and the Serrano ham, and swigging down the effervescent *txacoli*. Two of the best tapas bars are **Or-Kompón** and **Taberna Zizipot**.

But the best restaurant in Bilbao is just outside the city—**Juantxu Jatetxea** in Zornotza (Barrio Eriartze), on the road to Guernica. (It was bankrolled by Spain's five-time Tour de France champ Miguel Indurain.) From fresh cèpe with Swiss chard and melted *queso blanco* to oxtail stew and dessert croquettes oozing marmalade, this is one of the finest meals you'll have in Basque country. —John Mariani

Quarters to Consider

Frank (as in Gehry) stays at the **Hotel Carlton**. And no wonder: impeccably posh retro four star situated emphatically on the Plaza de Federico Moyua. Head and shoulders above the five-star Lopez de Haro (which has no CNN, for starters) and slightly more expensive at $170 during the week, $95 on the weekends. Tel. 011-34-4-416-2200.

The **Hotel Arraga** is a sizable step down but has a stronger pulse. One highly polished floor and an haute bourgeois common room (no CNN here, either) on the edge of the old quarter. Tel. 011-34-4-479-0001 and 479-0516. $30 to $50.

(continued from page 82)

awfully sexist, but the rumor seems to escalate in proportion to Hanover's distance. People seem to forget that Dennison Young, the man who handled Giuliani's press when he was U.S. attorney, also never left his side.

COULD WE EVER LOVE THIS MAN?

The mayor has uncharacteristically decided to cancel his appointments for the afternoon. It is Tiger Woods Day. Or at least, the mayor proclaimed it Tiger Woods Day just minutes ago after Woods arrived at Randall's Island—tucked away between Queens and East Harlem—to give a golf clinic to city kids. There's a sports center there and trees and grass. It's such a nice day. Maybe we could all just stop here in the shade, and talk. Cristyne suggests. Take some downtime. Take a break. And the mayor might hit a few balls in the batting cage.

Earlier, I noticed that Tiger Woods has a perfectly round head, like a soccer ball. Impossibly perfectly round. Head shape is an interesting thing, and it seems important on TV, important on a movie screen. You have to have a certain head shape, or you look like a freak or a weakling. It is particularly important in politics. I have observed over the years—there are only certain head shapes that allow you to rule effectively. Most senators have really big heads. Ted Koppel–size heads. The bigger the head, the better, and Rudy's—I also couldn't help but notice—is large and quite senatorial also. Blockish. Square. He has a very strong jaw, too. Almost sweet eyes. His forehead is big and high.

We find an empty spot and settle under a white tent, leaning back in two plastic chairs on the grass. There's a breeze, and Rudy looks very cool and relaxed. He takes his jacket off. His eyes become large and relaxed and open. He drinks a cold Diet Coke. I raise the subject of Bill Bratton. Rudy's face says, Oh, *him*. He went to Elaine's too much, Rudy says, and it looked bad—"I thought the emphasis on the heavy nightlife, the drinking, did not give the kind of image to the police department that it needed." Bratton was restless to leave government and "make a million dollars," he says. He took trips to exotic places, and his millionaire friends paid for them. Rudy says. "Trips here, trips there. Those things were troubling," he says. "You lead by example, or you really don't lead."

Bratton later declines to respond on the record and makes it clear he doesn't want to get into a pissing match with the mayor. Besides, he's got a book coming out next winter.

Rudy is smiling. "There's never been a mayor who understands the psyche of the police department the way I do," he says. "I think Bill did some good things, but some of those strategies were things *I came up with*. The squeegee operation—*totally my idea*. The emphasis on quality of life—*my idea*."

A list was starting, a case was being mounted. Credit. He wants more credit. And I was finally getting with the program. Fine. Okay. Take some credit, Rudy. *No, take it all. Take it all, and run with it, Rudy. you did everything. You arrested every criminal, cleaned up every street. Thought everything. It was you, all you!*

I could see it very clearly now, too. He is a megalomaniac, a despot, a monster. But his certainty is exhilarating: his control, a relief. So what if the schools are a disaster and the city economy still rises and falls with Wall Street? "Even after I'd figured out he was a lunatic," says one former staffer, "I'd meet with him in person and think, *God, what a brilliant, rational man*. I'd be agreeing with everything he said, and then I'd leave the room, hitting my head."

His awful spell is inescapable. And if I were living in New York.... Yes, okay, it's true—*I'd vote for him*. I could even *love* him.

Rudy heads to the batting cages. He's got his suit jacket thrown over his shoulder and swinging from his index finger. The cages are marked SLOW, MEDIUM and FAST. He opens the door to the first cage. He picks up a metal bat, bends his knees, and the balls start coming. One, two.... He doesn't miss. "This is *slow*?" he asks incredulously. "There isn't a single kid in my son's Little League who can pitch like this." Nine, ten, eleven. He hasn't missed one. The balls are coming at fifty miles per hour.

Rudy moves to the medium cage. This time, he puts on a red helmet. One, two, three. No misses. The balls are coming at seventy miles per hour, and they hit the metal bat with a horrible *thwong*-ing sound, a sharp *zing-ing-ing* that stays in your ears. A crowd of park security guards and boys is gathering. When the mayor makes contact, the boys whoop, and a spontaneous smile, a real smile, appears on Rudy's face.

"Even people who disagree with him appreciate that he's in charge," says Larry Mone, president of the Manhattan Institute—the think tank where Rudy got so many of his ideas. "His executive leadership is a big part of his popularity. Why couldn't he run directly for president?"

Next, the eighty mile per hour cage. The balls come so fast you can see them for only a fraction of a second before they are upon the mayor right as his bat. He misses only two out of fifteen or twenty balls. When it looks as if he's finished for the day, he starts to remove the red helmet. He takes one hand and begins pulling, then realizes he needs two hands to take it off.

I am standing directly behind him, just a few feet away as he pulls it off. The sunlight is harsh, unforgiving. And suddenly, all the answers come to me. By my way I am able to comprehend the entire design of Rudy's hair, the scheme, the architecture, the beginning to the end—from the roots coming directly out of his scalp at the back of his head to the long, soft hair as it swoops over the left side of his head, bends, then comes around the crown to its ultimate conclusion just above the right ear.

Rudy's hair is totally real, refreshingly real. Fabulously and relievingly and reassuringly real.

Sweaty and smiling, he eyes the last batting cage. "Ninety miles per hour," one of the park officials tells him.

The last cage. The fastest cage.

"I've got to try this," Rudy says.

The crowd is shaking heads. *No, no, Mr. Mayor. You'll kill yourself.*

Yes. I am thinking. *Go ahead, kill yourself.*

He heads behind the Cyclone fencing, closes the cage door behind him.

"You're brave, Mr. Mayor!" somebody shouts.

And he hits one over the roof. ■

"Even after I'd figured out he was a lunatic," says one former staff member, "I'd meet with him and think, *What a brilliant man*. I'd agree with everything he said, and then I'd leave the room, hitting my head."

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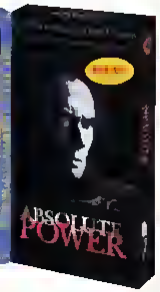
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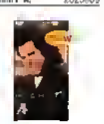
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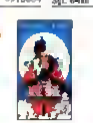
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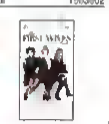
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CAN CAR CAV

B-OCT97-R2Q

[continued from page 73] he's doing them

In his new movie, which is an adaptation of James Ellroy's *L. A. Confidential*, he does some amazing things with his eyes in his death scene—"You can actually see the light go out of them," says the movie's director, Curtis Hanson. So Kevin's no slouch in the eye department, and now he's looking out the window of a restaurant in Malibu, and *what's happening here?* His eyes are large and damply shining. He looks as though he's about to cry, or is crying, though abstaining from actual tears. He looks resigned, hopeless, endlessly profound, because this time, he's not letting the light go *out* of them, he's letting light in, and his eyes are soft and full and heavy with light, and they keep on *admitting* things, though he's not saying anything right now, though he's just looking out the window in absolute stone silence, and the seconds start ticking by—

He had been talking about his private life. He had been opening up. About his father, for one thing—about his father's secret. Yes, that's right, Kevin's father had a secret, indeed a whole secret *life*. As it turns out, he was, as Kevin says, "an artist," and when he wasn't writing blah-blah and making the kids give over their Sunday afternoons to the practice of penmanship, he was writing short stories and novels, and when he died a few years ago, Kevin started going over his papers and found that his father had something like two hundred notebooks devoted just to characters' *names* and that he had written a huge Proustian novel which Kevin is going to try to get published. "It made me wish I knew him better," Kevin said. Then we started talking about acting, and then about religion, and then about acting *as* religion, and Kevin said that he had indeed done a lot of religious searching when he was a kid and that acting, "when it's pure, when it's beauty and it's poetry, can be quite spiritual, and you know. Wow, wouldn't it be great if the world were always like *this*," and then his voice sort of trailed off and then—the window. He's been looking out the window ever since, dressed in an orange T-shirt and blue jeans and sandals, with a single shark's tooth hanging from his neck on a black string. He's been courting the sunlight with those sad, shining eyes, and sixty deeply profound seconds go by, tick-tick-tick times twenty, and then he turns and faces me straight on and sighs and pulls at his pink cheeks with the palms of his hands and, well, *this* is it. This is the moment. This is our moment, the moment any inquisitor waits for—the moment when the slippery subject surrenders, when he says, *The hell with it*, and comes clean, when he unburdens himself, when he confesses, when he discloses, when he admits, when he declares, when he—ah, why not say it?—*comes out*, not as Jim Williams, not as a character, not as a disguise, but rather as Kevin Spacey. Instead, he looks at me, says one thing, says another, and then, with a slight smile, says, "This is the great thing about L. A. We drove all the way out here. To Malibu. To get away from it all. And John Cusack is suing at the bar. You can see the back of his head. Now I'm going to go bug him."

John Cusack is at the bar. You can see the back of his head, and that's all you can see. He has black hair. He is hiding his face in an upraised newspaper. He is Kevin's costar in *Midnight*. Kevin bugs him and comes back. He looks out the window. It's the same goddamn window. There are girls in it now. They are very beautiful, and very sexy, and very young. Kevin stares at them, and with the light filling his eyes, the same light as before, he—goes on a jailbait riff. It's a funny riff. It's a funny jailbait riff from a guy who used to be a stand-up comic, and I laugh along, but... *Kevin, what about the window?* I don't want to laugh, you see. I want to *find out*, and he's not going to tell me. So after I finish laughing, I say to myself, *The hell with it*, and ask, "Are you concerned about playing a gay character in your first real starring role?"

"No." Kevin says. Just like that—sharply, quickly, like a fist dropped lightly and decisively on the table. Turns out, he's prepared. Turns out, he's, like, *waiting* for me to ask and loses none of his command. No, he's not concerned about playing a gay character, it won't affect his career; he knows about the rumors—they're the same rumors that circulate about nearly every one else; he would like to remain distant from the whole thing, because that distance gives him freedom as an actor and as a person, and if my mother thinks that Kevin Spacey is gay, then more power to her....

My mom, yeah. I bring it up. I mention it. I sink that low. I say, "Kevin, my *mother* thinks..." and he puts his forearms on the table and pushes his face close to mine and says, "More power to you, Mom." Then he says, "Look. I don't see anything wrong with it. I don't see anything wrong with sexuality. And so I'll put it to you this way. I live in a world in which I work with many different people all day long. They're my friends, and I *love* them. And many of these people *are* gay or homosexual. And I can't imagine feeling the need to jump up and say, 'I'm not one of them.' If anyone wants to think that, they're absolutely free to think that. I have no interest in confirming or denying that at *all*. It's just of no interest to me. So *what*? So—what."

Then he leans back and stretches. He tosses his head back, evinces laughter. His face is red. "But your *mother*, huh? You know, that's fine. I don't have a problem with it. There are those in my life who find the whole thing very amusing."

Then we leave. We get in his black Grand Cherokee, and he starts driving. He drives like an actor, which is to say that he sometimes drives with no hands, because his hands reach as often for grand actorly gestures as they reach for the steering wheel. He throws his sandaled left foot up against the dashboard and starts talking about privacy. He is suing somebody for libel, for something that was posted on the Internet. You wouldn't *believe* the shit that's out there, on the Internet, about Kevin Spacey, and now he's suing someone for saying that he starred in a porno movie. "Listen, I'm a public figure, so you can say what you want about me, you can *speculate* what you want about me. But when you start *lying*, when you start spreading *factual* untruths, you're going to have to see me in court. You're going to have to face *me*. You're going to have to look at *me*."

I look at him. He is wearing black sunglasses, and his eyes are gone. "Do you think that maybe your penchant for privacy has backfired?" I ask. "Do you think that because you don't say that you *are* this or you *aren't* that, then you've given license to people to think—"

"I don't give a flying *fuck* what people think. I just don't, because at the end of the day that's not my responsibility. My responsibility is making them believe in a character. Everything else—well, what do they *want*? Do they want to be able to go through my *wallet*? Do they want to be able to come into my apartment and watch me *fucking*? Is that what they want?"

Well... is it? Is that what people want from Kevin Spacey? Is that what I want? No, man—I want the window. I want what I saw. I want what he showed me, for sixty seconds, with the light filling his eyes. "Hey, Kevin," I say. "When you were looking out that window before—what were you thinking?"

"When I was looking out the window?"

"Yeah, back at the restaurant." And then I go on to explain it to him—how *profound* he looked, looking out the window, how *bereft*, how *desolate*, how ready to disclose something central about himself. No, not the nature of his sexuality—because, really, who fucking *cares*?—but rather all that his undeclared sexuality represents, all that is unknowable, unsayable, untouchable, the great inviolate enigma of Kevin Spacey. "You know," I say, "*that* window."

We are at a stoplight, and so he turns and looks at me. He does not smile. He does not, in fact, do *anything*; his face is still and placid, and, wiped clean even of the merest interest, it is somehow triumphant. It just sits there, that blank, triumphant face, and then the light turns green. "I don't know, man," he says, "I think I was just looking out the window." ■



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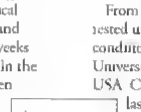
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[continued from page 128] money? If I took you and your drugs, it was a righteous bust." The guy wasn't buying this line and said, "We still want our money." Jesus hung up on him.

He went down to his office even though it was his day off and immediately reported the threat to his supervisor, David Ham. They went down to see the assistant chief and told him about it. After that, they went back to Ham's office and tried to sort out what had happened. Ten minutes later, they were told to see the assistant chief again and then Carrillo was told to repeat the conversation to the deputy chief and the deputy chief then took Carrillo to the chief's briefing room.

When Carrillo entered that room his life exploded. The place was packed with a task force of FBI and DEA agents and Border Patrol internal-affairs people. The day before, at 6:30 A.M., an FBI SWAT team had taken down two of the three killers fifty yards from his house. As he listened, Jesus Carrillo discovered that for almost eight days, he'd been the target of a hit. The strange phone call that morning had come from FBI and DEA agents who, even as he was being stalked, were determined to nail him on corruption charges. And he was told that they thought there were still people out there looking to kill him. Jesus called his son and said, "I want you down here *now*." Carlos was at work and said, "Sure, Dad, I'll be over in a few minutes." His father said, "No, son, I mean *now*."

When Carlos arrived at the Border Patrol office, he was whisked right into the briefing room. He saw something he had never seen before: his father, an optimistic man, sitting at the table and looking absolutely destroyed—as if something terrible had happened that had obliterated his faith in the human race.

The FBI gave Jesus and Jesusita two hours to pack and then stuffed the couple into an El Paso motel with no security. (Friends from the Border Patrol guarded their room during the night.) The local police put a twenty-four-hour guard around Carlos and Brigitte's home. The next day, the entire family left for their vacation at Disneyland. Jesus and Jesusita Carrillo were not permitted to come back. Don Chuy was dead.

At first Jesus Carrillo, the cop, wants to clear up his case. The FBI thinks he's a crook. Okay—he volunteers to take a he-detector test and passes with flying colors. But that seems to change nothing. The FBI does little, if anything, to solve the Carrillo family's dilemma. For instance, bureau agents have a family photograph of Jesus Carrillo that they took off the killers, but they never show it to Chuy, even though he is the only one who might know when it was taken and by whom. They hardly talk to him about the case itself and, months later, when they do debrief him, it is entirely cursory. Carrillo is a cop, and he knows that you don't solve crimes without details, and you do not get details unless you go over and over a story.

Other things remind him that he is still under a cloud. In late June of 1996, Louis Freeh, the head of the FBI, wrote a letter to Jesus Carrillo commending him for his outstanding work. Freeh was expected to deliver it personally when he was in El Paso for a drug summit with Attorney General Janet Reno, U.S. drug czar General Barry McCaffrey, and other moguls in the war on drugs. But delivery of the letter was held up for months, even after Carrillo passed the lie-detector test. All this tells Jesus Carrillo that he will never shake the hold of Don Chuy, the legendary drug dealer. He's spun his fantasy so well that nothing, not even reality, can destroy it.

The reality is that he and Jesusita are living out of suitcases in a strange city. His house payments are killing him, because now he carries the burden of two residences. He is trapped in a bureaucratic nightmare. He is tainted by charges that will not go away, and he is a burden to his own agency, the Border Patrol, because anywhere he is stationed he must be given extra protection. Jesus Carrillo feels the slippery slope of depression that comes to a man who has had his life's work ripped out of his guts. He takes the only way out he can imagine—he pulls strings and applies for duty overseas, where the hardship pay will cover his new bills.

In El Paso, Carlos and Brigitte are burning up the police computers researching the attempted murder, and they're going into serious debt fortifying their home. They dump their cars and get new ones—the first security measure the authorities always suggest in such circumstances. When they ask the FBI if they are safe, they're told that the agency has no information to indicate that they are subjects of a hit. When, one day, Brigitte is driving to work and she spots a tail two cars back and manages to shake it, she immediately calls the various agencies to determine whether she has been under surveillance. They all deny it. Small comfort. Maybe they were telling her the truth, or maybe they were not the ones tailing her. That is the more frightening possibility. For Carlos and Brigitte, the danger is not abstract. As cops, they know that entire families in El Paso sometimes disappear, and they have been to nice homes that have been transformed into drug-related murder scenes. And they know that just because the contract was on Jesus does not mean that they or their children are safe.

See, until an investigation reveals where the hit originated, you can't really know with certainty. You can bag three assailants hell-bent on a kidnapping, but even then, you can never be certain who sent them or why. You can know of danger but never get your hands on the point when the danger truly began and never be confident about when the danger ends. So you throw up concertina wire, pack guns, study the monitors scanning your grounds, trust in the ears and noses of dogs, listen always for the warning beep of sensors. And just when you say it must be over, when you let down your guard and maybe go to a high-end restaurant, two men may enter packing automatic rifles, and then you must seriously question your judgment. You cannot live the way other people do or the way you once lived—not if you want to be Carlos and Brigitte and stay alive.

Jesus Carrillo stares at the facts. For more than three years, the DEA had tried to nail him and had repeatedly through various stings, proven him honest. When I check with a high-ranking official in DEA narcotics intelligence, he says almost wistfully that Carrillo "is clean, absolutely clean." Twice Carrillo had asked the Border Patrol to investigate him in order to clear his name, and twice it had given him a clean bill of health. The former head of his sector, Silvestre Reyes, who is now a United States congressman, recalls giving the DEA permission to set Carrillo up back in 1993. Reyes kept this investigation a secret from all but his immediate deputy. When Carrillo came up clean, Reyes believed that was the end of it. He'd known Carrillo since they broke into the Border Patrol together in the early seventies and to this day he vouches for Carrillo's honesty. He remembers that "all of Chuy's supervisors vouched for him." But he was wrong about the 1993 investigation ending it all—because agents and agencies and files don't go away but keep coming back like phantoms. Reyes attributes Carrillo's downfall to "professional jealousies" from the DEA. But after all the investigations, after the IRS combed his financial records after Jesus Carrillo filed his defamation suit but dropped it when the money ran out, after three killers came hunting him and the FBI still persisted in seeing him as a crook, after months of sitting in a strange city and being told nothing and having this cloud over his head, finally even Jesus Carrillo began to snap.

By November of 1996 he'd had it and refused to deal with the FBI any longer. Jesusita was angry about their treatment. She wrote a detailed account of those July days and in her clear hand asked, "What if he had been killed, he wouldn't have been here to defend himself. Well I guess their

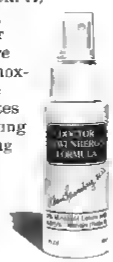
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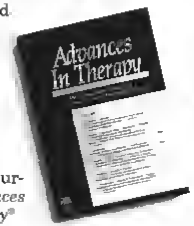
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way out would have been because he was dirty. We were *all* left out as *BAIT*. Boy oh Boy did they all think. We got ourselves a good case.' What a case for the FBI!! This only tells me that the Chief [of Carrillo's Border Patrol station] was in on the plot. He probably thinks that *All* Mexicans are Dirty. They were going to take him into Mexico and skin him alive. Jesus Carrillo was one hell of an undercover agent. One of a kind. My husband is as *CLEAN* as they come. Now is this the way it would have been if my husband had been a 'White Man?'

On December 2, 1996 Jesusita Carrillo wrote a letter to Janet Reno, the woman she had met two and a half years before when her Chuy got the award from the Justice Department. "On July 18 1996 an attempt was made to murder my husband while he was at our home in El Paso, Texas. This assassination attempt was made as a direct result of his employment as an undercover agent. I am extremely distressed by the lack of interest generated by the FBI in solving this crime against a fellow federal agent. Attorney General Reno, there are many other facts of this case that need to be addressed. Because of the seriousness of these occurrences and the lack of concern already shown by the FBI to fully investigate this situation I am requesting a personal appointment with you."

The letter was sent registered mail. No reply was ever received.

In early 1997 two of the men sent to kill Jesus Carrillo were sentenced. The report in the El Paso newspaper said the target was a local man named Jesus Carrillo, who allegedly owed the drug cartel $1 million. No mention was made that Jesus Carrillo was a decorated senior special agent with the Border Patrol.

The border, as most Americans understand it, is finished. We now live in a time when we lack the will or the decency to protect a federal agent who risked his life for a decade in our sacred war on drugs. Chuy Carrillo now gets up every day in a foreign country. He is told not to return to El Paso and to stay abroad for at least three years. He is homesick, and from time to time his daughter-in-law ships him tortillas.

Of course, Don Chuy can't help him anymore. He is history. What Jesus Carrillo wants is stated simply and clearly in a note he wrote to himself in the fall of 1996 as he tried to make sense of the ruin of his life. He typed out: "Even though I know this attempt to assassinate me is a direct result of my job, I can't help but feel very responsible, even guilty, as to what has happened. I was investigated by the FBI as they can only do it, by humiliating you, belittling you, and making you feel as if you are a crook and not the victim. Sometimes I feel as to giving up in view of all that has happened

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to me, but then I think *No one is going to make me quit!!!!!!!!* I will fight anyone and every one because I am honest and a very good agent and not a crook."

Jesus Carrillo is not likely to get back his good name, because no one is going to admit officially that there is any question about his personal honesty. Neither the FBI nor DEA agent Jack Geller returned repeated phone calls seeking comment on Carrillo. It is much easier for the government to bury the case (offer the kidnappers and hired killers plea bargains avoiding a trial, relocate Carrillo and his wife overseas) than to answer for it. Examining the case in the clear light of day means taking a hard look at the machinations of our war on drugs. It means stripping away the shield of national security and the importance of secrecy in fighting drug cartels and confronting what is going on in this $16 billion fun house. In addition, there is an eerie quality to Jesus Carrillo's fate. He was brought down by both jealousy from other federal agencies and hatred from the drug cartels. The drug entrepreneurs wanted to kill him because he was good at his job, and the other agencies were jealous of him because he was good at his job. He was brought down, essentially, by his invention. Don Chuy, the man who fooled other agencies at times and the man who barked threats over the phone to drug dealers that suggested that they and their families were at risk if they messed with him—threats remarkably like the threats that finally came to roost in his own home.

So Jesus Carrillo sits and waits for a reply to his wife's letter to Attorney General Janet Reno, a response that never comes to the man whom she decorated for extraordinary service.

Of course, if it were up to Don Chuy, this would be handled simply. Don Chuy would pick up a phone and call the Department of Justice, ask for Janet Reno and say, "Listen, motherfucker, do you know who I am? Do you assholes know who you are dealing with? Look, I know where you live, where your fucking aides live, where your fucking aunt lives, where your fucking nieces and nephews go to school. Look, you motherfucker, I take care of my people. Listen, motherfucker, you're full of shit if you think you can talk to me that way."

But Jesus Carrillo can't do this. He is a polite, well-spoken man and a faithful civil servant. When you talk to him over the phone and he begins to recount the exploits of Don Chuy, he will preface the tale with an apology for the vulgar language he must use in becoming his alter ego Jesus Carrillo is just an honest cop.

He used to be one of our best. ■

Fashion **Armani, Inc., pp. 84–89:** All clothes available at Giorgio Armani, New York, Beverly Hills, Boston, San Francisco and Palm Beach; Bergdorf Goodman, Men, New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Barneys New York select stores; Neiman Marcus, Houston; Car courtesy Harrison & Shrift man, New York, 212-557-2500. **Retro Active, p. 112:** Nautica by David Chu **jacket, turtleneck,** and **trousers** at Dayton's select stores; Foley's select stores; Macy's East. **P. 113:** Swatch **watch** at Swatch Timeship, New York; Swatch stores nationwide; jewelry and department stores nationwide. **P. 114:** Tommy Hilfiger **boots** at Dillard's select stores, Macy's East and West. **P. 115:** Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren **sweater** at Polo Sport, New York, Bloomingdale's, New York; Macy's, New York. Polo by Ralph Lauren **trousers** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New York; Bloomingdale's, New York; Macy's, New York; Swatch **watch** at Swatch Timeship, New York; Swatch stores nationwide; jewelry and department stores nationwide. **Parker Posing, p. 116:** CK Calvin Klein **T-shirts, miniskirt** and **stockings. P. 117:** Josh CK Calvin Klein **coat** at Bloomingdale's select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **Sweater** at Bloomingdale's select stores, Saks Fifth Avenue select stores; Dillard's select stores. **Trousers** at Macy's select stores, Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **Lace-ups** at Nordstrom select stores. Parker **Coat, slip dress, stockings,** and **sandals.** Freddie **Coat** at Bloomingdale's select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **Sweater** at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores; Nordstrom select stores; Bloomingdale's select stores. **Trousers** at Burdines select stores; Barneys New York select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **Lace-ups** at Nordstrom select stores. **P. 118:** CK Calvin Klein **jacket** at Macy's select stores. **Sweater** at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores; Nordstrom select stores; Dillard's select stores. **Trousers** at Bloomingdale's select stores; Macy's select stores. **Boots** at Macy's West; Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **P. 119:** CK Calvin Klein **coat** at Tully Rector, Middleburg, VA. **Sweater** at Bloomingdale's select stores; Macy's select stores; Tully Rector, Middleburg, VA. **Trousers** at Macy's select stores. **Boots** at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores; Nordstrom select stores.

For more information contact: Calvin Klein, 205 West 39th St., New York, NY 10018; **Giorgio Armani,** 760 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. **Nautica by David Chu,** 40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. **Ralph Lauren,** 800-775-7696. **Tommy Hilfiger,** 800-967-0575.

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Chapter two
Below is the second installment of a short serial story The next three parts, by three more writers, will unfold over the next three issues When finished, the story will fill this page

FRANK McCOURT AND **PETE DEXTER**

When his turn came, he shouted from the podium that he was there to grieve for his wife, dammit, not to "celebrate her life" and if they wanted to sip white wine he'd drink a pint and weep into it



The audience was small, considering who she had been Reporters, children, previous husbands, lawyers, the costars who were still alive from the television show Altogether, no more than a hundred people The youngest of the children, Arthur, sat alone in the front pew He was forty-seven years old and had attended the wedding Her only offspring to do so She had mistaken him that day for her father

The man now at the podium was twenty-nine Her fifth and last husband He spoke in an injured, angry voice of a love that had transcended social convention in a poisonous, shortsighted world He made passing reference to carrying on her work

Arthur sat quietly and waited, smiling faintly, thinking of his mother's skin and breath, the wedding bed He was unencumbered by malice, the only person in the room who knew what was left in the estate

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